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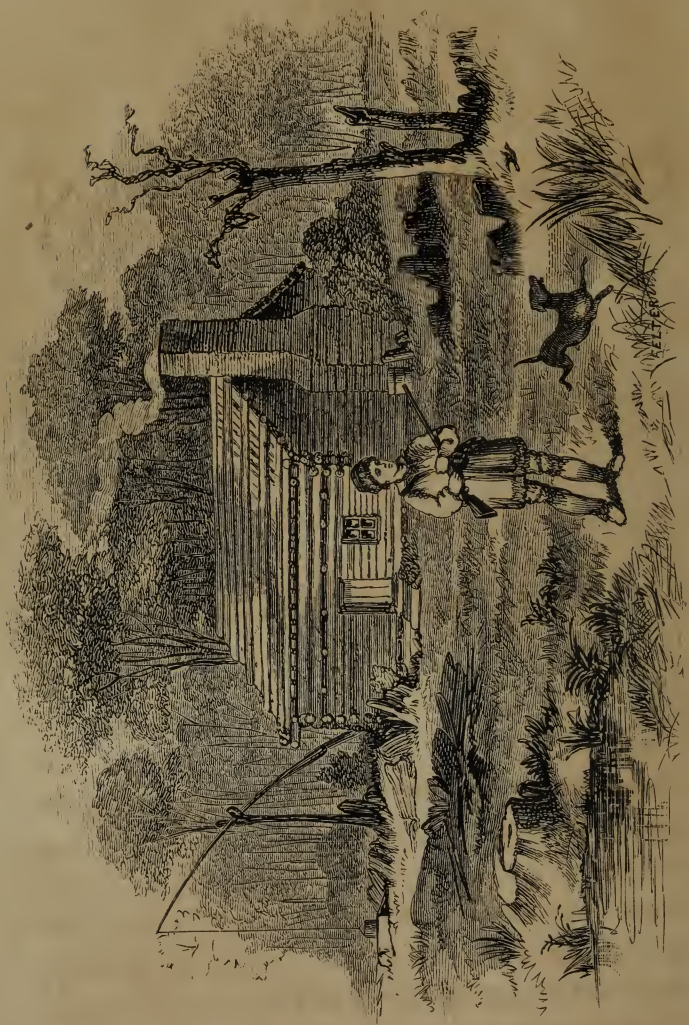




Henry







THE  
PIONEERS OF THE WEST;

OR,

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

BY W. P. STRICKLAND.

WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.

Bishop Berkley.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

New-York:  
CARLTON & PORTER,  
Boston:  
J. P. MAGEE.



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THE  
PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WEST.

THE West and its past history have been a prolific theme. Its early exploration and settlement by the Anglo-Saxon race, whose toils, hardships, and deeds of heroic bravery will be the wonder of all times, have called forth the labors of the most gifted pens, both at home and abroad. Nor is the theme yet exhausted. The narratives occasioned by continued investigation and research, grow fresher and more interesting as time rolls on, disclosing more fully the history and romance of the past. The labors of one in this field serve but as an incentive by increasing the aggregate of historic materials for the succeeding labors of others.

The pen of Cooper has graphically portrayed the events connected with some of the early settlers of the

East, and one of the characters in his tale of the Pioneers, whether real or imaginary, is made to close his days in the West. "Leather Stocking," the renowned hunter, whose rude hut stood not far from the shores of Otsego, and whose rifle sent its unerring death message alike to the heart of a panther, the head of a turkey, a bird on the wing, a loon on the lake, or a hostile Indian; or who could pierce a fish with his tri-pronged gig eighteen feet below the surface of the water—this same bold and daring hunter, after the settlers had become too numerous for his comfort, and would too often cross his path in the woods through which he had roamed for upward of half a century, and in which he had made his home for forty years, sought a wider and a freer scope in the boundless West.

On one occasion, when his young friend Edwards, of "York," astonished at his preference for uninhabited regions, said to him, in answer to some remarks on this subject,

"Woods! do you not call these endless forests woods?" the hunter replied,

"I don't call them woods, when I can lose myself every day of my life in the clearings. The meanest of God's creatures are made for some use, and I am formed for the wilderness. Let me go where my soul longs to be again." Thus saying, he shouted to his dogs, that were lying in the grass of the burial-ground, which contained the ashes of his long-trying

and trusty friend, the Mohican, an Indian chief, who had shared his hut and fare: "Away, dogs, away; you'll be foot-sore before you see the end of your journey;" and started out upon his course. Having passed the clearing, with a long last wave of his honest hand he bade adieu to his friends, and was soon lost to sight in the forest, directing his hurried steps toward the setting sun.

According to present geographical division, the United States are parceled off into separate classes, denominated the Eastern, Western, Northern or Middle, and Southern. The Northern States are those comprised within the limits included in that portion north of Mason and Dixon's line, and extending to the Lakes; the Southern, all that lie south of that line; the Eastern, those which lie along the Atlantic; but who can tell the localities and define the boundaries of the Western? what they are, and what they shall be? only that they extend from the foot of the Alleghanies to the great rocky chain that rises from the trackless plains and desert lakes, and from thence spreading away over dense, interminable forests, into which the ax of the woodman has never let the light of the sun fall, to the far-off Pacific.

We shall not confine our sketches to what is now usually assigned as the limits of the West. Once the entire continents of North and South America were

called the West; and as the patriot knows no North, or East, or South, so we shall know no West; but from lakes to ocean, and from mountain to mountain, embracing the mighty valley, and all that lies beyond, we shall feel our pen at liberty to describe the events connected with its pioneer history.

Other parts of the country are finished, or nearly so; but the West is in its infancy, and has just begun its development. No imagination is bold and capacious enough to grasp its future. There is room sufficient in its wide expanse, and resources enough in its bosom, for the erection and establishment of empires great as the world has ever known. We may refer to its beginnings, and recall the scenes of border life in its once dense, uncultivated forests, and along its mighty rivers, and on its broad plains and almost boundless prairies, where every inch of the pioneer was contested by the native red man, and the wild beasts, which, like him, roamed unfettered and free through its equally wild forests; we may tell of the sacrifices, toils, and perils of the backwoodsman, in leveling these forests, and clearing and cultivating farms, rearing towns and cities, and founding institutions of religion and learning; but who shall tell of its future? What imagination can conceive, or what pen describe, the scenes that are to rise up and unroll themselves, like a mighty panorama, before the vision of coming generations?



Not more mysterious was it in its beginning, bewildering the minds of the profoundest archæologists and ethnologists who have attempted to read its records in the mounds, fortifications, walls, elevated squares, and covered ways, which are scattered thickly over the land, like the monuments of Egypt; but which, unlike the doomed cities of the Nile, have left no Rosetta stone to decipher their meaning, or afford the slightest clew to their origin or uses, or to the race which has long since passed away. Numerous books have been written, and authors have exhausted both their genius and learning in attempting to fathom the mystery of a race concerning whom the present red man knows nothing. All the different tribes and races inhabiting the West and the South have been questioned, and their traditions from remotest times rehearsed and interpreted; but a boundary beyond which no tradition or conjecture could pass was invariably reached, forming an impassable barrier, and creating a chasm as wide between the primitive race and the present, as that which separates us from the first ages of mankind before the flood, as it regards time; but vastly more inexplicable as it regards lineal descent. Whence came the first inhabitants of the land? Who reared those immense and numerous fortifications and temples, the ruins of which only can be seen? Who were they? whence came they? and whither did they go? are questions



alike involved in a mystery deep and profound as the silence which reigns over the graves where they have been slumbering for a thousand years. They are unknown to history, prophecy, or song. No writ, or scroll, or strain, is left among the nations, to tell of their eventful history and fate. Other nations have been blotted from the roll of the living, but have left memorials of their existence which contain records of their history and destiny. Petra, the proud capital of Edom, with its excavated palaces, temples, triumphal arches, and tombs, though the winds of heaven have scattered the very ashes of her dead, has left, written on her everlasting rocks, characters that are legible to the traveler after the last of the nation had been buried a thousand years: but where, in all the mounds and fortifications of this land, can be found a single script to tell of the departed? Huge skulls and giant frames have been plowed up by the hand of civilization; the resting-places of the dead have been invaded by the restless search of the antiquarian; but Decay's effacing hand has swept away every line and trace that would either lead to an identification of the race with any of the world's present inhabitants, or to a knowledge of their wonderful history—the more wonderful because of the mystery that enshrouds it.

History tells of the Druids, a primitive race who inhabited the island of Britain; and Stonehenge,

which gives evidence in its construction of a knowledge and skill in mechanical philosophy unknown even to the present age of progress, stands a confirmation strong of their existence and history; but what record, sacred or profane—what rock, or mound, or wall, contains any allusion to the original inhabitants who dwelt on the borders of our lakes, on the banks of our rivers, or on the plains and in the valleys of the land? All is still and silent as a hushed eve of Indian summer on a vast prairie, whose far-off boundaries are closed in on all sides by the descending sky.

We talk of the East—not New England, with its granite mountains and granite hearts, and rocky shores, and beautiful villas, and magnificent cities, and honest people—but, further on toward the rising sun, of Rome and Jerusalem, of Babylon and Nineveh, the land of Cæsar and Virgil, of Jesus and Paul, of Belus and Ninus; and we sit enchanted, as a Stephens and Robinson, a Layard, Durbin, and Lynch, describe the grandeur of their ancient ruins; but who can tell if the ruins in our own land, though not so magnificent, are not really as ancient as some of those? The grand old woods, and mountains, and plains, may even be more ancient, if the geology of some be true; but whether so or not, they are primeval, and, so far as antiquity is concerned, are alike interesting and wonderful, apart from historic associations, as the

groves, and mountains, and plains of Italy, Palestine, or Assyria. If among the native inhabitants there were none to record cotemporaneous history, or no

“Prophet bard to wake the lyre of song,”

thus perpetuating their names and memory, enough is left to tell their numbers, and strength, and skill, and of an antiquity little, if any, inferior to the Oriental nations of the past. But we must return to our theme, the West. Four centuries have nearly passed away since the first white man cast his eye upon the continent of America, and upward of three hundred since the fiftieth degree of north latitude was reached by the daring Spaniard. Not long after, Fernando de Soto, with six hundred stalwart knights, entered the land of flowers in search of gold. Exploring Georgia and Alabama, and destroying the Indian town of Mobile, he pushed his enterprise into Mississippi and Arkansas. Descending the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River, he was invited by the Indians to visit the town of Natchez, where he ended his fruitless search for gold with his life, and was buried beneath the Mississippi's turbid wave. His companions, headed by Moscoso, pushed their journey further; but having been reduced by wars and hardships to one half of their original numbers, disheartened with the prospect, and losing all hopes of gaining the object of their pursuit, they

constructed a flotilla, in which they descended the Mississippi; and, finding a voyage to their own country, they returned no more to tempt the dangerous wave or enter the wilderness of the New World. The sad fate which befell De la Roque and his company of adventurers to this far-off land of flowers and gold, gave a check, for many years, to the spirit of enterprise in this direction. The reports from the country, however, were of so enchanting a nature, having lost nothing by the distance between it and Spain, and the time it took to cross the ocean, that the then reigning queen, as a memorial of her state in life, named it *Virginia*, a name subsequently confined to one of the states. Thus voyages and discoveries, attended with successes and disasters, continued to be made; until, at length, a permanent settlement of the whites from England was effected at Jamestown in 1607.

For more than a century after De Soto's expedition into the Great Western Valley of North America, this vast wilderness remained utterly unknown to the whites. In the year 1616, four years before the *May Flower* was "moored on wild New-England's shore," Le Caron, from France, had penetrated through the nations of the Iroquois and Wyandots, and found the rivers of the wilderness, one of which he traced to Lake Huron. Shortly after this, Canadian envoys pushed their explorations until they met the Indian



nations of the northwest, on the far-off shores of Lake Superior. It was not, however, to remain. The wildness of the region was sufficient to intimidate even the spirit of such daring adventurers; and it was twenty years later before even the love of gain could prompt the fur-trader to spend the winter on those frozen and inhospitable shores. But the spirit of adventure was abroad; and enough had been seen and heard of the West, and its rich lands and hunting grounds, to stir the adventurer to action. Soon Michigan is explored, and the French take formal possession of the northwest. Others start out to find the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri, and trace it to its mouth. In these expeditions, what are now the states of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Mississippi, were traversed.

The first man who crossed the mountains, and entered the Ohio Valley, was John Howard, as early as 1742. It is said of this adventurer that he sailed down the Ohio in a canoe made of a buffalo-skin, from its source to its mouth, and was taken a prisoner by the French on the Mississippi. After him followed others from Pennsylvania and Virginia. In 1748 Conrad Weiser was sent as an interpreter, with presents to the Indians, at their town upon the banks of the Ohio, between the head of the river and Beaver Creek; the object of his visit was to open up a friendly intercourse, and secure a trade with the



Indians, which had been monopolized by a set of unprincipled, half-savage white men. Following this movement was the formation of companies in the east, for the purpose of settling the rich, wild lands in the valley of the Ohio. Explorers were sent out in different directions; and as the whites had appropriated the country to themselves, all that was necessary was to obtain grants from the Colonial Government, and run their lines, and mark their boundaries. Thus was the West, the land of the Indians, parceled out; and thus, from time to time, as it was visited by settlers, did it become the home of the white man. We shall have more to say, not only in regard to the exploration, but the settlement of the West, in our sketches.

Upward of one hundred years have passed away since the canoe of the first white man parted the waters of the Ohio. Then the entire valley, in all its length and breadth, was occupied by the Indians. But now how changed the scene? Where occasionally, at distant intervals, he passed an Indian encampment, whose fires gleamed upon the midnight waters, as he glided noiselessly by, now continuous towns and cities dot the entire margin throughout its course, and filled with their teeming thousands, while the valley contains its crowding and ever-increasing millions. Town is added to town, and state is added to state, until, stretching from mountain to plain, and from plain to prairie, and from prairie to mountain again,

and from the mountain to the Western ocean, the vast tide of human population wends its westward way.

The history of the West may be embraced within the following periods, each bearing a particular designation, as the country was more or less under the control, or claimed as the possession of the various races which have visited it, since first discovered by the whites: The occupancy by the Spaniards from 1512 to 1819; the occupancy by the French from 1635 to 1763; the possession by the English from 1758 to the year 1778; and its possession by the Anglo-Americans, or citizens of the United States, from the year 1750 until the present time.

## CHAPTER II.

## PIONEER EXPLORERS OF THE WEST.

WE have already alluded briefly to some of the early explorers of the West, but we design in this chapter to enter somewhat more into detail in regard to this class of pioneers. The most that had been done was by a rapid transit over those sections of the country inhabited by Indians, who were either peaceful, or with whom temporary treaties had been formed. As these Indians reserved the richest valleys on the Ohio and its tributaries for their hunting grounds, and generally resided elsewhere, there was a *terra incognita* to the white man, which the Indians, from the knowledge already gained of his character, were unwilling they should find out. But what can escape his anxious eagle eye, or be beyond the reach of his covetous grasp? More than even De Soto beheld in his golden visions, when the land of flowers greeted his eyes, the eastern settler beheld in the rich valleys of the West.

De Soto had explored the South two hundred years before, and had left the footprints of stalwart knights

on its verdant plains, and on the banks of its rivers; Le Caron had explored the North, and blazed his way through the interminable forests which border the upper lakes. La Salle and Marquette, nearly a hundred years later, had penetrated the northwestern wilds, and finding the far-off Wisconsin, set sail upon its waters in hopes of finding the great river of the West, which led to the Pacific. They found it, and embarking on the yellow flood of the Father of Waters, they followed its windings, and passed through what are now the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Subsequently, Lewis and Clarke ascended the Missouri to ascertain its sources; and finding them in the Rocky Mountains, they scale those mighty barriers, and stop not in their fatiguing journey until, far away through dense forests, where the white man had never been before, inhabited by the Nez Perces, Black Feet, and Flat Head Indians, they reach the Columbia, and, embarking on its waters, find the utmost limit of the West.

About fifty years, however, before this great exploration—when the valley was all a wilderness, and unexplored, with the exceptions we have named—bold and daring adventurers started out from the East, and, crossing the Alleghanies, penetrated the valley. It will be our object in this chapter to narrate some of these adventures. It would be an easy

matter, as many have done in their pioneer sketches, to present vivid pictures of the West, which, panorama-like, unroll before the mind, without, however, any special connection; but they lose half their interest by the want of that which is as important to satisfy the mind of the reader, as it is necessary to the western pilot, on one of the broad and rapid rivers of the West, to have landmarks to guide him on his way. Names and dates are quite as important, in giving interest to a narrative, as any eloquent description can be, and we shall not lose sight of connection, either in the order of dates or events.

The frontiers were exposed to the desolations of the savages; and by the frontiers we mean Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. The English and the French both had their allies among the various tribes of Indians. Each were striving hard to gain recruits from the other. The considerations of rum and other articles, with the presents and promises of the English, were outdone by the presents and politeness of the French; and, notwithstanding the solemn treaties which had been entered into, they were frequently seduced from their allegiance, and the French, backed up by soulless English traders, gained many of the British allies. In addition to the treaties which had been formed, another was entered into with the Delawares in Pennsylvania. This, how-



ever, did not seem to prove binding upon the nation. There were the Shawnees and Mingoës, who were still without even the show of any binding obligation to keep the peace.

A crisis had arrived. Such was the state of the country, and the weak, disheartened condition of the English, that, unless they could overcome the influence of the wily Frenchman and the heartless trader, whose only love for the Indian was to take advantage of him, and cheat him out of his skins and furs—similar to the love which the boa constrictor has for the kid; unless this power could be broken, and the Indians of the West gained over, it was feared that the enemy would gain an advantage from which they would not be likely to recover; but the question was, “How shall it be done? Who is adequate to the undertaking? Where shall the man be found possessing the nerve and daring, the knowledge and sagacity indispensable to so great a task?” The occasion demanded all these, and more. The man who embarked in this enterprise must have a courage undaunted, and a physical endurance equal to any fatigue. His mission would require him to pass through a country, which was then a howling wilderness, filled with hostile foes; and should he meet those between whom and his brethren the tomahawk had been buried, and they had sworn a friendship, no reliance was to be placed upon it, as the avowed







friends of yesterday might prove the bitterest enemies of to-day. Besides, as we have already intimated, the whole French interest would be roused against him. Every stream in its western flow had been tinged with the blood of the white man; every mountain and valley had echoed with the wild shouts of war, and the rude cabins of the settlers had been burned to the ground. Among all the brave and gallant men of General Forbes's army, though they lacked not daring and bravery, there was not one who met the description, and possessed the necessary qualifications for so important and hazardous an enterprise.

Seventeen years before, there had come out to the West a band of Moravian missionaries, with a view of establishing missions among the Indians. They seemed to have partaken of the spirit of their brethren, who had braved the snows and icebergs of Greenland, to bear the glad tidings to the natives of that desolate shore. Unattended and unarmed, with the words of peace upon their lips, and the love of God and man in their hearts, they pushed their way through trackless forests, and in Western Pennsylvania had located a mission. Among these missionaries was one whose name was Christian Frederic Post. All eyes were turned to him as the man.

Ten years before, Conrad Weiser had been sent on

a somewhat similar expedition to Logstown, an Indian village on the Ohio, seventeen miles below Pittsburgh; but all treaties and negotiations had failed to bring about peace. The sachem of the Pennsylvania savages had exerted his utmost to call his western brethren to peace; but they would not hear his voice; their cry was still for blood. When intelligence came to the brave old warrior, that Post was about to enter upon the mission, he strongly urged him not to go, as it would be of no use whatever, and he would surely lose his life. But he feared not; with that strong faith which characterized the Moravians, mixed with just enough of the romantic element that entered into the composition of the Christian knight, to give a spirit of adventure, he believed that it was the will of the great Master that he should start out upon this errand.

It was precisely in the midsummer of 1758 that our Christian hero left the city of Philadelphia. Habited as a hunter, and provided with the necessary outfit for a long and fatiguing journey, he left the city of Penn, and took his course up the Susquehanna. As he passed along from settlement to settlement, instead of finding inhabitants, all were deserted; and the plantations and cabins presented nothing but a scene of desolation. Leaving the valley, he ascended the mountain; and urging his way through its wild and unbroken solitudes, he at length,



after a month's travel, reached the Alleghany River, opposite French Creek. He was now in the vicinity of the enemy's fortifications. The garrison of Fort Venango was before him; and further down the stream, at the junction of the Alleghany with the Monongahela, stood intrenched Fort Du Quesne, both of which were occupied by the French, fully armed, and stoutly manned.

The former fort was passed without detection or interruption; and he proceeded on his journey to Cuskagee, an Indian town on Big Beaver Creek, not far from a Moravian mission. The Indian town contained ninety huts and two hundred able warriors. Here Post was known and beloved. His self-sacrificing devotion to the good of the red man for years, had satisfied them that he sought not to advance his own interests by coming among them and cultivating a friendship, but his only aim was to do them good. His name and fame had spread through many Western tribes, as "the good pale face;" and Indian mothers taught their children to lisp the name of Post, the Christian, with as much interest as patriot mothers subsequently taught their children to lisp the name of Washington. Here, then, he was at home, among his friends. Assembling the chiefs, he opened up to them—for he understood their language, and was allied to them by marriage—his mission. He described to them

the condition of the country, and the relations which the English and French sustained in regard to it; as well as the distracted state of the various Western tribes, swaying to and fro in their allegiance to both parties, as cunning or cupidity might dictate.

At Fort Du Quesne there were fragments of eight nations of Indians, more or less under the power and influence of the French; and the friends of Post, brave though they were, nevertheless had reason to fear that power. Their attachment to him, however, was too great for them not to listen to his proposals in regard to the propriety of holding a council with them. To test the matter, Post said to the chiefs:

“Shall I cross the river alone, and enter the fort of my enemies?”

“Nay, we will go with thee, and carry thee in our bosom. Thou needest fear nothing, thou man of the Great Spirit.”

A messenger, however, was sent, and the Indians at the fort were apprised that their brethren of Cuskagee desired to hold a conference with them, opposite the fort, on the other side of the river. Post and the chiefs departed for the place; and on the last day of summer there met on the banks of the Ohio the representatives from the different tribes. Post stated the object of the meeting, presenting everything in its true light to the assembled warriors, who listened with great attention to every word which



fell from his lips, for he was not a stranger to them. All seemed disposed to listen to his advice, but an old Onondaga chief of the Six Nations. The old man was evidently in liquor; but as the old Latin proverb holds true, *in vinum est veritas*, so he uttered some truths. In a boisterous manner he replied to Post, exclaiming, "The land on which I now stand belongs to the Six Nations, and the English have no right to it."

At this a Delaware advanced, and rebuking the Onondaga, he said, addressing Post, "That man speaks not as a man. He endeavors to frighten us by saying this ground is his. He dreams; and he and his father, the French, have certainly drunk too much liquor; pray, let them go to sleep till they are sober." Then turning to the old chief, he said: "You do not know what your own nation does at home, how much they have to say to the English. Go to sleep with your father, and when you are sober we will speak to you."

It was obvious that the Delawares, and nearly all the Western Indians, were wavering in their attachment for the French. It takes not an Indian long to find out when a deception is practiced upon him, especially when his suspicion is a little excited; and, when once deceived, it is hard to restore confidence.

The rough, outspoken manner of the old inebriate, was the occasion of awakening in the minds of the Indians present a remembrance of the wrongs they

had suffered, and the deceptions practiced upon them both by the English and French, and, as might be expected, they were not exactly ready to listen to the proposals even of the good Post to join the colonies. Some of them uttered bitter complaints against the whites for the disposition they manifested to lay their rapacious hands on all the hunting grounds.

“Why,” said one of them, addressing Post, “did you not fight your battles at home or on the sea, instead of coming into our country to fight them? *Your* heart is good; *you* speak sincerely; but we know there is always a great number who wish to get rich, and take away what others have. The white people think we have no brains in our heads; that they are big, and we a little handful; but, remember, when you hunt for a rattle-snake you cannot find it, and perhaps it will bite you before you see it.”

Post, however, was not discouraged, but labored on, using every honorable means in his power, without resorting to any false promises, to convince them that it would be to their advantage to form a union with the colonies. Besides, the army of General Forbes was approaching Du Quesne, and the strong probability was, from the weakened condition of the fort, that it would fall into the hands of the English. They were at length won by the sincerity and kind-

ness of Post, and a definite peace was concluded between the various Western tribes there represented and the English.

Leaving the treaty ground, he started homeward, and, after suffering incredible perils from French scouts and hostile Indians, Post at length reached the settlements uninjured.

But his work was not done. The French had destroyed and deserted Du Quesne, and had proceeded to lower posts down the Ohio. Washington was urging his way through the wilderness, and opening a road to the Fork of the Ohio, advancing at the rate of from four to eight miles a day. In the mean time a treaty had been held with the Eight United Nations at Easton. Still there was a powerful body who were opposed to the English, and these must be conciliated. Post accordingly starts out again for the Ohio. Following in the track of Forbes's army, he finally overtook it, and receiving messages from the general to the West, he traveled on to bear the news of the treaty to the distant tribes. Being successful in finding them, he laid before the chiefs his plans and proposals. The result was, that he was again fortunate in preventing them from joining the French, which they were just on the eve of doing, and had arranged their plans to waylay Forbes and his army. Through his services the key to the Western world was secured to the colonies, and an advantage was

gained in this respect, over French and Indians, that was never afterward lost.

Though the Ohio Indians had been gained over to the English, there were tribes bordering on the lakes, such as the Wyandots, Ottawas, and Chippewas, who adhered to the French. It was important that they should be visited, and, accordingly, Major Rogers—Post having gone on a religious mission among the Indians on the Muskingum—was sent out on the expedition. Detroit was given to his charge. In September, 1760, he left Montreal, and passing up Lake Erie to that place, he demanded a surrender. While waiting for an answer, Pontiac, the Ottawa chief, visited him, and in a bold, defiant manner, asked “how the English dared to enter his country.” The reply was, that “they only came to put out the French and open up a trade.” This quieted the spirit of the brave chief, and he departed. The fort was finally taken, and Rogers received no little assistance from Pontiac. Leaving the position fortified, he started out on an exploring expedition. Crossing the lake, he entered what is now the State of Ohio, at the point where Sandusky city now stands. From thence he crossed the Huron River to Mohiccan town on the Mohiccan Creek, a branch of White Woman. From thence he went to Beaver town, opposite Sandy Creek. At this town there were one hundred and eighty warriors, and thousands of acres



of cleared land. From this point he proceeded up Sandy Creek, crossed the Big Beaver, and went up the Ohio through Logstown to Fort Pitt. This was the first journey by a white man through Ohio.

The year following, Alexander Henry, an English trader, went to the straits of Mackinaw, and finding among the Indians great hostility to the English, he assumed the garb of a Canadian, and reached his destination in safety. It was not long, however, until his speech betrayed him, and he was visited by Pontiac, who, deceived by English promises, had become enraged.

Addressing Henry he said, "Englishman! You have conquered the French, but you have not conquered us! We are not your slaves! These lakes, these woods, these mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, and pork, and beef. But you ought to know that He, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, has provided food for us upon these broad lakes and in these mountains."

A few years prior to this, Christopher Gist was sent out, by the Ohio Company, to explore the Miami River. Like Howard and others, he did not pass through the country, but descended the Ohio. When he arrived at the mouth of the Miami, he ascended



that river as far as the mouth of Loraimie Creek, one hundred and fifty miles from the Ohio River, where a trading house was built for the purpose of carrying on a traffic with the Miami Indians. In this tour he also descended the Ohio as far as the Falls. He also entered Virginia, and surveyed a tract of land east of the Kanawha, and, in company with General Andrew Lewis, made some surveys in the Greenbrier country.

A history is connected with each one of these adventurous pioneers full of thrilling interest; but we have only space to call up their names, and allude to their explorations.

In the year 1766, during the first month of summer, there started out from Carolina a pioneer by the name of James Smith. Having received the intelligence that the king's agent, to whom was intrusted the affairs of government with the Indians, had purchased from them all the lands west of the Appalachian chain, extending from the Ohio to the Cherokee Rivers, and knowing from the Indians, with whom he was able to converse in their own tongue, that many portions of this country were exceedingly rich and valuable, he concluded to take a tour of exploration. His plan becoming known to his neighbors, several of them determined on accompanying him to the El Dorado of the West. The company was composed, besides himself, of Joshua

Horton—who took with him a mulatto slave, a boy eighteen years old—Uriah Stone, and William Baker. They proceeded to the Holston River, and from thence they struck out in a westward direction. They explored the country south of Kentucky, and saw not in all their travels the slightest sign indicating the presence of a white man. They were the first white explorers of this wilderness. They explored the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers from Stone's River—a branch of the Cumberland, named after one of the party—down to the mouth.

When they reached the mouth of the Tennessee River, Smith's fellow-travelers concluded to strike into "the Illinois," for the purpose of finding out the quality of the land, which the Indians represented as being exceeding rich and beautifully rolling. He, however, concluded that he had been away long enough from his wife and children, and, fearing lest they should become uneasy about him, and imagine that he had been killed by the Indians, resolved to return home. The party furnished him with the greatest part of their ammunition, and Horton gave him the loan of his colored boy to keep him company. Sending his horse with his companions to Illinois, it being difficult to take one through the mountains, he started out on his homeward journey.

After traveling eight days, he accidentally trod on a sharp cane, with which the region abounded, and his foot was so wounded with it that it soon began to swell, and pained him so much that he was unable to walk. His condition can be better imagined than described. He was in a dense wilderness, hundreds of miles from human habitation, his ammunition nearly exhausted, and no one to give him any assistance but his negro boy, Jim. Besides, he knew not what moment he might be attacked by the savages. But who ever knew a pioneer hunter to despair? Something must be done, and done speedily, to give him relief, for the swelling was increasing, and with it the pain. He had no surgical instruments, and, if he had, he would scarcely have known how to use them. He accordingly took his knife, and cutting away the flesh as well as he could, he inserted his moccasin awl into the wound, and, exposing the cane spike, he ordered Jim to take the bullet-mold, which he made answer for pincers, and extract it, which he did, much to the joy of the hunter. He then ordered Jim to search for some Indian medicine, directing him to get some bark from a linn-tree, and pound it on a stone with the tomahawk, and boil it in the kettle which they carried with them. With this decoction he bathed his foot, and the bark answered as a poultice, which he bound up

with moss, having no linen, and bandaged it with elm bark. By this means the swelling greatly abated, but still he was unable to walk.

In the midst of his misfortunes stormy weather set in, and it became necessary to have a shelter. Jim was accordingly ordered to cut forks and poles, and cover them over with cane tops, like a fodder-house. The place where Smith lay was about one hundred yards from a great buffalo road, and, as they were out of provisions, one day Smith ordered Jim to take the gun, and following him on his hands and knees, he succeeded in reaching it, concealing himself near the track. It was not long until a herd came along, and he fired and killed one of the fattest. The buffalo was dressed; and while the lean part served for jerk, the fat part was reserved to cook it with, as occasion might require.

While lying in this lonesome and helpless condition, the pioneer was not without some comfort. He was a religious man, and had taken with him a Psalm Book, and a work entitled "Watts on Prayer." In his musings about his condition, and the loved ones at home, he became melancholy; but his melancholy, as is often the case, took a poetic turn, and while by his adventure he secured the name of being the first explorer of that region, may not his poetic effusions entitle him to the *sobriquet* of the Pioneer Poet? His verses ran thus:

“Six weeks I’ve in this desert been,  
With one mulatto lad;  
Excepting this poor stupid slave,  
No company I had.

“In solitude I here remain,  
A cripple very sore;  
No friend or neighbor to be found,  
My case for to deplore.

“I’m far from home, far from the wife  
Which in my bosom lay;  
Far from the children dear which used  
Around me for to play.

“This doleful circumstance cannot  
My happiness prevent;  
While peace of conscience I enjoy,  
Great comfort and content.”

One cannot help being reminded, on reading this, of a certain metrical version of David’s Psalms, sung by certain denominations, who abominate the Hymns of Watts, Wesley, and others, as they do the seven-headed and ten-horned beast of the Apocalypse. It sounds, however, much like the early poetry of the West. What it lacks in strict poetic requirement, it makes up in sense and sentiment. Specimens of pioneer poetry would make a rich chapter. But we must return. Smith continued “a cripple very sore” for some time; but his foot gradually became



better, and he was finally enabled to get about pretty well on crutches. Being so near the buffalo road, he feared being surprised by the Indians who might be passing; and, considering prudence the better part of valor, he struck his tent and removed further off. He was afraid to enter upon his journey until his foot was entirely well, or nearly so, lest traveling should inflame it, and nothing would be gained. In this he acted wisely. His next game was an elk, which he shot from his camp.

After remaining a few weeks longer he started again for home, which, after a fatiguing journey, he reached, much to his own happiness, and that of his family and friends, who had given him and his party up as lost. He had been in the wilderness eleven months, during three of which he saw no human being but Jim, his companion. When he reached the settlements his few remaining clothes were in rags, and Jim had "nothing on him that ever was spun." He was dressed in buckskin leggings and moccasins, and a bearskin, dressed with the hair on, which was belted around him, and a raccoon-skin cap. So strange and wonderful was the simple story Smith told his friends and neighbors of his travels, and the distance he had been from home, that no one believed him; and, as if he had not suffered enough, he was taken into custody, and put under guard on the charge of being crazy.

About two years after this wonderful adventure another expedition set out from North Carolina. They were traders, seeking the Cherokees and other Southern Indians, with whom they had carried on a traffic for many years. Their course, however, was diverted from the South, and they took a northern direction, upon what was called the Warrior's Road. This road led from Cumberland Ford, along the broken country lying on the eastern branch of the Kentucky River, and from thence across the Licking and Ohio, to the mouth of the Scioto River. This Indian war-path formed a communication between the Northern and Southern Indians. On some point along its course, John Finley, in 1767, opened a trading post with the red men, north of the Ohio, who met him there, at certain seasons, to exchange their skins for such articles as they needed. This daring pioneer trader was the first man to traverse Kentucky to the Ohio River, carrying his goods and merchandise along with his rifle.

The valleys of the Holston, Clinch, and New Rivers, contained a number of families, among whom were some bold, adventurous hunters. For the purpose of exploring the country more fully, Colonel James Knox succeeded in enlisting thirty-nine men, as a company, to be governed by certain rules in their explorations. Their object was not only to chase the buffalo and the Indians, but to find out

the localities of the country in the region of the Cumberland.

Nine men out of this party resolved to cross the mountains, and penetrate the wilderness beyond. They accordingly did so, and all the region on the borders of Kentucky and Tennessee was visited by them. They were so long absent on their tour of exploration, that the party was ever after designated, in the traditions of the West, as the "Long Hunters." While they were traversing the valley, other daring spirits from Virginia and Pennsylvania, fired with Western enterprise, penetrated the valley of the Ohio. Among the number of these adventurers was the world-renowned George Washington, who, among the pioneers as among the soldiers of the West, was the first and best. He had in his possession large claims of land, and his fruitful mind had revolved far-reaching plans of settlement for the great valley. He was aware of the fertility of the lands along the Ohio, and he could have made the selection without the toil and hazard of the journey; but he was resolved to look upon them with his own eyes, and select them according to his own judgment. The surveys made by Washington were mostly confined to the lands in the vicinity of the Kanawha River.

In the year 1774 James Harrod entered Kentucky, and, after making many explorations, he resolved to take up his abode there. Other hunters and explorers

had come and gone, leaving no trace of civilization behind them. So exciting were the scenes of every-day life, that they had no time to remain long in one spot, and no desire to fix for themselves a local habitation. The place where they camped one night might be fifty miles distant on the return of the succeeding night. Like the children of Israel in the desert, though they might cross and recross their own path a hundred times, they never pitched their tents in the same locality. But Harrod opened a new era for Kentucky. He erected a log cabin, the first ever reared in the valley of the Ohio. It was situated on a spot of ground where the town of Harrodsburg now stands. It was emphatically the pioneer cabin; and standing, as it did, alone in the wilderness, it became the type of the early habitations of the settlers of the West.

The year previous to Harrod's location, Thomas Bullit, in company with two brothers by the name of M'Afee, and the following-named persons, Duenon, Hancock, and Taylor, descended the Ohio as far as the Kentucky River, where they separated, part of them going up that river for the purpose of exploring its banks. In their tour they made some important surveys, including the valley in which the city of Frankfort, the capital of the state, now stands. The other portion continued on down the Ohio as far as the Falls, where they laid out the town of Louisville.







## CHAPTER III.

## THE HUNTERS OF THE WEST.

IN the early part of the eighteenth century, a stern and sturdy yeoman from England, who, with others, sought a home in America, landed upon these shores. The place he had selected as his home in the new world, was in the state of Pennsylvania. He had been blessed with a large family, consisting of nine sons and ten daughters. All, however, were trained to industry, and it was not many years before the father had acquired a large plantation, and saw his sons and daughters, one after another, happily married and settled in life. One of his sons, to whom he gave the quaint title of "Squire," married a young woman in the neighborhood; but, as is frequently the case, he thought he could better his condition by leaving the shadow of home, and, accordingly, he removed to a different part of the state. He, also, in process of time, was blessed with a numerous progeny. Among the number of sons that grew up with the rest of the children, like olive plants around his table, was one who seemed to have inherited more of the

spirit of his enterprising father, than the other boys, and on this account, perhaps, he was looked upon with rather more favor than the rest. When this favored boy was quite young, his father removed to a still more distant region.

To a child in that period of our country's history, the name of an Indian was almost as familiar as the name of any domestic animal to the children of the present day; but it produced quite different sensations. The boy became accustomed, as he grew up, to all the scenes and incidents of a backwoods life, and early became inured to its toils and hardships. He was not, like many children of the present day, sent to school as soon as he could walk; and shut up in a close room, with his book in his hand, and a rod *in terrorem* hanging over him, if he did not exhaust his little brain in mastering his lesson. Neither was his mind or body dwarfed by such a training, but, left to breathe the pure air of the woods, and to study nature in spelling out of "the brooks, and stones, and trees," his lessons of instruction, it may readily be conjectured that he developed both a mind and body suited to the times in which he lived.

The boy thus reared became a bold and daring youth, and having learned the use of the rifle, he often started out alone on a hunt through the forests. Many romantic stories are told of the hunter boy; but as there are reliable facts enough connected with his

history, to make the truth itself stranger than fiction, it is not necessary to embellish our narrative with any imaginative descriptions.

The father had heard rumors of richer lands and better hunting grounds in the far-off Southwest, and his enterprising spirit prompted him to start out in quest of them. It was not long until he disposed of his possessions on the head waters of the Schuylkill, and, taking his family, started on pilgrimage for the Canaan. After crossing over the states of Maryland and Virginia, the adventurous family found themselves on the head waters of the Yadkin, a river which rises among the mountains, forming the western boundary of North Carolina, where they found a wild and romantic scenery, possessing charms to the eye of a pioneer hunter and his family, yet only such as would now be sought, out of mere necessity, by an invalid denizen of some of our pent-up cities.

The youth had come to manhood; full, vigorous manhood. In all that wild region he had no superior for strength of muscle, fleetness of foot, or skill with the rifle. He had grown up in the woods, and understood all its mysteries. He felt as much at home in the midst of bears, and wolves, and panthers, as Van Amburg with his lions, though they were as untamed as the wilderness in which they roamed. None had penetrated the mountain fastnesses which separated the settlements from the wild, unknown re-



gion beyond, farther than he. Wild as had become his nature, from the associations by which he was surrounded, and much as he loved solitude, a period arrived in his history, when a new and strange feeling took possession of his heart. He was in love; a beautiful black-eyed damsel, fleet and pure as the roe of the mountain, had stolen his affections; and though the poet makes Adam to feel that Eden would have been a wilderness without woman, he felt that his wilderness would become an Eden with one. As "the brave deserve the fair," so he wooed and won, and, erecting a cabin, entered upon the sweets of home.

Time passed on, and the inviting country attracted other settlers; the area of improvement increased, and the cabin sent up its curling smoke in valley and glen, and on the mountain side. The hunter became restless and uneasy, if not unhappy. It was not that he coveted the possessions of others, or that he was unwilling others should enjoy like advantages with himself; but he loved a broad range, and preferred being alone with his family in the woods, out of sight of the smoke of other cabins, and the crack of other rifles. On one of his mountain rambles he met a hunter returning from the West, laden with the rich products of the unknown land. He had been the first to penetrate its wilds, and, like one of the spies sent over from



the encampment of Israel to Canaan, he was returning with a proof of its richness as a hunter's paradise. This was enough to convince the ambitious hunter, without listening to the marvelous stories which he told of the far-off Kentucky. Nor did it take much urging, on the part of the returned hunter, to induce him to accompany him on his next tour. Nothing could have been more opportune, or better suited to his feelings. Accordingly, after making the necessary provision for his wife and children—for these pledges of love were to be found in his cabin—he departed with his companions, consisting of five besides himself, all his neighbors and friends. In the course of time they reached the long-desired land, and when their eyes rested upon it, they said “the half had not been told them.” It was in the spring of the year. The verdant plain was covered with flowers of every hue. The myriad trees spread out their leaves and blossoms. Wild beasts of all kinds roamed the forests, and herds of buffalo, more numerous than the cattle in the settlements, not fearing because not knowing the violence of the white man, were grazing on the herbage.

Here our hunter had all that heart could wish, and all he wanted to complete the sum of his highest joys, was the presence of his wife and children. After remaining for six months, an unpleasant incident occurred. He and one of his

companions, being out one day on a hunting excursion, were surprised and taken captive by a party of Indians who had been watching their movements, and sprung upon them when they were entirely off their guard, enjoying a pleasant relaxation in conversation about home. The Indians bound them, and took them to their camps, in a dense cane-brake, with which portions of that region abounded. Here they continued in captivity for seven days, in all which time they were treated with savage barbarity.

It was now mid-winter, and at night the Indians would sleep around a large fire. The captives, knowing that if they manifested no desire to escape, the Indians would be less watchful, and, therefore, the probabilities of their escape increased, affected no concern whatever about their condition, keeping always close by the more watchful of the Indians. On the seventh night, as our captives lay side by side in the midst of their swarthy enemies, the one who was the most vigilant touching the other, being assured that all were locked fast in sleep, they rose noiselessly and left the camp. They immediately directed their course toward their own camp, in hopes of finding their companions; but what was their surprise, on arriving, to find it plundered and their companions gone!

Having remained so long in the wilderness, it

was feared by the wife and father of the daring hunter that he was killed, and so anxious did they become about him, that a younger brother and a companion resolved on going after him; and if they could not find him, it would at least be a comfort to learn some tidings of his fate. After scouring the country, they at length found his camp, and rejoiced to meet him once more alive. A few days after this, the hunter who had been in captivity with him was slain by the Indians; and the man who accompanied his brother, becoming alarmed for his own safety, returned home. But, alas! that home he never reached. Without a guide, though a hunter, and somewhat skilled in picking his way through a wilderness, he was now in a region unknown and untenanted by man. Either in the tangled thicket, or on the mountain wild, he had been able to direct his course in all his hunting rambles hitherto; but now, sad to relate, he became bewildered, and, losing all his reckoning, that horrid state of mind which only those can understand who have realized it, took possession of him, and he wandered about, not knowing whither he was going, like one bereft of reason. He was lost! lost in the wilderness. How long he wandered none could tell. It is supposed that he supplied himself with provisions as long as his ammunition lasted, and when that failed he

lived on whatever he could find to eat, until he eventually perished for want of food. Many months afterward his bones were found, in all probability on the very spot where he breathed out his worn and weary spirit to its God.

The two brothers were now alone, all but they having left. The winter was rapidly approaching, and it was necessary that its rigors should be provided against. Accordingly a camp was made, covered with cane and moss, and made weather-proof. It was not necessary to lay in provisions, as the kind upon which they depended, and, in fact, all the kind that could be had, was to be found in the woods in great abundance; perhaps greater in winter than summer. The brothers were busily engaged, when not hunting, in making up their dressed skins into hunting shirts, moccasins, and breeches. They had no time for idleness; and as it was necessary they should keep a watchful look-out for the Indians, who might find their camp, and come upon them, they never became listless and apathetic. Thus the winter was passed, and spring returned; but with it the certainty, which became every day more apparent, that they must return to the settlements, as their ammunition was nearly exhausted. Between them and home intervened five hundred miles of wilderness, in which there was no human being but the Indian. It was concluded, however, that the return of one for fresh



supplies would answer as well as that of both ; and it was agreed that the younger should return. Much as the elder desired to see his wife and children, still he thought it better to remain, not only with a view of adding to his stock of skins and furs, but of obtaining a kind of preëmption right to the rich and fertile country which he had explored. Besides, he was not only more accustomed to the wilderness than his brother, but he loved the solitude of the desert, and never felt lonesome while left to communings with nature and nature's God. At length the parting words were spoken, and every setting sun removed them farther and farther from each other's presence.

Three months had passed away, and summer, with its fruits and flowers, gladdened the eye of the hunter ; but more joyous to him than all other sights—though natural scenes were always to him full of enchantment—was the return of his brother, with two horses laden with every article necessary for life in the woods, and plenty of ammunition, the most important of all supplies. But above and beyond all, the brother brought with him glad tidings from home—intelligence of the health and happiness of his beloved wife and children—which thrilled the hunter's heart with indescribable emotions of joy. Having horses, and being thus newly fitted out for exploration, they started out to make further discoveries. Leaving the Kentucky, they explored the



Cumberland and Green Rivers; and for a period of eight months, on their fleet horses, they scoured the country without being once attacked by the Indians, or meeting a single white man in all their journeys. Having satisfied their curiosity, they returned to the Kentucky River, finding no section more desirable in which to make a permanent location, or which they would prefer as a home. Having, therefore, fully settled the question in regard to locality, the brothers concluded to return home, which they did, greatly to the joy of the dwellers on the Yadkin.

The elder had now been absent for nearly three years. Of those who started with him to that far-off land, none but himself returned; and well might he feel confirmed in the sentiment, which, like an ever-present guiding genius, possessed him as he started out into those unknown wilds, that he was ordained of Heaven to traverse that country, and open up the path for the Pioneer settlers. The wild, romantic stories which had been told of the impassable mountains and impenetrable forests, filled with bears, wolves, and panthers, of enormous size, and giant savages, who delighted in blood and carnage, were all dispelled, as horrid, unreal night-dreams, by the calm, simple story of the elder brother; and to convince them that it was a region fairer than ever their eyes beheld, and desirable above all lands, he assured the settlers on the Yadkin, that he in-

tended taking his family to the paradise of the West.

What he promised was in course of time fulfilled; and after getting all things in readiness, he and his brother, with their families and four horses, started for their destined home. The news of their return, and their intended emigration with their families, spread all over the country. Though there were not any daily, or weekly, or monthly papers then containing news, and no artificial mode of conveying intelligence whatever, yet fleet-footed backwoodsmen, anxious to communicate, and inquirers, eager to learn, were to be found in all directions. It is a matter of wonder, even to this day, with what facility and correctness intelligence is communicated from cabin to cabin, almost with as much dispatch as along the electric wires, and often with greater precision and correctness. What denizen of a large city has not, on visiting the country, often received intelligence of events happening in the city, almost under his eye, which he had not heard of before, and which, on inquiry, he finds to have transpired without his notice. Intelligence, with them, is a common stock; and each tells the other all he knows and all he hears. So spread the wonderful news communicated by the Kentucky hunters.

Accordingly, when the brothers arrived with their families at Powl's Valley, they found a large and

strong party of emigrants ready to accompany them to their new home. The party consisted of five families and forty men, all well armed, and ready for any fatigue or emergency. Soon they were on their way, and, striking for the gap in the Cumberland Mountains, the great gateway which nature had constructed for the Western traveler to the New World, they moved on. At night they would construct rude camps of poles, over which they would spread their tent-cloth for the protection of the women and children; and, kindling their fires, would prepare the homely but healthful repast.

Thus from day to day they traveled on, without meeting with any incident to mar their peaceful journey. As they approached a ridge known as Walden's, a sad calamity befell the emigrant band. Seven of the young men of the company, belonging to the different families, had fallen behind the rest, having either been diverted by a chase of some mountain game, or in search of the cattle which may have strayed into the woods. The emigrants were startled at beholding one of the number of the young men bound into their midst, out of breath, exclaiming, "Indians!" The elder hunter's son, a daring, sprightly youth of seventeen, was among the number. Instantly following the one who had escaped, the whole company started for the scene of conflict.

The Indians had evidently been on the trail of the emigrants, and were watching an opportunity for attacking any portion of the company that might get separated from the rest. Being vastly superior in numbers to the young men whom they attacked unawares, the latter soon fell victims to their deadly aim, and all but the one we have alluded to were killed upon the spot. They were several miles from their friends; and though it took some time for the hunters to arrive, yet they were on the spot before a scalp was taken, and the sharp, quick, simultaneous crack of the unerring rifle, as the frightened savages bounded away through the dense forests, was like to the funeral shots over the graves of buried warriors. There before them lay, in Death's embrace, the flower and pride of Yadkin and Powell's Valley. Slowly and sadly the elder hunter raised his lifeless boy, and bore him away to meet the agonizing grief of a fond, affectionate mother. The others, with grief-smitten hearts, following, took up their dead, and bore them to the camps.

We will not attempt a description of the lamentation, mourning, and woe of that sad scene. It was Indian Summer; a soft and dreamy haziness was in the atmosphere; the skies wore a leaden hue; and a somber aspect was cast over the face of nature. Wild, craggy rocks and deep precipices were around, for they were now on the most elevated portion of



Walden's ridge. A deep gloom settled on every face of that deeply-afflicted band. It seemed like the night of the Passover to the Egyptians, when the first-born in every house was slain by the avenging angel; and though the pioneer hunter still was impressed that it was his destiny to lead the van in the settlement of the country he had explored, all but he and his younger brother came to the conclusion that destiny was against them, and they must return. There was not a mother in that adventurous band who could be persuaded to risk the lives of any of their remaining children in so hazardous a journey.

It was enough. After performing the last sad and solemn office of committing their dead to one common grave, "united in life and in death not divided," and marking the spot with nameless stones, moistened with many tears of affection, they started back, with heavy hearts, to the homes they had left. Before reaching, however, their former place of residence, they concluded to take up their abode on the waters of the Clinch River, where the descendants of some of them may be found to this day.

Here our hunter remained, contented to wait the openings of Providence for another tour to the West. His name and fame, as a daring and successful explorer, had spread far and wide; and before two years had passed since his last unsuc-



cessful expedition, an order came from Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, requesting him to conduct into the settlements a company of surveyors whom he had some months before sent out to the Falls of the Ohio, for the purpose of effecting a settlement. To this request he complied, regarding it a favorable opening for the prosecution of that great mission for which he still believed himself to be destined. Taking a companion with him whom he had tried, some of his former fellow-adventurers having

"pass'd that bourn  
From whence no traveler returns,"

he was once more on his way across the mountains. They had no time to spend in hunting, as the mission with which the hunter was intrusted was urgent. The party at the Falls were in danger of being captured by the Indians, and were not aware of that danger. All the delay on the route was that which was necessarily occasioned in killing and cooking game, sufficient for their supply on the road. After being out two months, during which time they traveled eight hundred miles, they arrived safely at the Falls of the Ohio, and found the company to whom they bore the governor's message.

Not believing that there was any immediate danger to be apprehended from the Indians, the

company continued at the Falls until an incident occurred that convinced them of the truthfulness of the admonition. A party had gone out one day, on what is now the Indiana side of the river, and about a mile from the present site of the city of Jeffersonville, where there was a famous spring of the most pure and delicious water, possessing medicinal properties, and which has since been a place of great resort by the pleasure and health seeking from various parts of the country. To this spring was given, by the pioneers, the name of *Fontainebleau*. While the party were quaffing the waters of this Western fountain of Hygeia, they were surprised by the Indians, and one of their number killed. This, with other depredations, and the hostilities which were being commenced in different sections, put an end, for the time being, to the settlement. So satisfactorily was the mission performed with which the governor intrusted the hunter, that it was not long until he received a commission in the army, and was ordered to take charge of three garrisons on the frontier. He performed every duty required at his hands with singular skill and fidelity; and when the great and bloody battle, which we have elsewhere described, was fought at Point Pleasant, he was in the van, doing execution as a gallant soldier, who, to use his own expression, "never knew fear."

After this he was selected to head a company appointed by government, to whom was assigned the difficult and dangerous task of cutting out a road from the Holston to the Kentucky River. They had cut their way through the wilderness until they had reached a point about fifteen miles from where the town of Boonesborough now stands, when the Indians, beholding this unmistakable sign of civilization, as the path of the pale face was being opened, became enraged, and commenced hostilities. The road-makers, headed by the hunter, stood their ground, and succeeded in repelling their attacks with such success that they were enabled, with the rifle and the ax, to make a path in the wilderness, over which the coming generations might find a home in the rich and fertile valley to which it led. It becoming important to set up a defense against the attacks of the Indians, our hunter caused a strong log fort to be erected. On the completion of this fort, a point was gained in the way of settlement, which was of all things the most desirable. Here the pioneers could rally, if attacked by superior force, and defend themselves from the assaults of the savages.

Once more the hunter sighed for the companionship of his wife and children, and, feeling that if he could only succeed in bringing them safely across the country, here they would be protected, again he

returned home, and was successful in prevailing upon his wife to accompany him. Others, hearing of the road cut through the wilderness, and the strong fort which had been erected, united with the family, and before they started the company consisted of twenty-seven armed men. The long journey was performed, and all arrived in safety. Intelligence reaching the settlements of the success of the expedition, others were induced to start, and among the number the bold and daring Henderson filed into the Western highway, with forty full-armed hunters, well provisioned for the march. They too arrived, but there was room enough and to spare.

It was not long until the ax followed the rifle, and the forest began to fall before the hand of civilization. The fort was the strong point about which they all rallied, as it was dangerous for any of them to venture too far, for savage blood was up, and the encroachments of the whites had aroused the Indians to desperate deeds. Among all assembled in and around that stronghold, that city of refuge, none was more esteemed and beloved than the pioneer hunter. His superior could not be found, and he towered above his fellows in his own native strength and dignity, though he was kind and complacent to all.

Here it was determined to organize a government, of which the fort was to be the capital. A



land office was opened by Colonel Henderson, and as there were in the neighborhood four settlements, it was determined that delegates should be summoned from each, for the purpose of establishing a provisional government. The spring of 1775 witnessed the assembling of this pioneer legislature, composed of delegates representing a constituency of one hundred and fifty settlers, and a territory, for extent, fertility, beauty, and richness, never equaled. The president, Colonel Henderson, called the assembly to order, and inviting a minister of the Gospel, Rev. John Lythe, a pioneer preacher, to address the throne of grace, the Legislature was opened in the name of His Majesty the King of Great Britain, the allegiance of the mother country not yet having been thrown off by the colonists. He then delivered his address to the delegates, which would do honor to a governor, or a speaker, of the present day. He reminded them of the importance of laying a broad and strong foundation for the future, of enacting such good and wholesome laws as would command the respect, and secure the support of the people, for whom they were made. Among the laws enacted, was one proposed by the hunter, who was a leading delegate, having reference to the preservation of the game, and one, also, prohibiting profane swearing, and the profanation of the Sabbath. Finally, the Legislature adjourned, invoking, through their chap-



lain, the blessings of Heaven upon their laws and deliberations.

In the course of the year, many more families came into the settlements, and among the number, the family of Colonel Callaway, who had come out in advance, and was a member of the Legislature; Callaway had two lovely daughters, and though they had grown in the wilderness, like the desert flower, they had a beauty and loveliness which nature only can impart. The arrival of these girls proved a joyous event to the hunter's daughter, who, like them, was just blushing into womanhood. They were pioneer girls, and, like their fathers, they loved the woods, and the excitement connected with its scenes. One day, the three resolved on a canoe excursion. The Kentucky River, near Boonesborough, presented a most enchanting scenery. Its waters flowed along between banks untouched by the hand of man. Trees, and shrubs, and flowers grew in rank luxuriance down to the water's edge, and were reflected back from its transparent surface. Entering their bark and seizing the light paddles, their canoe darted across the waters like a thing of life. Crossing and re-crossing from shore to shore, the current insensibly bore them down, as they would stop to talk, or gather the water lilies which grew along the margin. At times, the solitudes were made to echo with their joyous laugh. As the prow of their

Indian bark was nestling among the flowers on the opposite bank, a swarthy Indian, who was concealed in the bushes, crawled through them like a black snake, and, sliding unperceived into the water, caught the rope which hung over the bow, and giving it a sudden jerk, turned it up stream. The loud shrieks of the girls were heard at the fort, but it was too late, as four additional Indians immediately seized them, and rushed into the wilderness.

Soon men from the fort were on the bank, but the canoe, the only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore; and none dared venture to swim the river, fearing the Indians. The fathers were both absent on business, and it was night before they returned. They were not long in selecting a party of brave hunters, and started in pursuit. Crossing the river, they soon entered a thick cane-brake; and, practiced as they were to track the Indians, they found it difficult to follow them, from the fact that the Indians, to elude detection, had passed through at considerable distances apart from each other. Every sign was carefully noted, and being conscious that they were on their track, they hurried onward to overtake them. Thirty miles had been passed over, but still they were not found. Their hopes, however, were increased by noticing less caution on the part of the Indians to elude pursuit, as their trail became more plain. Finally they discovered that the Indians had

entered a buffalo road, and were pursuing it. The pursuers now quickened their pace, being assured that they would soon overtake the savages. Still they moved with caution; for if they should be discovered before getting within rifle shot, they would murder their victims and flee. After traveling about ten miles farther, they came at once upon them in a thick cane-brake. They were just in the act of kindling their fire, and camping for the night. Each saw the other at the same moment. Instantly the sharp crack of four rifles was heard; two of the savages fell as they were in flight, and the rest made their escape, leaving the girls and everything behind them, even their moccasins. The joy of those pioneers at recovering their captive daughters, may be imagined, but no pen can describe it.

About this time General Clark, who had fought bravely at the battle of Point Pleasant, took the lead in military affairs in Kentucky, and the fort having been attacked frequently by the Indians, it was inferred that there would be a concentration of warriors to destroy the fort and its inhabitants, as it presented the most formidable barrier in the way of the Indian, of any position in the West. So general was the impression that a darker cloud of war was gathering than had yet come over the country, that three hundred of the settlers returned to their old homes, leaving, comparatively speaking, but a small handful.

In this crisis it was important to keep a look-out upon the Indians, and watch carefully all their movements, that, forewarned, the pioneers might be forearmed for any emergency. The general thought it most important to have spies sent among the savages, who would not only be able to report their numbers, but their designs. This was no easy matter to secure, and the difficulty was increased by not being able to get the right kind of men. Could the pioneer hunter and legislator be prevailed upon, all would be well; but he had already been taxed more than any other man, and had performed more onerous duties than all in behalf of the country. Still he was not the man to flinch from responsibility; and, as he still felt convinced that through him the happy destiny of what was then the "Dark and Bloody Ground" was to be secured, he readily acceded to Clark's proposal. The general had selected for him, as a companion, the well-tried and trusty Simon Kenton, a kindred spirit; and together they started out, scouring the frontiers in quest of the Indians, and, when finding them, watching with eagle eye all their movements. Kenton was a practiced hunter, as well as a spy. He had acted in that capacity for the colonial army in the vicinity of Fort Pitt, and had, as a wild and daring hunter, descended the Ohio, and ranged through the wilds of Western Virginia; but hearing of the adventures of his now illustrious companion,



and of the great hunting ground in which he had made his home, he resolved on visiting it. For the first time they had met; and to them was intrusted the protection of that vast frontier.

The spies would start out in different directions; and, scouring the country for miles along the wild borders of the Ohio, would meet at the time and on the spot they had designated, where they would recount their adventures and arrange their plans. After being satisfied that no immediate danger was to be apprehended from the Indians, the hunter returned to Boonesborough, and Kenton to his favorite pursuit. It being important to have salt for domestic use, a party started out to what was called the Blue Licks, for the purpose of engaging in its manufacture. While there, they were surrounded and captured by the Shawnee Indians, and the hunter was one of the number. They were in all twenty-eight. The captives were taken to Old Chillicothe, where, after remaining some time, the hunter and ten other captives were sent through the wilderness to Detroit; whence, after continuing a month, he returned with his captors to Old Chillicothe. The Indians became so much attached to him that he was adopted into an Indian family. With his brothers, so great was the confidence reposed in him, he went out frequently on hunting excursions, and thus became acquainted with the localities of one of the



richest valleys in the world. A Shawnee chief, losing his son, adopted him in his place, and paid great attention to him. He submitted to the ceremony of adoption, which consisted in having all his hair pulled out, except a small tuft on the crown of the head. After which all the white blood was washed out of him, by various ablutions, and he was painted *à la Indian*, the ceremony concluding with a feast and a smoke. Submitting patiently to his captivity, as part of that destiny which he believed he had to work out, he waited the openings of Providence for his release, believing firmly that it would come, and he should return to his loved country.

Knowing that he understood the manufacture of salt, he was accordingly sent out with a company to the Scioto Salt Licks for that purpose. Soon after his return he found that the Indians were re-painting their faces, and burnishing their arms, for another attack on the fort at Boonesborough; and he determined on making his escape in time to save it from the surprise of the desperate savages. Accordingly one morning, with a small piece of jerked venison, he started. He was now in his forty-third year, just in life's prime, but perhaps not so fleet as formerly. It was to be a race, he knew, for life; but he entered upon it with faith. He struck for the Ohio River, and through deep forests, over craggy rocks, and creeks, and rivers, night and day, he urged his tire-

less course. At length he reached the Ohio; but the river was in full bank, a mile in width. He feared to encounter the rolling tide. Providentially he espied an old canoe, which had drifted against the shore, with one end stove in, and, springing on board, paddled himself safely over. He had been out four days and four nights, and had eaten but one meal. He was growing faint, yet pursuing in hope, for he was nearing Boonesborough. At length he arrived, and had he risen from the dead its inhabitants would not have been more surprised; besides, his appearance had changed to that of an Indian. But where were his wife and children? The faithful and affectionate partner of his joys and sorrows had given him up for dead, having heard no tidings of him, and alone with her children, with one exception, she had wended her solitary way back to North Carolina.

Having apprised the inhabitants of the contemplated attack on the fort, additional defenses were thrown up, and every means resorted to, to render it impregnable. It had stood many an assault, and, like Gibraltar and Sevastopol, had been untaken by the combined forces of the Indian nations. It was the great stronghold of the West, and much depended upon retaining it, as it seemed to be the only point around which the hopes of the pioneer gathered in the midst of the storms of war. Every-

thing being in readiness for action, and a force left sufficient to guard it, our hero selected nineteen of the bravest of his companions in arms, and, with a view of cutting off the approach of the enemy, or, at least, weakening their forces, started out on a foray, or *sortie*. Their object was, of course, to meet the enemy, and, knowing the route they would probably take, they struck for the Ohio River, and, crossing it, made their way for a small Indian town, called Paint Creek, up the valley of the Scioto. Before, however, reaching this place, they were startled by the crack of a rifle proceeding from a party on their way to join the great body of Indians, with whom there was an understanding to rendezvous at Old Chillicothe, and from thence proceed to the fort. The number of the Indians was thirty, and they were all chosen warriors. As might be expected, a desperate conflict ensued; but the work was soon accomplished. The battle was soon fought, and soon ended. The unerring shot of the Kentucky hunters told a dreadful work that day, and many a painted savage was made to bite the dust. Not a white man was killed; and the Indians, retreating, left all their baggage and three horses in the rapid flight. The town of Paint Creek was found entirely deserted of inhabitants, and the party, finding no more Indians apart from the main body,

returned with all haste to the fort. Here they found everything in readiness for the contemplated attack. The fort contained in all but sixty-five men, besides the women and the children of the pioneers.

It was now that the leader saw the mystery of his captivity revealed, and the inscrutable ways of that Providence which presided over his destiny. Had he not been taken captive by the Indians, he would neither have known their strength nor designs; and had he not been forced to travel through the wilderness in winter, encountering incredible hardships in the weary march, he would not have become acquainted with the relation the Indians sustained to the French, and the assistance they expected from them. But now he understood all their plans and prospects, and had prepared for every emergency that might arise, even beyond his knowledge. It was not long until the enemy made their appearance, and the commandant at the fort was not surprised to find among the four hundred and fifty hideously-painted and full-armed warriors, twelve Canadian Frenchmen and Captain Du Quesne—after whom Fort Pitt was named—at the head of the army. Though the chief, Blackfish, was the commander proper, he had resigned the leadership to the skillful Frenchman. This formidable army stood in front of the fort. In all the due forms of war, a sum-



mons to surrender was sent from the commander. The hunter knew full well that his escape from the Indians, and his subsequent conduct, would secure his death should a surrender be made, and he knew that he could but fall in the defense of the fort, so he chose the latter alternative, and resolved to defend it to the last. In the mean time, a messenger had been dispatched to the eastern settlements for a reinforcement; and, as it would delay matters and give time for their arrival before the siege commenced, the commander asked two days for deliberation, which was granted, and the best possible use made of it in adding greater supplies of water and provisions to the fort. Du Quesne, having received orders from Governor Hamilton, at Detroit, to take the fort, but preserve the lives of its inhabitants, and directing him to call out nine men from the garrison to negotiate a treaty, made the communication to the fort. When this order was communicated, those within the fort held a consultation, and, fearing it was a stratagem of the Indians, yet wishing to delay the conflict as long as possible, they agreed to accede to it, provided the treaty-ground should be selected within cover of the fire of the fort.

The bold and heroic leader had, from one of the bastions, announced that they would never surrender while a man was left alive, and that all



their threats were vain; it was therefore the more probable that it was an Indian device to get the leaders in their power. And such it proved. The hunter and eight picked men went outside the fort, and met the treating party—twice their number—sixty yards from the fort. Du Quesne proposed his terms, which were, that they were to swear allegiance to George III., and submit to the Canadian government. In this event they were to live in peace, and have all their property. This was too much; and it was well understood by the leader that it was but a crafty device: still the treaty was signed. After this act was performed, Blackfish, the chief, who had adopted the hunter as his son at Old Chillicothe, rose, and commenced a speech to his warriors. He said it was customary, when two great armies entered into a treaty of peace, to shake hands, and in doing so it was the custom for two Indians to shake the hand of each white man. The gauze was too thin not to be seen through at once by him who had studied the Indian character; but both parties were unarmed, and believing, as he knew his men, that one was a match for two Indians, it was assented to.

Just then a gun was fired as a signal, and the Indians, advancing with open hands, seized each their man, not with the grasp of friendship, but of deadly hate. They were the flower and strength of the

army. A desperate scuffle ensued, which served as a signal for an onset; and soon the Indians from the main body began to pour in, but it was only to receive the deadly fire from the fort, every shot telling with fearful effect upon the advancing party. It was not long until the hunters were enabled to tear themselves from the grasp of the Indians, and flee to the fort, and the heavy gate was closed and barricaded behind them. But one was wounded by the fire of the savages, and that one was the brother of the leader, the intrepid hunter who had four times crossed the wilderness. Du Quesne and Blackfish now ordered a direct attack upon the fort; and as there were woods in the neighborhood, it afforded the assailants considerable protection. The attack was simultaneous; and amid the most unearthly yells a storm of bullets was poured into the fort. Soon as they could load they fired again, and kept up an almost incessant stream of lead. Not so, however, with the hunters of Kentucky. No fire was thrown away. They picked their men, and every shot told its work of death.

One day passed, and a night, and then another day and a night, without intermission. The hunter's brave daughter was there. Her love for her father had induced her to remain when the mother left, in hopes of his return from captivity; and now that her loved sire was directing the battle, she, with trusty

rifle, was taking unerring aim, through the port-holes of the garrison, at the invading foe. But, alas! she, the heroine of the fort, with four others, was wounded. A negro who had deserted had climbed a tree in the vicinity of the fort, and was pouring deadly shots at its inhabitants exposed to his aim. But he was discovered just in the act of firing, when a ball from the hunter's rifle brought the deserter and murderer to the ground. On the battle raged. Day after day the enemy kept up their fire, until, finding they could not succeed in storming the fort, they commenced a mining operation, intending to dig a trench from the bank of the river to the fort. The clay which was thrown into the river discoloring the water, the work was discovered; and instantly a counter-mining operation was commenced, which entirely thwarted their plans. Their next resort was to fire the fort; and, accordingly, flaming brands were thrown upon it. The fire caught the timbers, and for a time it seemed that the fate of the fort was sealed. There was no time for thought. Instantly a brave young man, a son of a pioneer who had been wounded, mounted to the flames, and, amid a shower of balls from the savages, succeeded in extinguishing them, and descended in safety.

At length, after a siege of nine days, the Indians, whose ranks were daily and hourly growing thinner and thinner by the deadly aim of the Kentucky

marksmen, raised the siege and dispersed, leaving the invincibles in their stronghold.

But where was Kenton during this decisive battle? He had joined his fellow spies in their expedition to the Indian town on the Scioto, and in advance of them, daring and impetuous as he was, he had surprised and at one shot killed two Indians, which brought around him at once the thirty warriors with whom the battle was fought that we have described, and in which he took a most active part. Unwilling, however, to return with the nineteen to the fort until more booty had been secured, he went on to the encampment of the Indians, and after ranging the country in the midst of savages, he was not seen or heard of until the day after the siege was raised, when he rode into the fort on an Indian pony.

After the battle, thoughts of home and children again preyed upon the heart of the pioneer, and he started to North Carolina to visit them. He arrived safely, and was again in the bosom of his family, who had mourned him as dead. His wife, beginning to believe, notwithstanding the fate of her first-born, whose ashes were resting in a wild glen of the Cumberland Mountains, and the many disasters that had befallen her husband, that he was ordained of Providence for the successful accomplishment of the work he had undertaken, was not unwilling again to accompany him to the West, and, after remaining some



time among his friends, he departed for Boonesborough. Peace and happiness smiled around the dwellings of the settlers, and since the last battle, which we have described, they had not been molested by the Indians. Emigrants were arriving, the village was filling up, and farms were being opened in the rich surrounding plains and cane-brakes.

In the fall of the year 1780, the hunter and his brother, who had fully recovered from the wound received at the siege, started out on a salt-making expedition to the Blue Licks, the place where he had before been captured. Past experience induced the greater caution, lest they might be surprised by the wily savage, who was always lying in wait for blood. Having made what salt they wanted for their winter's use, they were returning leisurely home, when they were fired upon by a party of Indians, who were lying in ambush, and had, perhaps, been watching their movements for days. The brother fell dead upon the spot, and the hunter fled, pursued by the Indians, and a keen-scented, ferocious dog. He had reserved his fire, and it was well he had, for though he distanced his pursuers, the dog, uttering terrific howls, was gaining upon him. Turning, he drew his rifle, and the beast uttered his last howl as he rolled dead into a ravine close at hand. He had run three miles, and, quickly re-loading, he hastened on. Finding that his pursuers had abandoned the



chase, believing, in all probability, that his life was a charmed one, he slackened his pace, and leisurely pursued his journey to the fort. It was a melancholy day, as it added another to the list of the dead of those he fondly loved.

The next summer, an attack was made on Bryant's Station, headed by the craven-hearted Girty; and his brother-in-law fell. The Indians were finally repulsed, and the settlers, rallying from all parts of the country, determined to pursue the savages, and expel them from the land. A large force met the enemy at the Blue Licks, where one of the most bloody battles was fought that has found record in the annals of the West. In that battle the hunter's son was slain, and many of the bravest of Kentucky's sons found a warrior's grave. General Clark, hearing of the fatal battle, pursued the Indians with a large army to Old Chillicothe; but, being warned of his approach, they fled. After destroying the towns, and spreading desolation over the country, they left, impressing the Indians so forcibly with their strength and power, that it put an end to Indian wars and depredations for a long time.

There seemed to be only one thing that the Indians desired, and that was, to make a captive again of the Kentucky hunter, and an expedition was planned for that purpose. Finding that he had partially given himself up to the arts of peace, and was living in

quiet, cultivating his farm in the neighborhood of Boonesborough, four athletic Shawnees were detailed to go and watch his movements, and bring him, or his scalp, to the Indian settlements. They started on their expedition, and arriving at his place, they secreted themselves in the woods, and watched his movements. One day he went out a short distance from his cabin, to a house which he had erected for drying tobacco. The house stood in the midst of the patch. In the interior were three tiers, one above the other, on which the tobacco leaves were suspended. The lower tier having become perfectly dry, he was engaged in removing the sticks to the upper tier, preparatory to gathering the remainder. Having hoisted the sticks from the lower to the second tier, he was standing on the poles that supported them, when the savages entered the low door, and calling him by name, they exclaimed, "Now we've got you ; you will not get away any more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time ; you no cheat us any more." They grinned horribly, as with upturned faces and pointed guns they uttered these words.

The hunter coolly and pleasantly responded, "Ah, my friends! glad to see you. How have you been this long time?"

Seeing their impatience to have him come down, he said, "I will go with you, if you will only wait until I finish removing my tobacco. Stay where you

are. You see I can't get away; and watch me closely till I come down. You like tobacco. When it is cured I will give it to you, and we will smoke together."

Continuing his conversation, inquiring about his friends at the Indian town, and diverting their attention as well as he could, he succeeded in getting together a number of sticksful of tobacco, and turning them in such a direction as that they would fall between the poles, directly in their faces, he instantly disengaged them; and, grasping his arms full, he sprang down upon the Indians, filling their mouths and eyes with the dry crushed tobacco until they became so blind and suffocated in the close tobacco-house, that he made his escape and reached his cabin, where, seizing his trusty rifle, he gained the door, only to see the Indians running, blind and staggering, to the woods.

But he who had braved the dangers of the wilderness, and passed unhurt amid its wild beasts and savages, to open the gates of a Western Paradise, and expel from it all dangers, and guard it against all foes, was even cheated by that most villainous of all classes of men, pioneer land speculators, out of his small inheritance within its wide domain. Chagrined, disappointed, and disgusted with the conduct of such men, and being unable to obtain redress; realizing that he had so far fulfilled his destiny as

to open up and secure broad and beautiful homes for others in that verdant, flowery land, though there was none for him, he gathered up what little effects he had, and returned to Virginia. Here he had an interview with Washington, the pioneer soldier, to whom he related his grievances, and whose manly and generous heart was filled with sympathy at the recital of his wrongs. But no redress came, and the rifle supplied the hunter and his family with the necessaries of life. While residing here, intelligence comes to his ears from his son in the far West, whither he had gone to seek his fortune, of a country rich and glorious, beyond the Father of Waters. That country was Louisiana, and belonged to Spain; but it was, nevertheless, open to the adventurer.

He had now lived half a century, and his life from childhood had been spent in the woods. He had traveled on foot from the Appalachian chain to the upper lakes, and all over the valley watered by the Ohio and its tributaries; and though he was verging to three-score, yet the force and fire of his fresh and vigorous life were not abated. Though objects near and small could not be seen with the same clearness as in other days, his vision had increased in its far-reaching power. Like him who had guided the children of Israel through the desert, when, after six score years, he ascended Nebo, on the borders of Canaan, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."



So the hunter, in looking from his mountain home to the wide-spread valleys of the sunny South, caught new life, and felt young again.

“Mad Anthony,” as he was called by the Indians, had spread terror among all the ranks of the Western savages, and had formed a treaty at Greenville, in what is now Western Ohio, which put an end to Indian hostilities; and the country was rapidly settling in all directions. The ax in a great measure had taken the place of the rifle, or was always followed and associated with it—the one the type of savage, the other of civilized life. A half century before, our hunter stood alone in the solitudes of the West, chasing the bear, and deer, and buffalo; now the very range of his hunting grounds was peopled by half a million. It was not, as some have vainly imagined, that he loved and courted solitude because he hated his species. There never beat in man a kindlier or more philanthropic heart. While he was a stranger to selfish and sordid emotions, he was alike above mean actions; and he lived and toiled for others, amid hardships and sufferings that would have crushed a thousand hearts.

But we have said his far-reaching vision was on the distant southern portion of the great valley; and his ever true and faithful wife, who had stood by him in all the early scenes of his eventful life, was willing to accompany him to that far-off land. The



journey was undertaken; and after the usual toil and danger attendant upon such an expedition in that early day, this pioneer family at length reached the home of their son, and there was, as may well be imagined, a joyful meeting. He had not been long in the country till the news of his advent was spread abroad through the territory. He whose name and fame had filled the upper valley, was not unknown in that distant region. The Lieutenant-Governor of Charles IV., King of Spain, (Don Carlos,) hailed with joy his arrival, regarding him as a most valuable accession to the Spanish government. In a short time he was appointed to the command of the district where he had taken up his abode; and, giving him eight thousand five hundred acres of land on the Missouri River, the governor assured him that he should want for nothing.

It is said republics are ungrateful. If they are not, one thing is certain; and that is, they do not make the same munificent provision for eminent services that monarchies do, nor yet is it so freely done.

In the year 1803, Napoleon, the then reigning monarch, having possession of Louisiana, sells and cedes it to the United States, connected with the oracular declaration that he had given England a rival. In this transfer the hunter found himself once more a citizen of the republic; and with it he also found himself again a houseless, homeless wanderer;

but his rifle was left, and the forests of Missouri were full of game. Shouldering this friend of his youth, and companion of his later days, he penetrated the wilderness. He was now in his sixty-fifth year; but far, far away he traveled, making the desert his home. While engaged in trapping for beaver he was exposed to many hardships and dangers. It required all the caution of which he was master to elude the savages of the Northwest. He concealed his camp by never striking a fire in the daytime. When well supplied with furs he would visit St. Louis, and dispose of them for such articles as were needed for hunting. On one occasion it is related of him that he took pack horses, and penetrated the country on the Osage River, taking with him a negro boy, about fourteen years of age. Here he camped out for the winter, but was unfortunately taken sick. One has said, "Men did not get sick in those days; and if they did, their sickness was generally unto death;" so thought the hunter. And thus impressed, on one pleasant day, he took his staff, and tottering along, told the boy to follow him. On arriving at a small grassy knoll, deep in the wild wood, he marked out the ground in the shape and size of a grave. Then looking at the boy, he said, "If I die, bury me here."

But his sickness was not unto death; he had not yet done the errand of his destiny. His health

returned with returning spring ; and breaking up his camp, he returned to the bosom of his family. Old age was now coming upon him ; and, as he would soon be unable to hunt, he memorialized Congress in relation to his Louisiana lands. After many vexatious delays, he at length, in lieu of the eight thousand five hundred acres in Louisiana, received a title to eight hundred and fifty.

In the mean time, his wife, the brave, the noble-hearted pioneer mother, and faithful companion of the hunter, closed her earthly career. She had passed her three-score years and ten, and calmly she sunk into the slumbers of the grave. Her spirit was kindled with the light of the better world as she neared its portals ; and as a summer cloud fades away into the light of heaven, so she passed to the abodes of the blessed.

The hunter had now more than ever his thoughts turned to another life, even to that world where injustice and oppression never enter, and where man is not the foe of his fellow-man ; where death and sorrow cannot come ; where there are brighter fields and flowers, more verdant plains and mountains, and more beautiful rivers than "eye hath seen." Among his children and grandchildren he passed away in quietness the remainder of his days ; and when the soft breath of Indian summer kissed the lingering flowers of the prairie, in the eighty-sixth year of his

age, the grave was opened beside that of his wife, that they who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives" might "not in death be divided;" and all that remained of DANIEL BOONE, the *Hunter of Kentucky*, was committed to the dust.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE PIONEER SETTLERS.

THE Six Nations owned the country west of the Alleghanies, including the great valley watered by the Ohio and its tributaries. All this region, as early as 1684, had, by the treaty of Lord Howard, Governor of Virginia, been placed under the protection of Great Britain. This treaty was renewed in 1701, and in 1726 a formal deed was drawn up and signed by the chiefs of these nations, formally ceding these lands to the British government. In addition to this, lands in the West had been purchased. A treaty was held between the king's commissioners and the chiefs of the Six Nations at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1744, at which Conrad Weiser, who had before been sent out to Logstown, on the Ohio, acted as interpreter. This treaty was ratified by the payment of certain sums of money and goods for lands already occupied which were claimed by the Indians.

On the basis of this treaty the Ohio Company was formed in 1748. Among the number of those







who composed this company were two brothers of Washington. They had no sooner organized, than they petitioned the King of England for a grant of lands beyond the mountains. Their petition was favorably received, and the monarch ordered the government of Virginia to make the company a grant of one million acres of land in the locality they had designated. Two hundred thousand acres of this land was to be located at once, and the company were to be allowed to hold it for ten years without rent or taxation, provided that within seven years they should settle it with one hundred families, and build a fort sufficient to protect themselves from invasion. The proviso was accepted, and an order was immediately sent to England for a cargo of goods suited to the Indian trade.

Other companies were organized about the same time in Virginia, whose object was to colonize the West. One of these, denominated the Greenbrier Company, received a grant of one hundred thousand acres of land. To the Loyal Company a grant of eight hundred thousand acres was made, extending from the Canada line north and west. This same year a trading-house was established, and a fort built, called Fort Prudhomme, on the Mississippi, below the Falls of the Ohio, and a trading-house opened among the Creeks, and subsequently one was estab-

lished on the Miami. These were necessary and important auxiliaries to the companies, as they served not only to open up a commerce with the various tribes, but they furnished supplies for the settlers. It is astonishing that in that early day there was such a quantity and variety of produce as it is ascertained was taken to the marts of trade. Farmers and traders from Illinois took to Fort Prudhomme flour, corn, hams, pickled pork, beans, beef, myrtle wax, cotton, tallow, leather, tobacco, lead, iron, copper, buffalo wool, venison, poultry, bears' grease, oil, skins and coarse furs, and these were shipped from thence to the New-Orleans market. Thousands of barrels of flour were sent from Illinois to this market during the years 1746 and 1747, upward of a hundred years ago.

In 1752 a fort was built on Chartier's Creek, not far from the Youghiogheny River, and the goods having arrived from England which the company had sent for, traders from the frontiers, and others who intended settling in the West, obtained them at Cumberland, whither they were sent, and packing them on horses—for there were then no roads—transported them across the mountains.

In the year 1760 the Ohio Company made additional requests of the British government, to enable them successfully to carry out their plans and purposes in the settlement of the West. They were



allowed, through a treaty held at Fort Pitt, to erect forts within the lands allotted to them. Up to 1757, England had, through the government of Virginia, made grants of lands in the West, amounting to upward of three millions of acres.

For the purpose of encouraging emigration to these lands, pamphlets were published describing the country, embracing an account of the agricultural and mineral resources of the vast valley. These were widely scattered through the East; and as books were scarce in those days, they were read with avidity and deeply pondered by brave and hardy New-Englanders, who saw, in the fertile valleys of the Ohio and its numerous tributaries, sources of subsistence and wealth they could never dig out of the thin, rocky soil of their farms. In addition to this, the company sent an agent to England to represent its interests, and make what further negotiations were necessary to enable them to carry out their plans in regard to settlement.

About this time, the Transylvania Company was organized, and settlements were effected by emigrants at and around Boonesborough. North of the Ohio, however, but little was accomplished toward settlements, with the exception of a cabin and small clearing. The adventurous and daring Moravian, Post, had penetrated the wilderness and established a mission on the Muskingum, not far from Beaver-

town, and erected a cabin. After having made the necessary arrangements with the Indians, among whom he had gone to preach the Gospel, and thus turn them from darkness to light, he returned to the East for assistance, which he secured in the person of the equally enterprising and adventurous Heckewelder. Having, as we have already stated, made arrangements with the Indians, by which he was allowed to preach, and instruct the children in the rudiments of an education, he commenced clearing a piece of ground around his cabin, for the purpose of raising corn, as he did not wish to be dependent upon the Indians for a support. When the chiefs discovered what he was doing, they inquired of him, if he had not changed his mind, for, said they, "You came here for the purpose of teaching our children to read and write; but, instead of doing this, you are clearing land; and if you do this, others may do it, and the next thing a fort will be built to protect them, and then they will claim the land and drive off the Indians, as they have always done, where they had the power."

To this Post replied, "A teacher must live, and as I do not wish to be a burden on you, I wish to raise my own food." They told him that the French priests did not raise corn, and yet they were fat and hearty, and that the Great Spirit, who fed them without work, would also feed him. They concluded,

however, to give him a garden spot, the boundaries of which they defined, and from this he had to live as best he and his assistant could.

These Moravians cultivated their garden, and taught the Indians religion and letters, submitting to all the privations and hardships incident to a frontier life, with a zeal, fidelity, and bravery that must ever secure for them the first place among the pioneer missionaries of the Ohio. Here they continued their missionary labors until the times became so troublous, in a warlike aspect, that the Indians advised them to leave the country, which they did in 1762, and we hear no more of the Moravians until the year 1767, at which time Zeisberger went to the Alleghany, and, though much opposed by the Indians, succeeded in establishing a mission among them. He had the true Moravian spirit, and, notwithstanding many threats and dark-concerted plots, he fearlessly pursued his heavenly calling, laboring to convince the children of the forest that he was not their enemy, but their friend, and that he was not seeking theirs, but them. Toiling on in hope, against hope, he finally succeeded, and several chiefs were converted to Christianity. But his labors stopped not here. The Delaware Indians on the Muskingum invited him to come and establish a mission among them, and in this invitation they were joined by the Wyandots. Accordingly, in the spring of 1772, Zeis-

berger, with twenty-seven of his native converts, founded the mission at Shoenbrun, on the Muskingum, the first Christian mission or Church of any kind established within the limits of the present State of Ohio, the destruction of which, by worse than heathen white men, we have elsewhere described.

Another land company was organized through the influence of Sir William Johnson, and Mr. Thomas Walpole, an eminent London banker, becoming connected with it, and taking a large interest in its management, it subsequently assumed his name, and became known as the Walpole Company. The influence of Benjamin Franklin, through his son, was sought and secured in favoring the interests of this company with the British government. In 1767, Sir William was empowered with authority to purchase from the Six Nations a large tract of land lying south of the Ohio River. He accordingly called a Congress of the nations at Fort Stanwix. At this Congress, the boundary line between the settlers and the Indian lands was determined as follows, namely: Beginning at the mouth of Tennessee River, and extending up the Ohio to Fort Pitt; thence up the Alleghany to Kittaning; thence across to the Susquehanna, including within this boundary all the lands south of the Ohio River to which the Six Nations had any claims. This tract included a district of country between the Kanawha and Monongahela



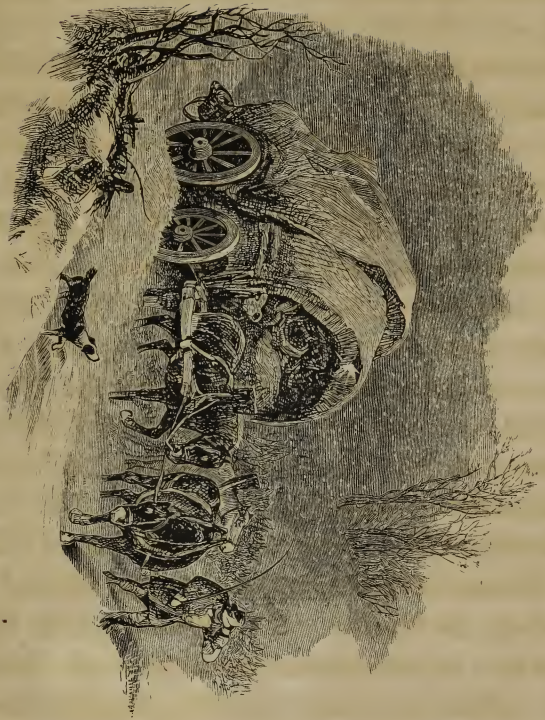
Rivers. The whole was by the treaty ceded to the British government. A grant of a portion of it was made to twenty-two traders, as an indemnity for spoliations made by the Indians in 1763.

About this time a new company was formed in Virginia, denominated the Mississippi Company, which petitioned the king for a grant of two millions and a half of acres of land in the West. To this petition the name of Washington, with that of other distinguished men of that day, was affixed. This petition was referred to the Board of Trade, but what was its fate no one knows; at least, history is silent upon the subject. This same Board of Trade was called upon to report in relation to the application of the Walpole Company, which was opposed by the president, Lord Hillsborough. The report of Hillsborough called forth from Franklin an ably written paper, entitled the "Ohio Settlement." The arguments of this document were so cogent and powerful, that the king's council set aside the adverse report of the president, and granted the petition, much to the chagrin and disappointment of Hillsborough, who, immediately thereupon, resigned the presidency of the Board. The petition received the sanction of the king, and the old Ohio Company was merged into that of Walpole's. Soon after this the Revolutionary war broke out, and resulting, as it did, in dissolving all connection with the mother country,

nothing more is heard of this company, until Walpole and his associates petitioned Congress respecting their lands. They, however, obtained no satisfaction, doubtless upon the ground that Congress regarded all the previous contracts as null and void.

In 1773, General Lyman, with quite a number of military adventurers, descended the Ohio and Mississippi to the town of Natchez, and surveyed land, locating several townships in that region, and thus inviting the emigrant to people the mighty West. Nor was it long until the tide set in that direction; and during the summer four hundred families passed down the Ohio in the broad-horns, as the boats were called which floated down the Ohio and Mississippi in that day. Several years before this, however, Ebenezer and Jonathan Zane had effected a settlement at Wheeling.

Families had settled in the then distant Illinois, and Kaskaskia and Cahokia contained upward of a hundred, the Illinois and Wabash companies having purchased of the Indians three immense tracts of land, included in what is now the States of Indiana and Illinois, and bordering upon the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers. At St. Louis and St. Genevieve there were, in 1771, upward of twelve hundred settlers, the most of whom were French, who claimed the country; and it was not till ten years







later that the Americans began to migrate to that region.

The first fort erected within the present boundary of the State of Ohio, with the exception of Fort Laurens, was that of Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum River. Fort Laurens was built on the Tuscarawas River, in the then heart of the Indian country. Fort Harmar continued a stronghold for the West until 1790, when the soldiery were ordered down the river to Fort Washington, where Cincinnati now stands. Fort Harmar became the scene of many a thrilling adventure. Plans were frequently made for attacking it by the Indians; but with such poor success that they abandoned all hopes of taking it, and resorted to every mode of backwoods warfare to annoy and kill the inhabitants. The valley on the west bank of the Muskingum was quite narrow, and the land rose up abruptly and precipitously, spreading back into dense and wild forests. In these solitudes the Indians would secrete themselves; and whenever they could find any of the inhabitants away from the fort, would spring upon them, and bear them into captivity, or shoot them down in their tracks, taking away their scalps as trophies of victory. Such was the state of the country, it being difficult to obtain provisions, that it became necessary for the inhabitants to cultivate the soil; and hence all were employed in the proper

season in raising crops of corn, from the rich alluvion of the narrow valley.

The fort was not occupied exclusively by soldiers; there were to be found among them brave and hardy pioneers, who had come out to seek their fortunes in the West. Among these were men of almost every vocation and condition in life, constituting fragments of many families in the older settled parts of the country.

Among the number of those who had braved the dangers of the West, was a young lawyer, by the name of Return Jonathan Meigs. Necessity compelled him, with the rest, to lay aside his books and briefs, and take to the plow for a subsistence. He had planted a field of corn on the banks of the river, about half a mile above the fort. Between his field and the fort was a dense wood, with only an obscure, narrow path. Having finished his work, one day, he was returning to the garrison, fatigued with toil, in company with a friend and a colored boy, whom he had brought with him from Connecticut. As it was customary, not only for the purposes of defense, should he be attacked by the Indians, but for shooting game, he always carried with him his gun. As they were walking leisurely along, a large serpent came out of the thicket, and crossed the path just in front of the company. Meigs instantly drew up and fired at the monster, but without effect, and he glided furiously away toward the river.

They had not proceeded far until, from the same thicket, two Indians darted into their path, a few paces behind them. They fired, and shot Symonds, the friend of Meigs, through the shoulder, who, immediately on receiving the wound, rushed to the river, and, plunging in, gained, as well as he could, the middle of the stream, and, turning upon his back, floated down to the fort. The black boy followed Symonds into the stream, and went out as far as he could wade; but, being unable to swim, he was caught by one of the Indians, who dragged him to the shore, where he dispatched him with his tomahawk, and scalped him. This he was obliged to do, or lose his prisoner, from the fact that a ball from the gun of a black man, on the opposite shore, whizzed close by the Indian's ear, admonishing him of his danger.

After Symonds was shot, and had made his escape, Meigs started with all possible speed for the fort. What was his surprise to find one of the savages, armed with a rifle, directly in his path, waiting his approach! He had not, however, had sufficient time to reload his gun, and, with the exception of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, they were equal. The brave young man saw there was no time to lose, and his life depended upon a desperate onset. Clubbing his gun, or, in other words, converting his gun into a club, he rushed,



with all the impetuosity of which he was capable, upon the hideous savage, and aimed a blow at his head. But the Indian was prepared in like manner to receive him, and blow was given for blow. Both staggered, but neither fell. But he had passed the Indian, and stopping not for a second attack, as he knew there were two of them, he ran with all possible speed to the fort, with the Indian in hot pursuit. Fleet as was the Indian, Meigs outstripped him in the race. For sixty or seventy rods they ran with almost equal swiftness. There was a deep ravine to cross, which lay right athwart the path. Meigs knew he could clear it, but doubted the Indian's ability, as he had never tried the feat. Accordingly, when he reached its edge, he bounded over. The Indian, seeing the wonderful distance he jumped, was astounded at his activity, and, slackening his pace as he neared the edge, he threw his tomahawk with all the might and precision of which he was master, and uttered a most savage yell. But it missed its mark, and the bold and daring pioneer lawyer escaped unhurt into the fort. Symonds was picked up by a canoe, and recovered of his wound, living afterward many years. Meigs continued on his pursuit of the law, working his way until, by dint of application and toil, the sure precursors of success, he rose to eminence at the bar, and subsequently became governor of the State of Ohio.



The tomahawk which was thrown at him was plowed up in a field, near the spot, in 1834, and is preserved as a relic of pioneer life.

The Ohio Company reorganized in 1787, and petitioned Congress for lands, on consideration of a resolution passed by that body, to give to officers and soldiers of the Revolution certain land bounties. At a meeting of the agents of the company, General Parsons, General Putnam, and Rev. Manasseh Cutler, were appointed directors. They finally received a grant of nearly five millions of acres; one million and a half were for the use of the company, and the remainder for private speculation. The company eventually, however, only obtained about seven hundred and fifty thousand acres.

All the arrangements having been made by the company in sending forward boat-builders to the Ohio, and having an ordinance passed by Congress for the government of the Northwestern Territory, seven hundred troops being sent out by the government for the protection of the settlers, many entered upon their westward journey, taking the Indian path, or road, across the mountains. All that was necessary to enable them to begin pioneer life with they packed in wagons. Notwithstanding it was in the winter season, they braved the terrors of the wilderness, and many families urged their way across the dangerous and dreary path, submitting cheer-

fully to all hardships, in hopes of reaching, ere the spring should open its flowers, the broad and beautiful valleys of their Western home. When the various emigrant bands which had started, arrived at Wheeling, on the Ohio, they found boats in readiness to take them down the river to the place of destination. There were forty-eight in all, and a more intelligent, enterprising association, never was formed for any purpose. They were coming out to found an empire in the West; and well did Washington remark, in relation to them, "No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices."

Peacefully their barque, the "May Flower," for that was its name, floated on the waters of *La Belle Rivière*, following its graceful meanderings, and passing its many beautiful islands, in the spring of 1788. At length the voyagers near the spot, on the right bank of the river, where they are to land. Before them, on a bluff at the mouth of the Muskingum, Fort Harmar rears its crest, bristling with guns, which command the river. But no hostile foe approaches. They are friends and brethren, and are coming to take possession of the ancient fortifications, on the opposite bank of the Muskingum, and build up a city on the monumental ruins of a race long since passed away.

It is the seventh day of April, and the blossoms

which line the banks smile them welcome to the West as they land; and fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, veterans of the Revolution, with military honors clustering around them; physicians, lawyers, venerable divines, scholars, artists, and farmers, step upon the shore, and take possession of their long-desired home. They pitched their tents and erected their cabins; and the time passed joyously away, nothing occurring to mar their happiness or damp their joys.

On the second day of July, a meeting of the directors and agents was held on the banks of the Muskingum, for the purpose of giving a name to the city in the West. They had erected a fort on the site of an ancient fortification, for their protection, and had laid out the town into squares, the streets crossing each other at right angles. The name finally agreed upon was *Marietta*, in honor of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. The square on which the block-house stood they called *Campus Martius*. An elevated square, north and east of this, they denominated *Capitolium*; still another, the *Quadrangou*, they called *Cecelia*. The covert way, composed of high parallel walls of earth, leading down to the Muskingum, was named *Sacra Via*.

On the fourth day of July, the ever-memorable anniversary of the nation's independence, an oration was delivered, in honor of the day, by the Hon. James



H. Varnum, who, with Hon. Messrs. Parsons and Armstrong, were appointed to the judicial bench of the territory the year previous. It was an interesting occasion. They were all one party, and no differences of opinion could exist, such as now, unhappily, in too many instances, are found to divide the festivities of this natal day. The day was celebrated at the fort, under the direction of General Harmar; and as the boom of the six-pounder rolled over the waters, and sent its far-reaching thunder echoing among the hills, and waking the surrounding solitudes, the voyagers by land and river felt their hearts dance within them for joy, and realized a full compensation for all the toils and hardships of their eight weeks' journey through the wilderness.

We have already alluded to Fort Washington, farther down the Ohio, situated between the two Miamis, at the mouth of the Licking River, in Kentucky, which latter circumstance gave to the town which was built around the fort the classic name of *Losantiville*—L'os anti ville. General Harmar, as we have before seen, having been ordered to Fort Washington, with his troops, in 1789, the settlers who came in commenced the erection of their cabins. At this time, exclusive of the fort, there were but two. The first-appointed governor of the territory, Arthur St. Clair, having arrived and established a provisional government, and arrangements having



been made for the peace and happiness of the community, the governor changed the name of the town from Losantiville to Cincinnati.

The Indians being engaged in committing depredations, and killing many of the settlers, in the Miami country, it was necessary that a force should be sent out to put them in check. Accordingly, General Harmar sent out a company of militia, under Colonel Hardin, from the fort, and soon after started himself, with a large body of regular soldiers. The first encampment was made about seven miles from Fort Washington, on a branch of Mill Creek. Next, they encamped on the waters of Muddy Creek, a tributary of the Miami. At the next encampment, near where the town of Waynesville now stands, they overtook Colonel Hardin's company. Their next encampment was near Xenia; and from thence they passed on, encamping at regular intervals, until they reached Chillicothe, an old deserted Indian village of the Shawnees, on the Maumee River. From thence they took a northwesterly direction, and crossing the Mad River, they continued until they came to the Great Miami, and pursued their march to the Auglaize River. After crossing this river, they were joined by a reinforcement from Cincinnati. Having arrived in the vicinity of the Indians, Colonel Hardin was sent forward with a detachment, and charged with the destruction of all the Indian towns on the Mau-

mee. The main body, continuing its course, joined Hardin again at Omee (Maumee) Town, which had been burned and deserted by the savages. Much corn was found buried by the Indians in the thickets. While reconnoitering in the vicinity of these towns, of which there were several in number, the Indians at night succeeded in stealing a large number of the horses of the army, and it was evident that they were secreted in the woods. A backwoods stratagem was resorted to for the purpose of entrapping them. A horse was taken a short distance down the Maumee, and, being fettered, the party who took him secreted themselves in the woods. It was not long until he was found by the Indians. While engaged in taking off his fetters, they were shot by the soldiers in ambush. The report of the rifles reached the camp, and soon a large number of troops were at the place. One of the Indians killed was a Delaware chief.

The army committed all the depredations they could, destroying the towns, and burning up thousands of bushels of corn which they could not carry away, and then returned to Chillicothe. A detachment, however, was sent further west, in pursuit of the Indians. This detachment consisted of a company of regulars, commanded by Captain Armstrong, and a company of Kentucky militia. They continued their march until they were all united under Colonel Hardin, who ordered Captain Faulkner, of

the Pennsylvania militia, to form on his left. At length the companies came upon the encampment of the savages. This encampment was well chosen for safety, as each entire side of it was cut off from the enemy by a deep swamp, having barely solid ground enough to reach it at one point. The militia were two hundred in number, and being anxious for the conflict, that they might be revenged for the wrongs they and the pioneer settlers had sustained, they made a charge upon the encampment; but it was returned by a deadly fire from a large body of savage warriors. The lines were broken; and so desperate was the conflict that, in a few minutes, fifty-two of Hardin's company were killed. In their flight they met Major Fountain, with a company of regulars, who, giving the pursuers battle, they were forced to retire, and the survivors arrived safe in the camp. This battle was fought about twelve miles west of Fort Wayne, in Indiana. Captain Armstrong being pursued, plunged into the swamp, and remained buried up to his chin in mud and water through the entire night, and was compelled to listen to the midnight yells and orgies of the savages around the bodies of the slain. When daylight approached they retired to rest; and the captain, chilled and overcome with fatigue, extricated himself, and, crawling into a ravine, he was obliged to kindle a fire to restore feeling to his benumbed

limbs, which he was enabled to do with his tinder-box, which he had upon his person. After warming and drying himself as well as he could, he started for the camp, which he reached in safety, much to the joy of his fellow-soldiers, who thought him among the slain.

The army having been out now nearly a month, they left Chillicothe, and started for the fort at Cincinnati. On their way a scouting party ascertained that the Indians had returned to Omeé Town. Hardin was again dispatched to give them battle. He divided his force into two parties; the one commanded by himself was to attack the Indians in front, and the other in the rear. As soon as the Indians saw their enemies, they began instantly to prepare for battle. They were on the opposite bank of the Maumee; and as their numbers were greater than Hardin's company, he saw at once the necessity of crossing immediately, and giving them battle. Before he had gained the opposite shore the battle commenced. The desperation of the savages was greater than ever known before. They even threw away their rifles, and, taking their tomahawks, they rushed like madmen upon their foes, carrying destruction in their path. Major Fountain fell in the engagement, being pierced with fourteen balls, and Major Willys, with fifty-one of his bravest men, was subjected to the same fate. Death spread into



the other divisions, and it seemed as though the whole force would be destroyed.

But where was the division that was to attack the enemy in the rear? Until this hour nothing was heard from them, and the brave men fought on in hopes of their speedy arrival. They became lost in the thicket, and only arrived when the battle was about to turn on the side of the savages. They were not, however, able to turn the tide of war; and only arrived in time to save an utter extermination of the brave troops which remained, and allow them, under cover of their protection, to retire from the field.

A most affecting incident occurred at the crossing of the river, previous to the general engagement. An Indian father, with his two sons, were in the river, near the opposite shore, when a ball from the rifle of one of the soldiers pierced the elder, and he fell. The father instantly dropped his rifle, and taking his dead son in his arms, was hastening with him to the shore, to get out of the reach of the white men; but, alas! another deadly aim had been taken, and the other son fell lifeless by his side. Shifting the elder to his left arm, he grasped the younger, and bearing them to the shore, he sat down on the beach between his murdered boys, and resting his head upon his hands, in deep but silent agony, he awaited his own fate. Such affection and such heroism should have moved the hearts of any foe; but it was not enough that the

poor father had lost both his sons—the one the joy of his heart, and the other the light of his eyes—he, too, must share the same sad fate, and the father was soon numbered with his dead. Alas for poor humanity!

“That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.”

No wonder that the Indians fought with a desperation to which they were before strangers. Fearfully was the death of that aged chieftain and his boys avenged.

After this disastrous defeat under Harmar, Governor St. Clair assumed the command of the army, and proceeded to make preparations for another attack. In the mean time, a detachment from Kentucky, headed by General Scott, arrived, and taking Colonel Hardin as a guide and commander, they pushed their way to the Indian settlements on the Wabash, and in several engagements were completely successful in routing the savages and destroying their towns.

St. Clair receiving instructions from the president to organize an army of three thousand, for regular service at Cincinnati, at once engaged in the work. It being important to establish a fort at the Miami village, two thousand regular soldiers, exclusive of militia, were removed from Fort Washington to Lud-

low's Station, six miles from Cincinnati, where they remained for some time, and from thence removed to Hamilton, twenty miles from Cincinnati, where they built the first in the proposed chain of fortresses for the protection of the frontier. After this was completed and manned, they proceeded on forty miles further, and erected Fort Jefferson, about six miles south of the town of Greenville. After the completion of the fort the governor ordered the army to march, and they entered the wilderness. The army by this time, in consequence of sickness and desertions, growing out of the hard service and poor fare, became much thinned and quite dispirited. After marching for several days, on the third of November, 1791, they reached a branch of the Wabash, not far from the head waters of that river, on the banks of which they formed their encampment. The militia were encamped on the opposite side of the creek, about a quarter of a mile distant. The place of encampment was about fifteen miles from the Miami village.

The Indians, aware of the advance of the enemy, having watched their movements ever since leaving Cincinnati, by means of their spies, had by this time gathered all their forces from the surrounding country, and were in readiness to give them battle. They were aware it would require all the strength and power of their allied forces, and they made prepara-

tions accordingly. They knew the strength and condition of the army, and could calculate with far greater certainty on the probabilities of success than the most experienced American officer in a wilderness fight.

Before sunrise, on the morning of the fourth, the militia were attacked, and so sudden and desperate was the onset, that they were soon overpowered and driven into the general encampment. They were hotly pursued by the Indians; and, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder created by the retreat, they received a galling fire. But soon the whole encampment, extending three hundred and fifty yards along the bank of the creek, was surrounded. They poured into the center of the encampment, where the artillery was placed; though they were mowed down by the heavy fire, their ranks were filled, and with great slaughter they drove the artillery from their post. At this they resorted to the bayonet, which for a while seemed to do execution, and a general charge drove them back three or four hundred yards. But they rallied, and coming on with greater force than ever, again a fierce and bloody contest ensued, in which Major Butler, of the Second Regiment, was dangerously wounded, and every officer but one of his staff was lying dead upon the field. It being impossible to continue the fight any longer, except at the expense of the total extermination of the army,



the remainder retreated as well as they could, forcing their way through the enemies' lines; and thus was the sad and melancholy defeat of Harmar followed by that of St. Clair. Subsequent events brought to light the fact, that the renowned chief Little Turtle was the leader in both these campaigns. Thus continued expedition after expedition, attended with greater or less success, until General Wayne, called by the Indians "Mad Anthony," took the field, and by his daring and bravery conquered the foe, and succeeded in concluding a treaty of peace at Greenville, on the third of August, 1795.

A settlement was made at Columbia, a few miles above Cincinnati, by a company of twenty-six, in November, 1788. Here the first church was built that is known of in the Northwestern Territory. Many thrilling incidents are connected with the early settlement of this place, as well as that of Cincinnati. They were then separated by a dense forest, but now they are connected by continuous rows of dwelling and business houses.

The scenery of the Ohio, between Columbia and Cincinnati, was in those days truly romantic; scarcely a tree had been cut on either side, between the mouth of Crawfish and that of Deer Creek, a distance of more than four miles. The sand-bar now extending from its left bank, opposite to Sportsman's Hall, was then a small island, be-

tween which and the Kentucky shore was a narrow channel, with sufficient depth of water for the passage of boats. The upper and lower points of this island were bare; but its center, embracing about four acres, was covered with small cotton wood, and surrounded by willows extending along its sides almost down to the water's edge. The right bank of the river, crowned with its lofty hills, now gradually ascending, and now rising abruptly to their summits, and forming a vast amphitheater, was from Columbia, extending down about two miles, very steep, and covered with trees quite down to the beach. From thence, nearly opposite the foot of the island, its ascent became more gradual, and for two miles farther down, bordering the tall trees with which it was covered, was a thick growth of willows, through which, in many places, it was difficult to penetrate. Below this the beach was wide and stony, with only here and there a small tuft of willows, while the wood on the side and on the top of the bank was more open. Not far from this bank, and near the line of the present turnpike, was a narrow road, leading from Columbia to Cincinnati, just wide enough for the passage of a wagon, which, winding round the point of the hill above Deer Creek, descended northwardly about four hundred feet, and crossing that creek, and in a southerly direc-

tion ascending gradually its western bank, led along the ground, now Symmes-street, directly toward Fort Washington, and diverging at the intersection of Lawrence-street to the right and left of the fort, entered the town.

An incident occurred in this vicinity of a thrilling character, in the summer of 1792, which resulted in the capture, by Indians, of O. C. Spencer.

Spencer, as he tells us in his own narrative, had got on board a canoe at the bank in front of Fort Washington, which was just ready to put off from the shore on the afternoon of the 7th of July. It was a small craft, and hardly fit to accommodate the party, which consisted of a Mr. Jacob Light, a Mr. Clayton, Mrs. Coleman, young Spencer, a boy of thirteen, and one of the garrison soldiers, which last individual, being much intoxicated, lurched from one side of the canoe to the other, and finally, by the time they had got up a short distance above Deer Creek, tumbled out, nearly upsetting the whole party. He then reached the shore, the water not being very deep at the spot. Spencer did not know how to swim, and had become afraid to continue in the canoe, and was therefore, at his own request, put on shore where they left the soldier; and the party in the boat, and Spencer on shore, proceeded side by side. Light propelled the boat forward with a pole, while

Clayton sat at the stern, with a paddle, which he sometimes used as an oar and sometimes as a rudder, and Mrs. Coleman, a woman of fifty years, sat in the middle of the boat. One mile above Deer Creek, a party of market people, with a woman and child on board a canoe, passed them on their way to Cincinnati. Light and the others had rounded the point of a small cove, less than a mile below the foot of the island, and proceeded a few hundred yards along the close willows here bordering the beach, at about two rods' distance from the water, when Clayton, looking back, discovered the drunken man staggering along the shore, and remarked that he would be "*bait for Indians.*" Hardly had he made the remark, when two rifle shots from the rear of the willows struck Light and his comrade, causing the latter to fall toward the shore, and wounding the other by the ball glancing from the oar. The two Indians who had fired, instantly rushed from their concealment to scalp the dead, and impede the escape of the living. Clayton was scalped, and Spencer, in spite of all his efforts to get off, was made prisoner; but Light soon swam out of reach of his pursuers, and Mrs. Coleman, who had also jumped out, preferring to be drowned to falling into the hands of Indians, floated some distance off. The Indians would probably have reloaded and fired, but the report of



their rifles brought persons to the opposite shore, and, fearing to create further alarm, they decamped with their young prisoner in haste, saying, "Squaw must drown." Light had first made for the Kentucky shore, but, finding himself drifting under all the exertions he could make in his crippled state, directed his way out on the Ohio side. Mrs. Coleman followed as well as she could by the use of her hands as paddles, and they both got to shore some distance below the scene of these events. Light had barely got out when he fell, so much exhausted that he could not speak; but, after vomiting blood, at length came to. Mrs. Coleman floated nearly a mile, and, when she reached the shore, walked down the path to Cincinnati, and crossed Deer Creek at its mouth, holding on to the willows which overhung its banks, the water there, in those days, flowing in a narrow current that might almost be cleared by a spring from one bank to the other. She went direct to Captain Thorp, at the artificer's yard, with whose lady she was acquainted, and from whom she obtained a change of clothes, and rested a day or two to overcome her fatigue.

In the mean time other settlements were being made in different parts of the Western country; but as the history of any one of them would, of itself, make a book larger than the one we contemplate, we can only refer to them, giving the merest outline,

with some incidents connected with their history, which may serve as landmarks to the future historian who may wish to enter into detail.

Perhaps one of the most interesting, if not romantic, settlements made in the West, was that effected by the French, in the spring of 1792. While Wilkinson, who had succeeded St. Clair in command of the army, was examining the field of carnage where the soldiers from Cincinnati fell, and General Rufus Putnam, the pioneer of Marietta, in company with the pioneer missionary, Heckewelder, was endeavoring to effect a peace with the Indians, a large number of families from Paris, in all four hundred, having descended the Ohio, which their countrymen at Fort Du Quesne had named *La Belle Rivière*, landed at a point four miles below the mouth of the Great Kanawha. Among the number were priests, lawyers, physicians, watchmakers, jewelers, portrait and landscape painters, carvers, lapidaries, engravers, engineers, dyers, carpenters, ship-builders, and other trades. It was unfortunate for them that they had but few among them who understood anything about cultivating the soil, and these were hired to accompany them, while not one of them knew anything about life in the woods, never having reared a cabin or cleared an acre.

The company which sold them the land, in Paris, having agreed, on the payment of one French crown

per acre, to transport them across the country free of cost, and have erected for their reception suitable houses, they proceeded on their way with that joy and hilarity characteristic of the French people. As we have already intimated, they had arrived at their place of destination, and were about to take possession of their distant Western home. When they entered *Gallipolis*, the French city, what was their astonishment to find, instead of a beautiful village, with its neat cottages, and trees, and flowers, rows of unhewn log-cabins, with wooden chimneys, clap-board roofs, and puncheon floors, three of which, all of the same size, ranging on each side, constituted a street, extending in length about one hundred feet, at each extremity of which were erected two log stockades, for their protection. In the rear of the town—where they had been informed gracefully meandered, among beds of living green, and flowers of every hue, a pearly brook—they found the muddy Chickamauga Creek, with its red clay banks, covered with burs, briers, and Canada whistler.

This was the country which had been represented to them in Paris, as being watered by the “beautiful river, abounding in fish of enormous size, magnificent forests, containing trees from which the sugar flowed in abundance, and shrubs which yielded candles, venison in greatest plenty, without foxes, wolves,

lions, or tigers; no taxes to pay, no military enrollments, no quarters to find for soldiers."

They had been betrayed, basely betrayed, by the soulless speculator. Finding themselves deceived in all the representations of the agent of the company, they began to think that even the beggarly inheritance they had purchased was itself a fraud; and such proved the fact. Their deeds were not worth a farthing; and they found themselves homeless and penniless in a strange land. Notwithstanding all this, true to the French character, they did not yield to despair. They were not without their dancing-masters and their violins; and the hours of night were made glad with the merry dance. But they were here, and they must make a living. The "magnificent forests," consisting of huge sycamores and elms, must be felled, and a spot cleared for the cultivation of the soil; but what could carvers, and gilders, and coachmakers, with their feeble instruments, accomplish in felling these mighty trees, whose giant arms spread out on all sides? No time, however, was to be lost, and at it they went, surrounding the mighty trunk; and with picking, and cutting, and hacking, they worked away. While thus engaged, one man was stationed at some distance from the tree, that, when they had nearly hacked their way through it, he might, by its inclination, ascertain the direction in which it would fall. When the hour



arrived, or rather the fatal moment came, for the fall of the monarch of the Ohio, the sentinel gave a loud, French yell, and instantly every man took to his heels to escape the crashing monster. Unfortunately, some would run in the direction of the falling tree, and would be crushed to death, while others would be caught by the wide-spreading limbs. Had they remained by the trunk, and watched the direction of the falling tree, they would have escaped all danger; but this was a secret in woodcraft to which they were strangers.

When the tree was down, they fell to work to cutting off the limbs; but having accomplished this, they knew not what to do with the enormous trunk, that cumbered the ground vastly more than when standing. At length they hit upon the expedient of burying it: a work as useless as it was laborious, so far as clearing the ground was concerned. For days they would toil in digging its grave, and, after getting all things in readiness, the whole force of the city would be summoned to heave the conquered giant of the woods into the ditch they had dug for him. Finding their present mode of operation a dangerous one, they adopted another, which was to send a man up the tree they intended to cut down, with a rope; and, making it fast above, leave the other end on the ground. When the tree was nearly cut through, all hands would go beyond its reach,

and, pulling at the rope, would bring the tree down in the direction they wanted it. One good backwoodsman with his ax would accomplish as much in one day, and perhaps more, without fatigue and without danger, than a whole company of these Parisians. Instead of cutting up the tops and branches into fire-wood, they were cut up and thrown into heaps, and burned. Delicate young men, who had spent their early life in the schools of Paris, joined with the rest in this laborious toil; and after laboring hard for a year, received one third of an acre of the cleared land as a recompense.

Disheartened and sad, many of them removed to French settlements elsewhere in the country; but the majority of them remained and toiled on. They wrote to Washington their grievances, and we have seen his autograph reply, in which he sympathized with them, and demonstrated his sincerity by exerting his influence in their behalf with Congress. They came in the midst of the Indian wars which were desolating the country, and five of their number were taken into captivity by the savages. In addition to all their troubles here, they heard of the carnage of the infidel revolution, that was filling their beloved fatherland with the slain. Sickness also came upon them. A stagnant marsh behind the town, near the borders of the "translucent Chickamauga," sent up its miasma, and many died. Food

was scarce, and they had to depend mostly upon the trading boats on the river for provisions, for which they had to pay the most exorbitant prices. Their means were becoming day by day exhausted, and the future wore a most gloomy aspect. Nor yet did they give way to melancholy. Twice each week they came together and joined in the dance, and

“All went merry as a marriage bell.”

Thus they danced away hunger as well as dull care. The Indians, who would lurk in the thickets and prowl around at night, chanced once to hear their music and the sound of their rejoicing; and though they had been sent as spies in advance of a contemplated attack, they returned with the intelligence that the pale faces would be upon them, as they had heard them at their war-dance.

Congress, however, came to their relief, and in 1795 made to them a grant of land containing twenty-four thousand acres, on the Ohio, opposite Little Sandy. To this liberal grant was subsequently added twelve hundred additional acres, since known as the “French Grant.” The French had continued to occupy their city; and, as they became acquainted with the country and modes of life, they overcame the obstacles by which they were surrounded. The old log-houses, in process of time, gave place to good substantial frame and brick dwellings. A large and

beautiful court-house has taken the place of the old one, the morasses have been filled up, the streets and landings graded and paved, churches and school edifices have been erected, and a large and enterprising population now occupies the site of the gay and happy French emigrants who toiled, amid the greatest disasters and discouragements, to leave an inheritance for their children.

But we must return to the pioneers on the Muskingum, (the Indian name for Elk's eye,) who effected the first permanent settlement in the Ohio valley. This company of emigrants possessed greater elements of strength, and were better adapted for laying the foundations of Western empire, than, perhaps, any other that ever turned their attention to the West. Unlike the gay, mercurial Frenchman, they belonged to a sterner and sturdier race, having grown up amid the toils and hardships of a life in the new world. While they brought with them farmers and tradesmen of all occupations, suited to a frontier life, they were not unmindful of the necessity of providing for moral and intellectual wants. With them came a minister of the Gospel, Rev. Daniel Story, who was charged not only with the care of the citizens, but the soldiers in the garrison, and to him, also, was intrusted the education of the youth. Though not the first, he was, nevertheless, a pioneer preacher; and while he could preach the Gospel, at



the same time he could handle the plow and teach the young idea how to shoot. His fellow pioneer, Meigs, could take a fight, or a foot race with the savages, and also could invoke the muses from their Parnassian heights to inspire his song. He was the pioneer poet, and his verses would compare favorably with much that passes for poetry at the present day.

Preaching, and teaching, and poetry aside, let us turn to other things of more interest just now. It being the policy of the agents of the Ohio Company to encourage settlements in some of the more remote points of their purchase, not only for the speedy occupancy of the country, but also to form a frontier for the main portion of the colony, they resolved to grant to settlers in such localities as might be pointed out, one hundred acres of land. One of the provisos of this resolution was, that no settlement should be made of a less number than twenty strong, healthy men, who should provide themselves with arms and ammunition, and erect a block-house for their defense from the Indians. Under these circumstances, quite a number of settlements were made in 1789, 1790. In the autumn of the latter year, a company of thirty-six organized themselves, and made a selection of a fertile tract on the Muskingum, about thirty miles from Marietta, and four miles above the mouth of Meigs's Creek. The first

thing they did after arriving at the spot, which was on the west side of the Muskingum, in a rich, low bottom, was to erect their fortifications. A few rods back from the garrison, the land rose in gentle acclivity on to a higher bottom, and spread back in a beautiful plain to the foot of the surrounding hills. The Indian war-path from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum lay on the opposite bank of the river, in full view of the garrison. The company consisted almost entirely of young men, inexperienced in the modes of Indian warfare, though daring and enterprising. They knew not that the Delawares and Wyandots had sworn around their council fires, that before the leaves should be green and the trees blossom in the spring, the smoke of the cabin of every pale face this side of the Ohio should not be seen; nor, indeed, was this fact known to any of the settlers.

They had erected their block-house, and two of them had marked out their lots and built their cabins, preparatory to clearing in the spring, which they occupied while the remainder lived in the fort. Midwinter had come, and as the weather was extremely cold, they had no idea that the savages would leave their winter-quarters at such a season. But, alas! how were they mistaken. Already, on the opposite shore of the river, which could readily be crossed on the ice, dark, savage eyes are on them,

watching all their movements, and ready to pounce upon them as the panther on his prey. When the shades of night gathered around, and the party in the unpicketed and unsentined fort were cooking and eating what proved to be their last earthly meal, a stout, swarthy Mohawk opened the unbarred door, exposing all the inmates, who were gathered around the fire. The signal was given, and before they had time to seize their arms, which were stacked in the corner, all fell by the deadly aim of the Indians, except a stout backwoods Virginia woman, the wife of a pioneer hunter, and two young men, one of whom ascended the ladder and escaped to the roof only to be shot the moment he was seen, and the other, hiding in some bed-clothes, was subsequently dragged forth and made a prisoner. The heroic wife of the hunter determined to sell her life as dearly as possible, and seizing an ax, she made a blow at the head of the huge Mohawk, and the whole side of his face and his shoulder were cloven asunder by the force. Soon, however, a rifle ball pierced her, and she fell among the slain.

In the mean time, those in one of the cabins were made prisoners, while those in the other, seizing their guns and ammunition, made their escape. Directing their course down the river, they arrived late at night at the hunting camp of Mitchell, with whom Captain Rogers, a soldier of the Revolution, and a fine

hunter, together with a Mohican Indian, were living, Mitchell being absent. When Rogers and the Indian heard of the massacre, they took their blankets and rifles, and, crossing the river, started for the settlement at Wolf Creek Mills, to apprise them of their danger. As soon as they arrived, and communicated the sad intelligence, all the men, women, and children took possession of the largest and stoutest cabins, and prepared for an attack. Port-holes were opened in the chinking between the logs; and, every man at his post, they watched in the stillness and darkness of that gloomy night for the approach of the enemy. At length the savages made their appearance, but they were cautious enough not to come within reach of the hunter's rifle; and after reconnoitering awhile they darted into the woods, and the startled settlers heard of them no more in that neighborhood. Not so, however, with the settlers at Planefield. No sooner had they left than the heroic Rogers was out, and in advance of them gathered together the families. One of these was a widow with eight children, the two oldest of whom were sons. It was now past midnight; and the peaceful inmates, awakened from their sleep, were obliged to leave their cabins and brave the severity of the wintery weather. James and Daniel Converse—for these were the names of the two sons of the widow—immediately started, and visited every cabin



within two miles, to warn the settlers of their danger. At length all were assembled in the only block-house in that region. There were in all sixty souls; and had it not been for the escape of the two from the Big Bottom slaughter, they would all, doubtless, have been murdered in their cabins before morning. The night passed away without any sign of the Indians; and when the morning came, Rogers and a party of men started for Big Bottom, to look after the fate of the settlers: it was only, however, to find their charred and blackened bodies, as the Indians had partially fired the fort before leaving.

Young Daniel, the widow's son, was soon after taken captive by the Indians, and carried to Detroit, but was subsequently liberated. He afterward became a pioneer merchant in the town of Zanesville, where he was a useful and respectable citizen until he died.

Settlements were made at Belpré, or Belle Prairie, Manchester, Point Pleasant, Limestone, at the mouth of the Scioto, at North Bend, and other points along the Ohio; and also in the interior, and out West, as far as Illinois, at all of which border incidents occurred that would take volumes to narrate. Some of them are of so wonderful and marvelous a character, that even those who were born and have grown up in the West can hardly credit them as realities. Scenes have been enacted on the

very ground where our peaceful dwellings stand, that, for thrilling interest, cannot be outdone by the most fruitful and fervid imagination. We can only select a few, which may serve to show what were the toils, and hardships, and perils of the pioneer settlers of the West.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE PIONEER PREACHERS.

WE have elsewhere alluded to these self-sacrificing and devoted men; many of whom, in advance of civilization among the savage Indians and the rude white settlers, came into the wilderness to seek the lost. Before even the cabin was ready for its occupant, and before the school-house and court-house were erected, both of which served, in an early day, for places of religious worship, these pioneer heralds of the Gospel blazed their way through the forests; and in the woods and cabins, and sometimes in the bar-rooms of village taverns, the only public place of meeting, have they opened their mission, and called their fellow-men from the ways of sin and transgression to the ways of righteousness.

We have alluded to the Jesuit, who planted his cross on the far-off shores of Western lakes and rivers, and who repeated his Ave Marias and Pater Nosters, and sung his Te Deums, in savage wilds. We have also spoken of the Moravian, who followed the Indian in his wanderings, and instructed him in the arts of

civilization, as well as in the faith and duties of Christianity; who counted no toil too great, or hardship too severe, to bring the sons of the forest from their wild and savage worship to the knowledge of a simple faith and pure form of worship. Volumes might be written concerning the labors and sufferings of each of these heroic pioneer ministers of the Christian faith. We shall devote this chapter to the relation of a few incidents.

Nearly seventy years ago, a youthful preacher, one whose bones had scarcely hardened into manhood, might have been seen receiving from a pioneer bishop, at an Eastern conference, an appointment to the West. With no outfit but a horse, and a pair of saddle-bags containing his Bible, Discipline, and Hymn Book, and perhaps a change of linen, he turned his course toward the setting sun. His field of labor was the West New River Circuit, in what was then called the Holston country. His circuit included all the settlements on the east and north forks of the Holston River, and all those on the Clinch River, as well as a portion on the Greenbrier, embracing hundreds of miles. Here he continued to preach from cabin to cabin, finding his way as best he could, often without a path in the wilderness, and unattended by any human being. Whole days of weary travel would be spent in going from one settlement to another; and often the night would be far gone before reaching it.



The appointments being made for every four or six weeks, the settlers would have a knowledge of the time of the preacher's visits; and they would collect together from the distance of many miles. If the preacher should be belated, they would spend the time in singing and prayer; and often, when he arrived, has he left his saddle, the seat of which he has occupied the entire day without rest or refreshment, and, entering the cabin, held forth the word of life. When meeting was over, the people would light their pine torches, if the night was dark, and go home, making the woods echo with some favorite hymn. Reader, have you ever heard pioneer singing in the woods at night? It is not *à la operatic*, with its screeches and trills, outshaming all nature and melody too; but rich, melodious, natural, and such as fills the heart with sublimest emotions. In it there may not be the highest contralto or lowest soprano; but there will be a spirit, a very soul and power, that will touch the chords of the human heart. Whatever may be said of improvement in sacred music—and we are decidedly progressive in our tastes and habits—give us the full, round chorus of the whole congregation uniting in the praise of God, even if it should be at fault in artistic accuracy. The very memory of the songs of Zion which we heard in our early life are pleasant to the soul. Alas! that, like past joys, they are never to return!

Our itinerant, having preached his sermon and received refreshment and rest, must start in the morning for his next appointment. Before leaving, he would select the text for his next discourse, and while traveling, would study out its divisions, or, in other words, make his skeleton and clothe it with sinews and flesh, and, when he preached it to the people, breathe into it the breath of life.

The pioneer preacher had not the helps enjoyed by the preacher of the present day. If he could not walk alone, no crutches were provided. Skeletons and sketch-books, pulpit assistants and preacher's manuals, and sermons and commentaries were then out of the question; and even if he had them, he could not carry them with him in his saddle-bags. They were shut up to the Bible, and its study alone, and this we may safely affirm was the secret of their power. Communing, as they did, with the Divine Mind, through the written word, they came before the people as Moses came down from the burning mountain, and the words they spoke were full of spirit and life. Much is said and written about the ministry needed for the times, and great stress is laid upon a thorough theological training, all which is right, and no minister of the present day, with the facilities enjoyed, should content himself without it; but, after all, there is a one thing needful—a *sine qua non*—a thorough baptism into the truth and Spirit of

God, a consecration of soul and body to the work of the ministry, to the ignoring of everything else, that can only make successful ministers of Jesus Christ. The pioneer preachers did not get their systematic theology from human productions, filled with human speculations and finespun theories about election, reprobation, eternal filiation, et cætera; but they drew their systems directly from the Bible, the living fountain of eternal truth. When, therefore, they preached a doctrinal discourse, it was thoroughly Biblical and sound. Nor did they go to any system of moral philosophy to learn what were man's rights on the one hand, or his duties on the other. The ethics of the New Testament were sufficiently copious and clear to shed light on all these subjects.

Our pioneer traveled through the wilderness, preaching from place to place, until the Indians invaded the country and commenced their depredations. Still, though thus interrupted, wherever he could get a congregation in the woods, or in a cabin, he was always ready and willing to preach to them the Gospel. He did not receive salary enough to keep his horse, had he been under the necessity of purchasing his feed. All that was allowed him was a sum less than one hundred dollars; and should he, by chance, have received more, it must be accounted for, and the proceeds taken to conference, to make up the deficiencies of

those who had not received their pay. Any small present that might have been made had also to be accounted for; and we recollect distinctly of reporting a pair of socks given to us by an old lady, in lieu of quarterage, when traveling French Grant Circuit in 1835, the whole amount of salary received during the year by the presiding elder, R. O. Spencer, and two preachers, not amounting to one hundred dollars. Well did General Harrison say, that "though the circuit preachers of early times did not take, like the Jesuits, the vow of poverty, their condition and circumstances were precisely the same as if they had taken such a vow."

What is said of the pioneer itinerant may, in a great degree, apply to those pastors of other denominations who came out in an early day to feed the sheep in the wilderness. An incident occurred in the western part of Pennsylvania, in an early day, that will illustrate this remark. A Presbyterian minister had crossed the mountains for the purpose of preaching the word of life to two settlements, one of which was located at what was called Cross Creek, and the other at Upper Buffalo. His congregation was much attached to him, and did all they could to promote his welfare, but they were too poor to render him much aid. To be sure, they agreed to pay him a stipulated salary, but were unable to comply with their promises.



As it was, the pastor was obliged to get a farm, and take to the plow and hoe, to dig a living out of the earth. The settlers were as bold and hardy a band as ever entered the wilderness. They had built their cabins, and felled the forest around them, even in the midst of the greatest perils. The Indians would often cross the Ohio, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp every hapless victim that might fall in their way. The consequence was, that these pioneer farmers had to work with their rifles by their side. When they repaired to their rude log church to engage in religious worship, their rifles were as necessary an accompaniment as their Psalm Books.

Among this people the pioneer herald of the Gospel took up his abode. Having purchased a small farm, partly cultivated, he would toil through the week, when not otherwise engaged in pastoral labor, and preach to his people on Sunday. He expected to pay for his farm out of the salary which his people had pledged for his support.

Years passed away in their rapid flight. The pastor was unpaid, and the debt he owed for the farm was increasing with the accumulating interest on the money. At length the period arrived when the creditor, becoming impatient, demanded his pay, declaring that he would wait no longer, and if the amount was not forthcoming, the occupant must

leave. Money was out of the question, as there was none in circulation. Of produce there was a great abundance, particularly wheat; but for this there was no market, and it was considered, in backwoods parlance, "a drug," at twelve and a half cents per bushel. For their salt, which had to be brought on pack-horses across the mountains, they had to give in exchange for one bushel, twenty-one bushels of wheat. Still, cheap as was this latter article, there was enough to pay all the claims of the pastor, and to spare; but it was impossible to convert it into cash. What was to be done? The preacher had extended the clearings and made many improvements upon the farm, and all this must be lost and his home given up. Besides, he was becoming advanced in years, and the strength of his youth had departed. With the loss of his farm he must also give up his beloved flock, and return to the East to seek one which could render him a support.

At this crisis the people were called together, and the case laid before them. The intelligence communicated by the pastor greatly moved them; they all united in prayer to seek the Divine aid and guidance. Suggestions were made and plans proposed for meeting the difficulty, but still no light dawned. The congregations of both places we have named were hopelessly in debt to their pastor; and

they could neither get nor borrow the money to pay him. Three or four years' salary was behind, and every day only increased their indebtedness. In despair of finding any mode by which to extricate themselves from the difficulty, they adjourned to meet again in a few days, trusting that Providence would open some door of deliverance.

In the mean time it was ascertained that a gentleman who owned the only mill in that region of country would grind meal for them on moderate terms. Hence it was resolved at the next meeting, that each member should take his wheat to the mill in such quantities as their ability would justify. Some packed on horses as high as fifty bushels; some even exceeded that amount; but all were cheerful in contributing, as they were able; for they were much attached to their pastor, and were unwilling to have him leave. Wheat was thus transported on horses from a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

After a while the word came that the flour was ready for market; but, as before remarked, there was no place in all the upper country where it could be sold. If sold at all, it must be conveyed in a boat to New Orleans, down the current of rivers whose banks were untenanted, except by the savage and the wild beasts. Another meeting was called. A link in the chain of Providence had been reached which they could not pass; and hence it was again necessary to

enter into consultation, and seek the Divine aid. After earnest prayer the question, startling to all present, was asked: Who will run a boat to New Orleans? The undertaking at that time was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should prove a fortunate one. A fearful hazard was to be run in passing through the wilderness on the return trip. Sad and melancholy tales had been told of the treacherous Indians and the Spanish robber. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey to return no more. Well might it have been considered a question of momentous importance; and well must he count the cost who would undertake to answer it, and brave the dangers of that journey. All were silent; no one volunteered to go. The young shrunk back, and the stout-hearted middle-aged themselves quailed. A crisis of greater moment had come than any through which they had passed; and they were obliged to fall back on Providence, and were shut up to the faith. Some one of that congregation must embark in the enterprise; but still no one moved or spoke a word. It seemed that the plan must fail, the preacher lose his home, and the people their pastor. At length the stillness was broken. An aged man, one of the elders of the Church, wrinkled and white with hoary hairs, and bending beneath the weight of three-score years and four,



advanced in front of the pulpit, and turning round to the wondering audience, he said, "Here am I; send me." The movement produced an indescribable thrill in all hearts. Pastor and people wept like children, as they beheld their venerated elder thus, as it were, offer up himself as a sacrifice for the cause of religion.

We witnessed a scene something similar to this many years ago, at a conference held in Springfield. One of the most sublimely eloquent sermons to which we ever listened was preached by Bascom, the pioneer orator of the West, on the subject of missions. The presiding bishop, at its close, asked for volunteers for the then distant wilds of Missouri and Texas. The conference was composed of many stalwart young men, most of whom had been subjected to the toils and hardships of frontier life. But no one responded to the call. The bishop (the venerable Soule) said he had nothing to offer but hard service and poor fare in this world, though he would guarantee to the faithful eternal life in heaven. None rose or indicated any desire to brave the dangers of the Missouri or Texian wilds. It seemed as though the spirit of Wesley had forsaken or had not taken possession of his sons in the Gospel. At length there rose from near the altar an aged man. He tottered up the steps, and presenting himself to the bishop, said,

“I will go.” He had passed his three-score years and ten; had been a pioneer preacher in the wilderness of Kentucky, and had opened the first academy of learning in the great valley. It was the venerable Finley, the father of the “old chief,” who instantly followed him, and offered himself in his place. The spell of fear and danger was broken, and a number of young, devoted spirits met the bishop’s call. The bones of some of those young preachers lie bleaching on the plains of Texas and Missouri; but their ranks have been filled, and the Gospel is now proclaimed all over the West and South.

But to return to our narrative. The congregation gathered around the elder, and to questions about his resolution to undertake the enterprise, he replied that he would brave all danger, and even death itself, rather than his children should lose their beloved heavenly guide. Two young men were induced to accompany him as assistants in managing the boat. After the craft which had been constructed for the purpose was loaded, and everything got in readiness for departure, the people were all assembled at the Church, whence, after meeting, they started down to the river to bid the old man farewell. A parting hymn was sung upon the beach, followed by a most fervent prayer, invoking the protection and blessing of Heaven upon the voyager. After it

was ended, the venerable man ascended the deck, and seizing the oar, said, "Farewell, brethren! Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." The cable was untied, and the boat swung round into the current, and glided softly and smoothly away.

More than nine months passed away since the adventurous boat cleared the landing, and started out on her distant voyage. No tidings came back to the settlements of its fate or fortune. Many and ardent were the prayers offered up for the devoted elder. At the return of every Sabbath many an anxious eye turned to the vacant seat, and as the pastor invited the congregation to unite with him in prayer for the absent ones, every heart responded, and every head was bowed in solemn supplication for his protection and safe return. It could not be that an enterprise thus undertaken for the Lord, and baptized in prayer, could fail: Surely, He who "holds the hearts of men in his hands, and turns them as the rivers of the south are turned," will watch over his servant, and bring him back in safety to the loved ones left behind. Those prayers were not in vain.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, when all nature smiled beneath its repose, parents and children were seen coming from their cabin homes to the house of God. There stands the man of God, in simple garb,

within the sacred desk. He has offered prayer—a short invocation; and now he reads the hymn:

“Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign Lord,  
The universal King.”

Then followed a prayer, full of thanksgiving and praise. The pastor's heart was touched with unusual emotion; and well it might be, for there sat before him, on the rude bench so long vacant, his beloved elder. After the services were completed, the congregation was invited to meet on a certain day, early in the week, to hear the report of the venerable man. All gathered around him, to welcome him home and receive his blessing. Old and young rejoiced to behold once more the light of his smile. The other congregation was also informed, by the pastor, of his safe return, and requested to meet at the time appointed.

The day at length arrived; and at the hour all were convened in the church. After prayer and thanksgiving, the old man rose and related his story. He remarked that the Lord had granted him a peaceful and prosperous voyage, and that he had sold all the flour at twenty-seven dollars per barrel. He then took up a leathern bag, and, untying it, poured out its contents upon the communion table. None there



had ever seen so large a pile of gold before. Truly the Lord had favored the mission; for, after paying for the pastor's farm, and a year's salary in advance, together with a good sum to the young men, there was a large surplus to be divided among those who had furnished the flour. More than half a century has passed away since pastor and elder were called to their reward in the upper and better sanctuary. Side by side their ashes rest in the old church-yard, to wait the resurrection of the just.

But we must now resume our sketch of the young itinerant. He had finished his year of service, and had gone to conference. Here he met the pioneer bishop, Asbury; and also the pioneer preachers, M'Henry, Hill, Ward, and others. The preachers in those times could only see each other once a year, and when they met to recount their toils and triumphs, they had a joyous time. The ministers of the West are now so numerous that they often get in the way of each other. But it was not so then; hundreds of miles of wilderness stretched between their fields of labor; and if the circuits did, in their vast sweep, happen to touch each other, they were generally at points remote from preaching places, so that they would not be likely to meet each other. The labors of the conference being ended, his assigned field of labor for the coming year was in Kentucky; and he, with the bishop and several preachers, started

on their journey through the wilderness. Before proceeding far, however, others were joined to the expedition, and the number amounted to sixteen. They had one hundred and fifty miles to travel, without a cabin or settlement on the route, and they were to traverse a region then known as the "dark and bloody ground," in consequence of the savage barbarities which had been perpetrated. Of course, it would not do to go unarmed; and hence all were supplied with weapons of defense, except the bishop. Having crossed the Cumberland range, they were now in the very bosom of the wilderness. Though the good bishop would not carry arms, he was, nevertheless, not indifferent to the importance of adopting modes of defense from the attacks of the savages. At his suggestion the following was selected, viz.: when they stopped at night, a rope was to be extended round the entire camp, a short distance from the ground, except a small passage, which should be left open for a retreat should the Indians come upon them.

They pursued their journey undisturbed until one afternoon, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills. They had entered a narrow, rocky glen, not far from the war-path of the northern Indians to the southern tribes. While in this glen a noise was heard, over the point of the hill which rose abruptly from the glen, resembling the cry

of a child in great distress. They had been too long in the woods thus to be decoyed by the savages, who had adopted this mode from the fact that, but a short time before, they had attacked a company of movers, and killed a number, and it was supposed that several children were lost in the woods. Instead of heeding the cries of these Indians, each traveler put whip and spur to his horse, and, clearing the glen, reached Camp Creek, where they halted. It was now night, and horses as well as men were weary with fatigue, and needed rest. Notwithstanding, as they were not out of the reach of the savages, it was concluded to take the vote in regard to the propriety of camping for the night. All were in favor of proceeding on the journey, as the Indians were in too fearful proximity, except one preacher, who said if they traveled any further it would kill his horse. At this the bishop, who had his fears somewhat aroused, said, "Kill man, kill horse first;" and, putting spurs to his spirited animal, he led the van. It soon became so dark that they could not discover the narrow path. Two were appointed to go on foot in front, and thus pick out the path, while two others were left to proceed some distance behind as a kind of rear-guard, to keep a look-out for the enemy. At length the company reached Big Laurel River. The night was far spent, but still they

resolved to proceed, though the darkness was so great that each one had to dismount and lead his horse. Thus they continued on foot until daylight, when they entered a hazel thicket and fed their horses, and took some refreshment themselves. The guard behind, on coming up, reported that they were followed by the Indians until twelve o'clock, when they left the track.

The itinerant career of our pioneer preacher was almost as full of perilous incidents as that of the pioneer hunter. On one occasion he raised a company of twelve, for the purpose of going from Kentucky beyond the Cumberland, again to pilot out the bishop to the seat of the conference. One day, as they were traveling on their journey, they came to a spot where, a few days before, four preachers, who had started to travel through the wilderness, had been surprised and murdered by the savages. They had been scalped, and their bodies presented a shocking appearance, from having been torn by the wild beasts. Being the commander of the party, the itinerant had not closed his eyes for two days and nights, and when they reached the Cumberland River, and stopped to encamp for the night, he resolved to take some rest. After stationing his sentinels at their posts, he took his saddle blanket and spread it on the ground. Then taking his saddle and saddle-bags for a pillow, he laid himself



down to rest. In a few moments, "tired nature's sweet restorer" lulled him into profound repose. He had not slept an hour when he was aroused by the cry of "The Indians are coming!" Some affirmed that they heard their dogs bark, and others that they heard them cutting cane for their horses. The preacher rose and tried to allay their fears, but all proved of no avail, as each one mounted his horse and was off. Finding himself left, he called in his sentinels, and they departed after the fugitives. The next night they continued to travel, until the darkness became so great that they could not see an inch before them. Concluding to stop, the preacher ordered the company to separate right and left and dismount, each man holding his horse by the bridle, while they would lie down at their feet and sleep until daybreak. The command was obeyed, and it was not long until the tired travelers were sound asleep. In the morning they resumed their journey, and, crossing the mountains, were soon at their place of destination.

When they returned they were joined by a large party of emigrants, consisting of men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred and twenty. They were well supplied with horses to ride, besides a large number of pack-horses. It was what might be called a caravan of the Western wilderness. The preacher was unanimously chosen to the com-

mand. The caravan extended a mile in length. The commander, with a well-skilled explorer, led the van, and a chosen number of those who had gone out with him brought up the rear. Separated as they were from each other by the narrow path, which obliged them to go in single file, they were liable at any moment to be attacked, and would fall an easy prey to a party of Indians on foot with their rifles; hence the utmost caution was necessary in proceeding. For two days and nights they traveled on without meeting with any incident worthy of special notice. At length they reached the ford of the Cumberland River. The stream was much swollen by recent rains, but, still, it was thought practicable to undertake the crossing. Soon the whole company came up to the bank, and while they were crowded together the sharp crack of several rifles was heard on the opposite bank. The shots were from a party of Indians, but the distance was so far, fortunately, none took effect. The greatest consternation prevailed. Many emigrant bands had been wholly exterminated by the Indians, and there was not a child of any years among that number, who had not heard of the sad story of their fate. The women, affrighted, clung to their little ones, and begged to return. But they had gone too far to return, and would have to encounter as much danger, and perhaps more than if they should proceed.

One day more would bring them to the settlements, where they would be safe ; and if they returned, the Indians could rally their forces, and, pursuing, soon overtake them and cut them off. The only chance of deliverance was to go forward and press their way through the enemy.

A crisis had come, and the pioneer preacher proved himself, as on former occasions, adequate to the trial. Riding out from the company a short distance, with his rifle resting upon his arm, he said he was going to cross the river, and asked if there were any who would accompany him in the undertaking. Out of the whole number, the chosen eleven with whom he had crossed the mountains only acceded, and, following their leader, they plunged into the river. When they reached the opposite bank, expecting an immediate attack from the Indians, they instantly alighted from their horses, and each man took a tree to wait the onset. After remaining some time, and no Indians approaching, they made search through the adjacent woods, but finding none, they returned to the bank of the river. The preacher then beckoned to the company on the other shore to cross over. Finding they could cross in safety, and especially having so brave a guard, one after another they entered the river, and arrived safe on the other side. A thunderstorm coming up toward the close of the afternoon,

the company halted and prepared to encamp for the night; striking their tents and building their fires, they sought refreshment and rest. The itinerant posted his sentinels, but kept on his feet all night, passing round from post to post, and through the camp, to see that all was right. The next day they arrived at the Crab Orchard, and having passed the dangers of the wilderness and reached the settlements, the preacher left the company and started to the seat of the conference. Here he met Poythress who presided in the place of the bishop, and Scott, a young preacher from the Baltimore Conference, who but a few months since died at his residence in Chillicothe. From this conference he started out to travel a new circuit, bounded east by the frontier settlements, and west by the Kentucky River.

Thus, from year to year, he received appointments on the frontiers, extending his ranges wherever he could hear of a newly-erected cabin. The clothes which he had when he started from his home in the East, were worn into tatters, being no longer able to sustain a patch. The amount which he received for one year's labor was barely sufficient to enable him to purchase a waistcoat. Still he had a mission to perform, and he kept on his way from year to year, from circuit to circuit, covering his tattered garb with a blanket, as a mantle, and enduring the hard service incident to a pioneer itinerant. At one time, in the



beginning of the present century, his field of labor included nearly the entire state of Ohio, besides portions of Virginia and Kentucky; and the loved work in which he was employed engrossed his whole attention, until, through toil and exposure, he lost his voice, and was obliged to seek other employment to obtain a livelihood. President Monroe, or Madison, we do not recollect which, gave him a commission as post-master of Cincinnati, which office he held until the Tyler administration, when he was removed.

But his work is done. The young and daring pioneer preacher, who traversed the wilderness, and crossed the mountains eleven times, on the errand of his Master, has passed away to the rest of the grave. He died a few months since in Cincinnati. William Burke will long be remembered in the West; indeed, his whole life is so interwoven with its history that he cannot be forgotten.

About the same period a preacher by the name of Wilkinson was transferred from the Virginia Conference to the Western Conference. He was young and eloquent, a son of thunder; and many a stout heart at the camp-meetings, among the sturdy pioneer hunters and settlers, had been smitten by the power of his words. As a legate of heaven,

“By him the violated law  
Spoke out its thunders.”

And whether in the rude log-church, at the camp-meetings in the forest, or in the crowded city, the power of his eloquence was felt.

Having attended conference in Tennessee, and received his appointment, he started, accompanied with others, to cross the wilderness for the destined field of his labors. They had not proceeded far on their journey before his horse became so lame that it was impossible for him to proceed. The company, unwilling to wait, and not knowing how long it would take to restore his horse, proceeded on without him. After remaining some days, his horse had so far recovered as to enable him to proceed; but he found himself in a dilemma almost as great as the one from which he had been extricated. His horse-feed, of which he thought he had brought sufficient to last the journey, and it, doubtless, would have proved adequate but for the detention, was exhausted; and in addition to this, his own provision spoiled, with the exception of a small piece of dried beef. At Bean's Station, on the frontier, he obtained a cup of milk and a piece of corn bread. The people there endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, and earnestly advised him to wait until he could obtain company to travel with him. But he would listen to no advice; he had sent on his appointments in advance, and he was resolved, if it was possible, to reach them, that the people should not be disap-

pointed. The station was so scarce of provision that he could obtain no supply for himself; and all he could get for his horse was some frost-bitten corn. On, therefore, with his meager supply he journeyed. Between him and Crab Orchard, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, there was naught but a tenantless wilderness. Occasionally he would stop and let his horse graze upon the herbage, while he would sparingly partake of his dried beef. At length the settlements were reached; but preacher and horse were so much exhausted that they scarcely had strength to eat. He, perhaps, would not have suffered so much from want, if he had not met half-way in the wilderness a starving soldier, returning home from Wayne's army, with whom he divided his last morsel.

The pioneer soldier, as well as the pioneer preacher of those days, not only "smelt powder," but often were subjected to other trials, to which the epauletted, brass-buttoned soldier and white-cravated, black-vested preacher of the present day are strangers.

It was some time before the young itinerant recovered, and his horse, a noble animal, to which he was much attached, did not recover for six months. What added to the gloom of his weary and desolate journey, was the fact that he passed what was called the "Deserted Camp," where a company of

thirty-two white persons had been murdered and scalped by the Indians.

Hard times with the preachers have not yet passed away from the West. There are yet frontier regions where the people are poor, and the Gospel must be preached to them. We have an interesting incident connected with the experience of an itinerant, which we will give. We shall, however, let him relate it in his own simple, touching language, premising that the reader imagine him at the seat of a conference in a Western city, with his wife and children stopping at the house of a wealthy member of the Church:

“Up to the close of conference, I have kept faithfully the forty dollars reserved for the purchase of a horse so soon as I should reach my new circuit. But over and above that I have not five dollars, and my wife and children all want new shoes, and my boots have given way at the side; they have been twice half-soled, and the uppers won't stand it any longer. My only coat is all thread-bare, and white at the seams; that, however, is no matter; it will look well enough back in the woods, although it has rather a shabby appearance here among so many shining new black ones. But, besides the absolute want of shoes and boots, it will cost us all of thirty dollars to get to our new home. Where then, is the horse to come from?



Be still, desponding heart! The Lord will provide. You go forth in his cause, and he will take care to supply the armor, if you will always keep it bright and whole! Yes, yes, weak, timid, trembling soldier of the cross! the Captain of your salvation will go before you, and lead you on to certain victory. Only be faithful: look not back for a moment, but press forward.

“I have just had a talk with Brother T. He called in very kindly to give me all the advice, encouragement, and instruction that he could in regard to my new appointment; and also to furnish me with a list of the names of some of the prominent brethren. There is no parsonage provided for the preacher’s family; nor do the people pay the rent for one. But a log cottage, he says, with a little patch of ground for a garden and pasturage, can be had for about twenty dollars a year. A cow will cost as much more. But where is the money to buy her to come from? Ah me! If I had just about as much as it costs three or four of the sisters here for ribbons and laces, how rich I should be! The elegant dinner-set, upon which our food is served here every day, the good sister told my wife cost eighty dollars. There was a plainer set for sixty; but the first set had a gold band, and she liked it best, and gave twenty dollars more for the sake of the gold band. Now, just

the price of that gold band on the dinner-set would buy me a cow. Ah me! These thoughts trouble me. But hush! hush! poor, doubting, murmuring heart! *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.* If the good Master has prospered our brother and sister in their basket and store, I ought to be thankful to him on their account, that he has given them the good things of life with a liberal hand.

“I met old father H——y this morning, with his cowhide shoes and leather strings, wool hat, coarse coat, and shirt-collar unbound with a neck-cloth. It is two years since last I saw him. We talked for half an hour about matters and things. He is no happier than when I last met him. Not so happy, I think. The luxurious living of our rich professors troubles his soul. He has lifted his voice against it faithfully, and enforced his precepts of temperance and moderation by a rigid, self-denying example, but it is all of no avail. There is no diminution of the evil he complains of. His own perverse heart, too, causes him great affliction. The bitter things which he is daily compelled to write against himself, humble his soul to the dust. He finds, he says, every day, lower and lower depths of evil in his own heart, the discovery of which fills his soul with the deepest anguish. Dear, good old man!

His troubles and his trials *here* will, I trust, make him richer *there*. I cannot, however, coincide with him in all his positions. I cannot follow him in all his examples. The bounties provided by nature, her delicious fruits, sweet flowers, honey from the rock, were not all made in vain, or only for those who look not for good things beyond this world. They are all for us, if in our power to obtain them; and to me it seems a greater sin to put aside the blessings thus provided by our Father's hand, than to receive them, and use them with thankfulness.

“But he is sincere, and the Lord looks at the heart. I wish more of us had a portion of his self-denying spirit. I am sure I need some of it to enable me to bear up more patiently than I do. I do wish I could never feel troubled about anything; that I could really say from the heart, ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’ I often say as much with the lips; but, alas! it is, I fear, only from the teeth outward.

“I had written thus far in my journal, when my wife came in, and, holding a stout bundle in her hand, said, with a cheerful smile,

“‘What do you think this contains, dear?’

“‘I don't know, I'm sure,’ I said. ‘What does it contain?’

“‘You shall see,’ was her reply, as she unrolled it.

“There were three pairs of shoes apiece for the children, and three pairs for wife, enough to last them all the next year. Then there were four frocks apiece for the little ones, and four new gowns for wife, besides various other matters, such as muslin for underclothes, and nice warm Canton flannel, and stockings!

“‘Not all for us?’ I exclaimed, in astonishment, as Mary displayed these before my eyes.

“‘Yes, all for us. May the Lord reward Sister A. for her goodness: we cannot.’ Tears of thankfulness were in her eyes.

“‘Amen!’ I responded, fervently. In the next moment my heart smote me for what I had thought and written about the gold bands on the dinner-set. Several times since I have turned to the page of my journal where it lies recorded, and taken up my pen to erase it. But I have as often determined to let it remain. It presents a true history of my feelings, and I cannot blot it out.

“After supper that evening, the last we were to spend in the kind family of Brother and Sister A., Brother A. began to ask about my new circuit, and how I expected to get along on it. I felt a little delicacy about replying to his questions, for I could not speak very encouragingly, and I never like to make a poor mouth. But he was in earnest, and cornered me so closely, that I had to tell all the truth



about the means the circuit afforded, and my own poor condition.

“‘And so you still have your “horse money” safe?’ he said, smiling, after he had got all out of me.

“‘Yes, that still remains untouched. But a part will have to go for stage hire. That can’t be helped. Though I doubt not something will turn up, and that I shall get a horse after I get there easily enough. Horses don’t cost much in that section of the country; and then, to add to what is left after paying our fare, I hope to receive about ten dollars for the sale of some things at the old place, left in the care of a good brother. It will all come right, I know, Brother A. It always has come right.’

“‘No doubt,’ he said. ‘The Lord will provide.’

“Brother A. seemed thoughtful after he had said this. After sitting for a little while, he said, rising,

“‘Come, Brother B.’

“I followed him up stairs into his chamber. He closed the door, and then opened a large mahogany wardrobe, well stocked with clothes.

“‘You and I are near about the same size,’ he said, taking down a black frock coat, that was very little worn. ‘Try on this, and see how near it will come to fitting you. I have not worn it for some months, and it is a pity to let the moths get into it. There!’ he continued, as I drew on the coat,

'it fits you just as well as if it had been made for you, and scarcely shows the wear it has had. Let me see,' he added, turning again to the wardrobe, 'what else we have here. Ah! this is just the thing for you,' bringing out an overcoat, made of stout beaver cloth. 'You will want just such a thing as this next winter. It will keep you as warm as toast while riding among those snowy hills. I found it almost too heavy for me last winter. But to ride in it will be the dandy.'

"He did not stop here. Two pairs of good pantaloons, as many vests, and a pair of excellent boots, were added to these. I tried to thank him, but my voice was so husky that I could not articulate distinctly. The remembrance, too, of what I had thought and written down about the gold bands on the dinner-set, with other reflections not clothed in words, choked me. Nor did he stop yet. Next morning, as I shook hands with him, and bade him farewell, he left two pieces of gold in my hands, saying as he did so, with a smile,

"Don't touch the "horse money," Brother B. A minister can't walk around his circuit.'

"Excellent man! May the Lord reward him! As for me, I feel humbled before my Master for my want of faith. So many, many times has he brought me safely out of the wilderness into a clear place, and yet I am unwilling to trust him."

The preachers of those days were not as fastidious as some we wot of at the present day. They were usually fearless and independent, and uttered the truth without regard to their audience. We recollect distinctly a petition in their prayers at that time that we rarely or never hear at the present day. It ran thus: "O Lord, deliver us from the fear of man which bringeth a snare, and grant that we may not shun to declare thy whole counsel to dying sinners, whether they will hear or forbear. May we preach without fear or favor, and attend thy word with the demonstration of the Spirit and power."

As illustrative of this class of pioneer preachers, we will relate an incident that occurred in the Southwest. A certain presiding elder, on his round, came to a town on one of the circuits where quarterly meeting was to be held, and, putting up his horse late on Saturday evening, waited for the Sabbath. The church, as is usual on such occasions, was crowded in every part. The preacher in charge was a young man of not much experience, though devoted to his work, and striving hard to please the people in all things, so that he might win them to religion. Just as the elder, a fine, sturdy specimen of a backwoods preacher, was announcing his text, he felt the tail of his coat suddenly jerked. Turning round in the midst of the

sentence, the young preacher, with great trepidation, whispered, "General Jackson is in the congregation." The elder, feeling indignant at the interruption, which was noticed by all, raising his voice, still looking at the preacher, who had his head down, exclaimed, "Who is General Jackson? God Almighty will damn him, if he don't repent, as soon as he would an unconverted Guinea nigger." Then, turning, he resumed the reading of his text. The general, then President of the United States, on a visit to the West, was standing in the aisle, leaning against a post. He listened with great attention and interest to the sermon, showing, as he did on all occasions, great respect for religion and the worship of God.

The young preacher was so mortified that he could not hold up his head during the meeting; and when it was over, he modestly hinted to the elder that his rough remark had ruined everything, and, as he was the innocent occasion of it, his services would be of no further benefit in that place. The elder chid him for his pusillanimity, and told him to have more of the fear of God than man before his eyes.

Early next morning the young divine took the earliest opportunity to visit the general, having some acquaintance with him, for the purpose of making an apology. He had scarcely commenced,



when Old Hickory said, "Give yourself no uneasiness, my young friend. I like that preacher's fearless, independent manner. He fears his Master more than man, and such a preacher I admire."

As the elder was passing down street in the afternoon, the general saw him from the opposite side, and, crossing over, introduced himself. After some words of conversation, he remarked that the young preacher had been to see him, and related the conversation which passed between them. On taking the elder by the hand at leaving, he presented him with twenty-five dollars, saying, "This may help you in your work. Go on, and discharge it in the fear of God." It was this same old Roman who, on hearing a complaint from one of his officers against a party of Methodist soldiers in his camp, who were holding prayer-meeting, said in reply, "God forbid that the voice of prayer in my camp should be disorderly. Go, sir, to your post."

## CHAPTER VI.

## PIONEER INSTITUTIONS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

THE first laws were made to suit the exigences of the times, and were adapted to the condition and circumstances of those who were to be governed by them. Hence, the laws made by the general government for the Western territories, though in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, and in all general features resembling those of the states, were, nevertheless, accommodated in some particulars to the condition of the people. Under these laws the territorial governments were organized, and the judiciary constituted.

We have already alluded to the first permanent settlement of the Northwestern Territory by the Ohio Company. In the Campus Martius, on the first day of September, 1788, the first court under the forms of civil jurisprudence was opened. The decisions at the council fires of the Indian, or at the camp of the pioneer, constituted, until this time, the only rule of action for the savage and the civilized. At the time of which we are writing, General Harmar,

with his regulars, occupied Fort Harmar. Governor St. Clair, and Judges S. H. Parsons and J. M. Varnum, of the Supreme Court, having arrived and made arrangements for the adoption of such laws as were adapted to the new colony, the governor appointed such civil officers as were necessary for carrying into effect said laws.

The period for the opening of the Temple of Justice in the West had come. It was an important era, and destined to mark with its influence all subsequent time. Great importance was accordingly attached to the event by the pioneers. All things being in readiness, a procession was formed at the point on the banks of the Ohio where most of the settlers resided; and the high sheriff, with his drawn sword, stepping in front, was followed by the citizens, then by the officers of the garrison. After these came the members of the bar, then the Supreme judges, followed by the governor and clergyman; and, finally, the newly-appointed judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Generals Putnam and Tupper.

The procession marched along a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest for that purpose, up to Campus Martius, or "the stockade," as it was called. On arriving at the place, the procession countermarched, and Putnam and Tupper advanced to the hall in the northwest block-house, where they took their seats: the first judges enthroned upon a

bench in the Western wilderness, to dispense equal and exact justice to all. When all was still, the Rev. Dr. Cutler addressed the throne of grace, invoking most fervently the blessings of heaven upon the court and its officers.

The sheriff was then directed to call the court, which he did by the following outcry: "O yes, O yes! The Court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and innocent, without respect of persons; none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case."

It was an interesting, if not a sublime spectacle, to witness the solemn and imposing ceremonies connected with the opening of this, the first court northwest of the Ohio. The scene was rendered still more interesting by the presence of a large body of Indians, who had been collected together from the most powerful tribes occupying the entire West. They were assembled at Marietta for the purpose of making a treaty; and as the dark chiefs looked upon the council of the pale face, who, in the name of the Great Spirit, had taken possession of the land, their minds must have been excited with peculiar emotions.

The hall of the block-house was occupied as a courtroom for ten years, when, under the superintendence of Dudley Woodbridge and Griffin Green, Esqs., a building was erected for that purpose. This court-



house inclosed the prison also, which was built of such heavy material, and so securely barred, that whoever crossed its threshold shut out all hope, until the law was satisfied with the penalty it inflicted. No prisoner was ever known to escape from its walls; and to this day it is one of the strongest prisons in the state. In the then spacious court-room, many of the pioneer lawyers displayed their legal abilities, and uttered their forensic eloquence, in the presence of the numerous settlers who, on court days, would come from all parts of the West, some out of curiosity, and others as principals or witnesses in suits. In this room, now deserted, having in process of time been superseded by one larger and more elegant in the new brick court-house, on the opposite side of the street, Meigs, and Fearing, and Burnet, and Hammond, and Beecher, and Ewing, with many others, commenced, as lawyers, their brilliant career.

The pioneer lawyer, like the pioneer explorer, and settler, and preacher, had to undergo like toils and hardships. They had to travel hundreds of miles, and pack their provisions on horses, often encountering Indians on their blazed path through the desert, swimming rivers and camping out in the woods. They could not then sit in their offices, and, by whispering a few words to their clients, turn round on their cushioned chairs and charge a hundred dollars for their legal advice. No immense estates were then involved

in the tangled meshes of litigation, nor were any left to be settled by the demise of their owners. The most that the settler had was a cabin and a patch, and if he should unfortunately get into litigation about a land boundary, or a stray sheep or hog, or a contract, the most that the lawyer could hope for was a limited fee, and often that had to be paid in country produce, such as ginseng, beeswax, and tallow, or coon skins. Heavy suits and fat fees were reserved for other times, such as it is our privilege or misfortune to have fallen upon.

The lawyers of those days, like the preachers and the doctors, were not only of that nerve and daring of which the pioneers of all new countries are composed, but they were men of thought and study, of diligence and enterprise, and they contributed much toward laying the foundations of the mighty empire of the West. They were not, generally speaking, so wrapped up in selfishness that they could only look after their own interests, but they were alive to whatever had a tendency to develop the resources of the West, educationally, religiously, and politically. Though many of the Western lawyers were, like the members of the other professions, poor, and lived in their cabins and raised their corn, they were benevolent, and always ready to lend a helping hand at a raising or a log-rolling. This remark will apply particularly to the early physicians, whose long rides, by

day and night, to visit the sick in distant settlements, often without the hope of fee or reward, gave evidence of the generousness of their nature. They deserved a competency, but many of them lived and died poor.

Nor were the pioneers in the learned professions a whit behind, in attainments, their more favored brethren of the present day. If they had fewer books, they were the more thoroughly studied. Their minds were not diverted every week by a fresh importation of law, medicine, and theology, from England, Germany, or France, or from the thousands of presses of our own country. The lawyer was shut up to Blackstone, the physician to Cullen, and the divine to his Bible; and the result was, that they were alike thoroughly grounded in the principles of their professions.

Nor did they turn aside from their avocations to dabble in other matters foreign to their several pursuits. The lawyer then had neither time nor inclination to leave his office, briefs, and clients, and stump it around the country for himself or some other candidate for political distinction. Nor could the physician forsake his patients for any enterprise that might present itself. He felt his responsibility press upon him too heavily for that. The preacher had no disposition, and dare not encourage it if he had, either to connect some other profession with his, and become a

preaching doctor or a praying lawyer, or much less to engage in stock-jobbing and land speculations. Every man stood to his post, and nobly battled with the difficulties with which he was surrounded.

These men lived and toiled nobly in laying the foundations of the civil, literary, and religious institutions of the West; and we have entered into their labors and received the rich inheritance purchased by their toils. Following the log-church and court-house came the school-house. At a very early day, however, before a government was organized, the Moravian missionaries had opened schools among the Indians at Bethlehem, Schönbrun, and Gnadenhütten. The Rev. D. Story, who had been sent out to Marietta, came as a minister and a teacher, and was, doubtless, the pioneer professional teacher of the West. About this time, however, a lady, by the name of Rouse, taught a school of boys and girls at Belpré, and it is thought by some that this was the first school opened in the West. From this place she went several successive summers and taught school within the walls of Farmer's Castle, the name of a strong garrison built on the Ohio, about sixteen miles below Marietta.

The probability is that the first Sunday school in America was commenced in Campus Martius, by a lady named Mrs. Andrew Lake. Seeing the children at the fort spending their Sabbaths in frivolous amuse-



ments, she thought she would contrive to get them together, and impart instruction to them. Accordingly, one Sabbath, after the Rev. Mr. Story had concluded his religious exercises, she proposed to as many children as would come together, that she should devote her time to their instruction. The result was, that she obtained about twenty; and every Sabbath she would meet them, and teach them the questions and answers of the Westminster Catechism, and lessons from the Bible.

We have a vivid recollection of these pioneer schools, both of those taught on the Sabbath and week days. The old log school-houses in which we received the first literary light from Dilworth's Spelling-book, are fresh in our recollection. Like other log-houses, the chimney, or fire-place, extended nearly across one entire end of the building; and in the winter season, the time when these schools were most patronized, a huge log-fire was built, which sent out its genial heat, and often its annoying smoke. It was supplied with more windows than cabins for dwellings usually had, to allow greater light to scholars as well as to master. We imagine that we can see Master Black, or Spry, or Pherson, now standing beside one of those windows, the panes of which were of paper, and made transparent by oiling or greasing them, making a pen, with a scholar standing beside, casting furtive glances around. The former of these

teachers was a thorough believer in the Proverbs of Solomon, "The rod and reproof give wisdom;" "A rod for the fool's back;" "He that spareth the rod is not wise," &c. At least, such was our opinion; for he was never seen in the school-room without having a stout hickory in his hand or under his arm; and often have we felt its power to stir the sluggish thought, and make "the young idea shoot." Sometimes, when he was not in a particularly good humor, he would, at finding a slight disturbance on one of the seats, apply his rod to the backs of all who happened to be sitting upon it; calculating that if any of them were not then deserving punishment, it would not be long before they would merit all they got.

There was one scholar in the school for whom the master had a particular dislike, from some cause or other. He did not seem to make very rapid advancement in his studies; whether he lacked the capacity or not we are not able to tell, as we always had enough to do to work out our own sums. "Jef," for that was the name by which he was known, had a wonderful proclivity to go fishing, or swimming, or apple-stealing, which latter could easily be done by swimming the river and entering the orchard, which stood on its banks. He was a stout, burly fellow, and did not seem much to mind a whaling or licking, and would coolly make his calculations accordingly.

One afternoon, just after the boys had been called in from play, Jef was seen turning the corner of a fence, which inclosed an open lot in the town. The master spied him, and, spitting on both his hands, he grasped tightly his hickory, and sallied forth to meet him. Jef saw him coming, and took to his heels. This, of course, brought out all the scholars to see the sport. It would not do to run into the thickly-settled parts of the town; Jef was too old, and had too much pride for that; so, taking a circuit, he broke for the meadow, in the corner of which the school-house stood. The master was evidently gaining upon him every jump; but Jef cleared the stake and ridered fence, and gained the other side ere he felt the rod.

Now, our pedagogue was a resolute man, and he was not to be out-done or out-run by such a lubber; and as he saw that the whole school was witnessing the race Olympic, he bounded over the fence after him with renewed vigor, determined to capture the fugitive, paying him well, not only for playing truant, but for running away from him. Hotly pursued, Jef turned his head round, to see how near his foe was upon him, when he stumbled and fell, and the master, close behind, being unable to stop, tumbled over him. Jef gathered up and took the back track; for the master, like the good wolf-dog the fellow bragged about, "was a leetle ahead." About half way between the

place of his fall and the school-house, he was overtaken, and at every jump Jef caught the hickory, receiving the last as he tumbled over the fence and crawled into the school-house. We looked for a general overhauling when the old fellow came in, for our disorder; but he had exhausted his wrath on poor Jef's back, and the remainder of the day was spent in quietness. It did seem that he took particular pleasure in beating poor Jef, who bore it like an ox, and grew fat upon it.

There was in the school another scholar, whom we will call Jim, who was also rather stupid, or indisposed to learn. He lisped very much. He could read tolerably well, and write; but how to cipher was the mischief. For many a day he had been toiling to get the multiplication table; but he invariably stalled when he got as far as three times seven. The master thought, one day, that he was so much confused by the noise in the school, that perhaps, if he would let him go out and sit in the shade, in the rear of the school-house, his mind would become clear, and he could penetrate the mystery. Accordingly, he sent him out, telling him when he had mastered the difficulty to return. After remaining out about an hour, he sent one of the scholars to call him in. The one he sent—a bright-eyed boy, long since passed away—crept softly round the house to listen to Jim's arithmetical exercises. There he sat,



with his slate on his lap and his head resting upon one of his hands, repeating, "Theven and theven are fowerten; but thee time theven the devil couldn't yeckon without figying, and figying, and figying." He was aroused from his profound mental abstraction, and called in. Whether he ever learned how much three times seven are, we have never ascertained. He is now a merchant, and can speak for himself. Poor Jef, we wot not what became of him.

The other teachers were of a different cast; and though they sometimes inflicted punishment, it was in a different way. They were qualified for their business; and did not, as many young men of the present day, teach a quarter to make a raise simply, but they made it a profession.

Provision was made at an early day for the education of the youth of the West. One of the arrangements of the Ohio Company provided for the endowment of a Northwestern University, by setting apart two townships of land; and the Ohio University, or Athens College, is the result of that endowment. A similar appropriation was made in the Symmes purchase, and the Miami University was endowed. Both of these are flourishing institutions, and many of the first minds of the West have been educated within their walls.

The present system of common school education adopted by most of the Western states, providing

as it does for graded schools, is one of the most admirable in the world; and its peculiar advantage is, that all children are thus provided with the facilities for obtaining a thorough education. Indeed, the system is in advance of our present race of educators, the most of whom are verdant young men and women from the East, educated, vigorous Western minds seeking other and more profitable employment.

## CHAPTER VII.

## PIONEER BOATMEN.

THE broad and beautiful rivers of the West were first navigated by the light bark canoe of the Indian, which sped over their surface, scarcely creating a ripple. Softly and swiftly they glided up and down the streams, and along the shores. Where nothing broke the solitude but the dip of the paddle or the crack of the rifle, they might have been found tied, and almost concealed from sight among the willows and shrubs which lined the banks. The paddles were never left in the canoe, but were always taken into the forest and hid in a brush heap, or a hollow log, that the temptation to steal might be lessened by the impossibility of using the canoe without the necessary propellers.

Next, in the history of navigation, came the flat bottoms, or broad horns, as they were called, constructed on a large scale, and of burden sufficient to carry a large freight, besides capacity for stowing away numerous families. They were, how-

ever, so unmanageable as to be of but little service, except when the rivers were at high flood; for if they should fail to strike the channel, they would, in consequence of the amount of water which they drew, in boatmen's parlance, or the depth they sunk, be liable to be staved by the rocks and snags in the bed of the stream. Many are the wrecks which have been strewed along the Western rivers, occasioned by attempting to pass down them in a low stage of water. One of this description comes painfully to the remembrance of the writer. In the summer of 1815, the father of the writer, with his family, consisting of five children, in company with several other families, left Pittsburgh in one of these crafts, for the mouth of the Muskingum, the destination being Zanesville. Without meeting with any accident, save that the writer fell overboard and was near being drowned, they arrived safe at Wheeling. After remaining there a short time, the cable was untied, and the broad horn, sweeping around in a graceful curve, took the current and floated on her journey. A huge oar was attached to each side of the boat on the deck, near the center, and a steering oar, about twenty-five feet long, extended from the stern. Having approached a ripple, or falls, in the Ohio, every one was summoned to the oars to keep the boat in the channel. But, with all their exertions,



this could not be effected, and our ill-fated bark ran upon a large, smooth, round rock, and stove in the bottom. She soon swung round, and the water came rushing through the chasm. Women and children were quickly hoisted on deck, and everything that could be raised was placed there to protect it from the water. The boat having sunk all it could, settled down in the sand. With the skiff the passengers were by successive loads taken ashore, where tents were constructed on the beach of the sheets sewed together, and stretched on poles cut from the adjoining forest. There we remained until the boat was unloaded, hauled out of the water, brought on shore, turned over on its side, and repaired, which took many days.

At length the time for a launch came, and the boat was again on the waters. Having passed the dangerous ripples and chutes, the voyagers met with no obstruction until they arrived safe at their destination, where, procuring wagons, the families were transported across the country to Zanesville.

At this place we have often seen feats performed in boating by the Muskingum river-men that were truly astonishing. During the spring and fall freshets boats would be built at Zanesville and Putnam of the same kind we have been describing, only bearing the name of "Orleans boats," from the fact that they were usually loaded with flour and produce of various kinds

for the lower trade, but principally New-Orleans. A trip to New-Orleans in those days was considered a tremendous journey, equal to, if not greater than, one across the plains to California now. Many young men of our acquaintance considered it the sum of romance to take a trip to New-Orleans. The voyage down, beset as it was with all the dangers of the river and the disease of a Southern climate, exposed upon the turbid Mississippi, with a broiling sun pouring down its rays, living upon "Brock's" water-crackers, and "Taylor's" bacon, with an occasional draught of "Buckingham's store coffee," without milk, was, nevertheless, not as tedious and perilous as the return trips through the wilderness. There were then no steamers to breast the tide, and, on horseback or, as was more frequently the case, on foot, the boatmen had to push their way, with their hard earnings, through the swamps and forests, exposed to the savages, and liable, as the Irishman said, to be "kilt, murdered, and drowned." Often have we sat, on a moonlight night, in the office of the adventurous and noble-hearted Thompson, in company with the hunters and boatmen, Scales and Boyd, and the fearless Hahn, (whom we afterward, with others, assisted in carrying to his grave in the mountain cemetery which overlooks the town, whose sacred dust incloses the adventurous pioneer Zane and others, with hosts of loved ones sleeping there.)

and listened with delight to the adventures and hair-breadth escapes, as narrated by these pioneer boatmen.

Scales and the Boyds—Hercules and Absalom—were unrivaled hunters and marksmen, and such was their reputation that none would enter the lists at a shooting match where they had a chance. Who that recollects these men cannot call to remembrance the loads of venison and turkeys with which they supplied the Zanesville market for years? They were all river men, and, though they had families, they would be gone from them on their hunts or Orleans trips for months. Scales has taken many a boat to the far South for the merchants of Zanesville. As a steersman, he could strike a channel with as much precision as he could drive a center with a ball from his long rifle. We have often seen him shoot a squirrel at the distance of a hundred yards. "Boys," said he to a party of us one day, as we were returning home from a visit to his cabin on the Muskingum, "do you see that black squirrel yonder, on the side of that oak?" We looked in the direction. It was far on the other side of the fence, so far that it was difficult to distinguish it. "I will shoot that squirrel for you, as it is right in your path home." We laughed at the idea; but he drew up his rifle and fired, and down came the squirrel, to the astonishment of all. We hear a great deal about Sharp's

rifles, of their ability to carry a ball nearly a mile, but we doubt if they will ever be of much service unless they can be placed in the hands of such marksmen as roamed the Western forests when "we were but a boy."

But we have wandered. We intended to describe more particularly the pioneer boatmen of the West. They cannot, however, be dissociated from the hunters, for a river man in those days was a hunter.

At Zanesville there is quite a fall in the river, or rather a succession of them, and, until the upper and lower dams were built, the one just above the upper bridge, connecting the town with West Zanesville, and the other just above the lower bridge, connecting it with Putnam, these Falls were quite formidable in their appearance; and when Zane made his trace from Fort Henry westward to Maysville, the Falls in the river and the romantic scenery, with the rocky and precipitous cliffs on the southern shore, presented quite an attraction to the Delawares, Wyandots, and Shawnees, who wandered along the banks of the "Elks-eye," as the name Muskingum in Indian signifies. Many an Indian canoe has been wrecked as it essayed to pass over these rapids. Before the flat boats were built, the exceeding favorableness of the site for mill-seats excited the enterprise of the citizens, and, a company being formed, a dam was constructed and a canal cut through the rocks near the



shore, connecting with a wing to the main abutment. What fishing and skating memories come clustering around us while we write of these localities; and with what vividness do we recollect, that when a boy, and unable to swim, we were standing about ten feet from the abutment, the water pouring over, and how we slipped and fell into the raging pool below. The fall was six or seven feet at that stage of the water, and we were forced by the descending column under the surface; and, on rising, the suction created by the falling water would bring us back, until, being again struck, we would be again submerged. Well do we recollect the thoughts that came rushing upon the mind of home and friends, of being grappled for in the "deep hole," and carried on the little black bier of undertaker Sheward or Cassaday, after the funeral sermon of the ever-revered and lamented "parson," (Zanesville has never had but one, unless we think of the name given in jest to Parson Jones,) to the rural cemetery on the hill. Strange as it may appear to the reader, and stranger still as it is to ourself, we could breathe under that white foam, and were as unharmed as though lying among the flowers in "Old Jeffery's" meadow on the afternoon of a quiet summer's Sabbath. After being forced under the dam six times, and with such violence that my shoes were wrenched from my feet, I found myself standing on the rocks,

up to my knees in water, about ten feet from the dam and near the edge of the "deep hole," without any effort on my part, so far, at least, as my consciousness extends. Howland, the fisherman, caught me at one time with his hook in my sleeve, but I broke his line. My old friend Cargill carried me to the shore. It was not the first time he had done me a kindness. But stay—pardon the egotism.

Well, up the Muskingum and its tributaries the country had become somewhat thickly settled. Mills were erected, and flour and produce increased beyond all home demand. A market must be found for it, and where but to the lower country could it be sent? Accordingly, the inhabitants of the up country would build their boats, and float them down to Zanesville at high water, when there were but a few feet of fall on the dam. When they would arrive, however, none were daring enough to tempt the dangerous flood. The boat had to be unloaded, and the cargo carted round below the lower bridge. The boats usually, unless the river was very high, would break in two, or open the seams so widely, as to fill with water in going over, in consequence of their great length; but they could soon be hauled out on the beach and repaired. But taking the plunge was not the worst. The stone piers of the bridge, two of which stood near the

center of the river, must be avoided, and then a greater danger awaited the boat below. That navigation might not be entirely impeded, the lower dam was not constructed entirely across the river, but left an opening on the Zanesville side for the passage of boats. Here the fall was so great that the current was very rapid, and, besides, the channel being narrow, the water turned by the dam rushed with violence against the ragged, rocky, hither shore. The pier of the lower bridge on the one hand, and the jagged rocks on the other, made a perfect Scylla and Charybdis, requiring all the skill of the most experienced pilot to steer between them.

Often have we stood among an excited multitude looking out from Granger's mill, at boats going over the dam, loaded with lumber; and running to the lower bridge, have stood upon the rocks, and seen the fragments of the wreck, with the hapless, inexperienced boatmen clinging to them as they passed down the roaring tide.

But Zanesville had a boatman adequate to the task of piloting the up-river crafts over the dangerous passes. His name was Roberts. He was also a pioneer tavern-keeper, and his sign, which bore a picture of Commodore Perry, (we knew it, as the man found out the picture of a certain animal by having the name painted in large letters at the

bottom,) is still painted on our memory. Roberts had two boys, Nat and Charley, and they were chips of the old block. Captain Roberts was invariably selected as the man. Whether others were afraid to go, or the old gentleman did not wish to be troubled with too much company, we cannot say, but he only took with him his boys. They were stout young men, as were most of the young men of that day.

When the up-river men would get their boat unloaded, they would send for Roberts, and as he would be seen passing down Main-street with a red bandanna tied around his head, spitting upon his hands and rubbing them, crowds would follow to the bank to witness the scene. Arriving at the boat, they would untie the cable and jump on board, the old man taking the steering oar, and the boys the side sweeps. They would pull out far enough to escape the abutment of the wing-dam, and then, with bow directly down stream, would pull hard until within about fifty yards of the dam, when, letting the side oars swing round by the boat, they would stand and wait the plunge. The last time we saw them go over, there was about three feet fall in the water, perhaps more. When the boat got half-way over we saw her open at the sides. The shock threw Nat overboard, but Charley soon seized him, and dragged him out of the boiling flood.



No sooner did he reach the deck than, to the amusement of the hundreds on the banks, he turned three summersets in succession on the deck, and sprang to his oar. The boat was now nearly filled with water, but they managed it, notwithstanding; and clearing the upper piers, they descended to the narrow, rapid channel, which they also passed amid the shouts of the admiring populace, who followed the course of the river to witness the out-come. Just below the bridge a boatman was stationed with a skiff and cordell, and, rowing out, it was made fast to the boat, and a multitude were always ready to pull the voyagers to the shore.

These boats were the immediate successors of the canoe, but they were only of service in descending the rivers. As yet no craft except the canoe, and that could not carry a very heavy burden, had been constructed with a view to ascend the streams. At length what were denominated keel-boats were constructed for this purpose. Much of the surplus products of the central and lower portion of the Ohio could not find sale in the South to advantage, and hence it was necessary to take it up stream to Pittsburgh. This rendered an ascending navigation necessary; and as "necessity is the mother of invention," as she is also of industry, the keel-boats were constructed to meet the emergency. These boats were long and narrow, being made sharp at the bow and

stern, and of as light draught as possible. On the sides were constructed running boards, on which were nailed cleats. These extended from bow to stern. The space between the running boards was inclosed with boards, making a cabin and a deck. They were constructed to carry from twenty to thirty tons of freight, being well protected from the weather by the cabin which we have described. It required from six to ten men, besides the captain, who was the steersman, to propel them up stream. Each man was provided with a pole, having a heavy socket. The boatmen were divided equally on each side. Those at the bow would set their poles, and the rest behind following the example, they would place the end against their shoulders, and throwing the weight of their bodies upon them, with their feet against the cleats, would push until the farthest from the bow would reach the stern, when all would run back and reset their poles for another push. In ascending rapids, it would not do for all to leave their poles unset at the same time. Generally, while half of them were still pushing, the remainder would run back and set their poles, and the others would follow. Should the keel swing in a rocky, rapid channel, there was great danger of being staved to pieces, and hence great care was necessary to prevent such a result; besides, it would be a lasting stigma to a boatman who should let his boat swing, or be backed in a

chute. It was the business of the men who had the head poles to prevent such a calamity, and it often required the greatest possible muscular exertion of every man to avoid it.

Toilsome and severe as was the life of a boatman, it was very seldom that they exchanged their occupation for another. To them it was full of romance; and there was a charm on the river, amid the often wild but always exciting scenes of a boatman's life, that had a power above all others. Often have the wild banks of the Western rivers echoed with the "*head to,*" "*set off,*" and "*down on her,*" of the captain of a keel; or the woods made to ring with the merry shouts of the boatmen. Sometimes, when going along merrily, they would strike into a boatman's song, and the swelling chorus would be borne for miles over the otherwise silent waters. At night, especially when ascending, they would tie up; and if they did not take a coon-hunt with their dogs and guns, which they always had with them, they would "trip the light fantastic toe" to the sound of the fiddle. Should they chance to stop near a settlement, they would go to some house, if the settler was the boatman's friend, and gather the girls of the neighborhood, when they would, like the fashionables of upper-tendom at the present day, intrude upon the short hours. We recollect one of their songs; it ran after this wise:

“Dance, boatman, dance,  
Dance, dance away ;  
Dance all night, till broad daylight,  
And go home with the gals in the morning.”

In consequence of these midnight orgies, or revels, in which whisky in the tin cup, instead of wine in the goblet, flowed freely, families of respectability would not settle immediately on the banks, but back from the river, out of the reach of the “rowdy set,” as they were called in those days.

As a “professional class” of men, they strove to maintain their dignity, and looked down with contempt upon that inferior class denominated flat-boatmen and raftsmen. Against them they declared a perpetual war; and often the most bloody battles were fought between the pugilists. They were generally, though there were honorable exceptions, a hard set; and many places at the end of their voyages have witnessed their outlawry. The Ohio could be ascended at all seasons, but many of its branches had to be navigated during the spring and fall freshets. When the rivers were too low for the boats to pass, the boatmen would gather together at camp-meetings; and we have witnessd several of them entirely broken up by their riotous proceedings. They would also attend general militia trainings, and often succeeded in vanquishing the sons of Mars. We believe that steam has done more in producing a moral revolution



in the West, than perhaps all the school-masters and most of the preachers combined; and what Fulton's steamboat has accomplished in breaking up the rowdyism of the boatmen, we confidently expect will be accomplished by Latta's steam fire-engine in breaking up the riots of firemen. But though these boatmen set the laws at defiance, they were nevertheless not without law; they had a law among themselves, and they were strictly honest. They would peril their lives to save the property of another. Money uncounted was safe in their hands; and they generally, if not invariably, assumed the cause of the weaker party—always, such was their respect for age, defending an old man, whether right or wrong. Such were their habits, that they were generally short-lived; but their ranks would be filled by young men ambitious of the calling.

Having said thus much of keel-boatmen, we must pass to consider another class of river men, called barge-men. Barges were constructed somewhat after the manner of keel-boats, but they were much larger, being broader and longer. They were from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty feet in length, with a breadth of beam of from fifteen to twenty feet, and from sixty to a hundred tons burden. They were constructed with two cabins; one to protect the cargo and shelter the boatmen, and the other in the stern, about eight feet long, for the captain and pilot. On

the roof of the latter, which sloped gradually toward the stern, the pilot was stationed to steer the barge. These barges usually carried two masts. The crew consisted of from thirty to as high as fifty men, with as many oars; and when under way, the craft looked more like a mammoth milleped walking on the surface of the water, than anything else by which it can be described. In a stiff current, where the beach was unobstructed by trees, the cordelle was resorted to, which, being fastened to the forward mast, would be carried along on the shoulders of the whole boat's crew, stationed at regular distances, who would pull the barge against the current. When obstructed by trees, the cordelle would be thrown into the yawl, and as it ascended, it would let off the rope from its coil, until its utmost length would be gained, when, making it fast to a tree, the men at the capstan would wind it up, and a fresh cordelle would be ready when the barge reached the fastening at the tree. This was called, by the boatmen, warping. We have since seen steamers warp themselves through the sand, in low stages of the Ohio, by sending an anchor ahead, with a cable, and attaching the other end to the shaft of the engine. The barges were not without their setting poles, especially on the Ohio; though they were of no use on the Mississippi.

The first race of boatmen, we have already remarked, were hunters; they served also as spies

and scouts in the border wars, and thus may be classed with the pioneer soldiers of the West, as well as the hunters. A milder, gentler race would not have been adapted to the wild, savage region through which they roamed; but they have passed away. These men have fulfilled their mission in the settlement of the West; and whether they belonged to a class represented by the savage and reckless Fink, or the wild, daring Girty, they were alike useful in their sphere in working out the destiny of the West.

Next in order comes the steamer, whose breath of fire and muscle of iron soon caused the keels and barges to rot and molder on the shore.

The first steamboat that ever navigated the Ohio and Mississippi was the "Orleans." She was built at Pittsburgh in 1812, carried three hundred tons, had a low pressure engine, and was owned by, and constructed for, Fulton and Livingston, of New-York. She started from Pittsburgh in December, 1812, and arrived at New Orleans the 24th of the same month, and plied regularly between New-Orleans and Natchez until the 14th July, 1814, when, on her trip to the latter place, being opposite Baton Rouge, while lying by at night, and the river falling at the time, she settled on a sharp stump and became wrecked. Her trips during that period averaged seventeen days. She was abandoned, and her engine, with a

new copper boiler, made in New-York, was put into a new boat in 1818, called the "New-Orleans," which only ran until the spring of 1819, when she also was sunk by a stump on the same side of the river, below Baton Rouge, but was raised by two schooners, brought to New-Orleans between them, and there totally lost near the Batture.

The next, in order of time, was the "Comet," one hundred and forty-five tons, owned by Samuel Smith, also built at Pittsburgh, on French's stern wheel and vibrating cylinder patent, granted in 1809. The "Comet" made a trip to Louisville in the summer of 1813, and reached New-Orleans in the spring of 1814; made two voyages to Natchez, and was then sold, and the engine put up in a cotton gin.

Next came the "Vesuvius," of three hundred and ninety tons, built at Pittsburgh, November, 1813, by R. Fulton, and owned by a company in New-York and New-Orleans. She started for New-Orleans in May, 1814, Frank Ogden being captain, and was the first boat that made any effort to reach the Falls, having left New-Orleans with a freight in the early part of July of the same year, but grounded on a sand bar about seven hundred miles up the Mississippi, on the 14th of July, and lay there till the 3d of December, when a rise in the river floated her off, and she returned to New-Orleans, when she was put in requisition for military service by General Jack-



son; but, in starting up the river for wood, she grounded on the Batture, and became useless to the government. The succeeding year she plied between New-Orleans and Natchez, under the command of Captain Clement, who was succeeded by Captain John De Hart. In 1816 she took fire near New-Orleans, and burned to the water's edge, having a valuable cargo on board. The fire communicated from the boilers, which in the first style of building were in the hold. The hull was afterward raised and built up at New-Orleans. After making several trips to Louisville, she was broken up in 1820.

The fourth steamboat was the "Enterprise," of one hundred tons, built at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, by Daniel French, on his patent, and owned by a company at that place. She made two voyages to Louisville in the summer of 1814, under command of Captain J. Gregg. On the first of December, of the same year, she took in a cargo of ordnance stores at Pittsburgh, and started for New-Orleans, Henry M. Shreve commander. She made the voyage in fourteen days, being a quick trip, all circumstances considered; and was then dispatched up the river to meet two keels which had been delayed on the passage, laden with small arms. These she met twelve miles above Natchez, took their masters and the cargoes on board, and returned to New-Orleans, having been six and a half days absent, in which

time she ran six hundred and twenty-four miles. She was then for some time actively employed transporting troops and supplies for the army, engaged under General Jackson in the defense of New-Orleans. She made one voyage to the Gulf of Mexico as a cartel, one to the rapids of Red River, with troops, and nine voyages to Natchez. Set out for Pittsburgh on the 6th of May, and arrived at Shippingport on the 13th, being twenty-five days out, and proceeded thence to Pittsburgh, being the first steamboat that ever ascended the whole length of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. A public dinner was given at Louisville to Captain Shreve, for effecting a passage in that space of time, so wonderful and important was it considered. The man who at that dinner would have predicted that there were those present who would live to see steamboats perform that trip in five days, twenty days less than Shreve's effort, would have been pronounced insane, or, at any rate, a mere visionary; yet less than a lapse of thirty years has served to accomplish it. She made one more trip down, her captain being D. Worley; when she was lost in Rock Harbor, at Shippingport.

The "Etna," of three hundred and sixty tons, was the next one built, owned by the same company as the "Vesuvius;" length one hundred and fifty-three feet, breadth twenty-eight feet, and nine feet depth of hold. She left for New-Orleans under the command

of Captain A. Gale, and made trips successively to Natchez and Louisville. There being some want of confidence in steam power to ascend the Mississippi with a cargo above Natchez, she was employed, in the summer of 1815, towing ships from the mouths or passes of the Mississippi to New-Orleans, the barges then getting freight, in preference, at eight cents per pound, from New-Orleans to Louisville. In the fall of 1815, the Mississippi being very low, the owners of the "Etna" made another attempt to ascend the river, and put in about two hundred tons, for which they charged four and a half cents per pound for heavy, and six cents for light goods. She had very few passengers above Natchez. The dependence was on drift-wood, and occasionally lying by two or three days, where settlements were made, waiting while wood was being cut and hauled, broke a wrought-iron water-wheel shaft near the mouth of the Ohio, and laid by at Henderson, Kentucky, fifteen days, trying to weld it, and had at last to end the passage with one wheel to Shippingport in *sixty days*. At Louisville she had two shafts cast. Her next trip down, with three hundred tons, at one cent per pound, and a few passengers, was made in seven days. The succeeding trip up, under many of the same difficulties, was made in thirty days, breaking the other wrought-iron shaft, by driftwood, in ascending the Ohio.

The sixth, in order of time, was the "Dispatch," Captain J. Gregg, built at Brownsville, on French's patent, and owned by the same company with the "Enterprise." She made several voyages from Pittsburgh to Louisville, and back; and one from the Falls to New-Orleans, and back to Shippingport, when she gave out, in 1818.

The next were the "Buffalo," three hundred tons and "James Monroe," ninety tons, built at Pittsburgh by B. H. Latrobe, for a company at New York. He failed to finish them for want of funds. They were sold by the sheriff, and fell into the hands of Ithamar Whiting, who furnished them with engines. They were both dull sailers.

The "Washington" was the ninth, and the first at Wheeling, Virginia, where she was built under the superintendence of Captain H. M. Shreve, who was owner in part. The engines were made at Brownsville. This was the first boat with boilers on deck. The "Washington" crossed the Falls in September, 1816, went to New-Orleans, and returning, wintered at Louisville. In March, 1817, she left Shippingport for New-Orleans, and made her trip up and down in forty-five days, including detention at New-Orleans. This was the trip which was considered to settle the practicability of steamboat navigation in the West.

There are some incidents connected with steamboat navigation on the Western waters worthy of notice.



Captain Shreve, referred to already as the captain of the "Enterprise," believing the patent granted to Fulton and Livingston destructive to the interests of the West, and unconstitutional in its character, took early measures to test its validity. The "Enterprise" reached New-Orleans on the 14th of December, 1814, and was seized the next day for alleged violation of that patent, and suit commenced against the owners of the New-York Company, in an inferior court, where a verdict was found for the defendants. The case was then removed, by writ of error, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Before the question came up before this tribunal, Shreve returned to New-Orleans with the "Washington," which was also seized by the company, to whom she was abandoned without opposition by Captain Shreve, who was owner in part. On application, however, to the court, on behalf of the "Washington" and her owners, an order was obtained to hold the company to bail to answer the damages that might arise by the detention of the vessel.

The agents of the company, in this stage of the business, fearing the downfall of the monopoly which they sought to preserve, directly, and through the medium of their attorney, proposed to admit Shreve to an equal share with themselves in all the privileges of the patent right, provided he would so arrange the business in court as to allow a verdict

to be found against him. Had Shreve possessed less firmness or principle than belonged to him, he might have yielded to this tempting bait, and thrown back the steamboat operations in the West for ten years, before another individual of sufficient energy had appeared to contest the patent. It is hardly necessary to add that the Supreme Court finally set the patent aside.







## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PROPHET FRANCIS.

IN the early part of the nineteenth century there lived in the South a chief who bore the name of Francis the Prophet, a title which had been bestowed upon him by his tribe on account of the superior wisdom and skill which he manifested in all those cases of emergency to which the Indians were subjected in that eventful period of their history. He was a Seminole of proud and lofty bearing. Nature, amid whose wild and beautiful scenery he was born and reared, had given him a cast in one of her most elegant molds. He was tall and graceful, with round and beautiful features, resembling more a Castilian or an Italian than an Indian. He had two daughters, young and beautiful as their sire, one of whom in particular, the younger, was a model of womanly grace. Like her father, she was a child of nature, and her first lessons, in which she had the Great Spirit for a teacher, and the stars and flowers, the latter of which are thickly strewn over hill, and dale, and plain, in the sunny South, seeming as the

alphabet of the angels to nature's children, were received from these sources. Nor was this all the education she received. We are informed that she had made considerable proficiency in book learning, and could speak the English language with great fluency. Like her father, who was the pride of his nation, she was regarded as the fairest and most accomplished of the fair among her sex. Her sister was also accomplished and handsome, but not to the same extent as the more favored one which we have been more particular in describing.

Francis was a chief and a warrior. When his war-cry was heard on the hills it roused every brave to action, and none were too faint-hearted to follow their leader wherever fate or fortune might direct the way. He was a terror to all the hostile tribes, and whenever his band met them in mortal combat the issue never proved doubtful, though assailed by a superior force. He never had been taken captive. His manly, well-formed limbs never were bound in fetters. Like the wild eagle of the forest, sweeping the whole heavens in its flight, unfettered and free, so he roamed, lord of the forests and everglades in his native dominion.

He had heard of the atrocities perpetrated by the white man who had entered his country, and set up his claims to the red man's hunting-ground, and he had himself been witness to acts of baseness and bar-

barity that would have disgraced the most savage of his nation; and hence it is not to be wondered at that he yielded to the solicitations and promises of reward held out by British officers to unite with them in expelling the colonists from the land. His name had become a terror to every American soldier's ears, and his skill and bravery were more to be dreaded than the combined force of many tribes. When he was gained over to the side of the British, an acquisition was secured that inspired them with fresh hopes of redeeming, in part at least, what they had lost in the desperate struggles of the Revolution.

At the head of his nation, with which was connected other tribes, and fragments of tribes, he went forth against the enemy, and in many a hard-fought battle bore away the palm. Such bravery elicited the warmest encomiums from the British officers, who invited him to their tent, and made him party to all their councils of war.

At the close of the war, so greatly were the officers and soldiers attached to the chief, that they invited him to accompany them on their return to England, which offer, after making the necessary arrangements for his family, he accepted. When the British forces arrived in London, the following description of a military pageant appeared in one of the papers of that city:

“The double sound of a trumpet announced the

approach in the procession of the patriot chief Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a uniform of red trimming, decorated with gold. In his sash he wore a tomahawk with gold mountings."

His princely bearing and accomplished manners attracted the attention of all, and thousands flocked to gaze upon one whose name and fame had preceded him across the waters. All seemed ready to do homage to this son of the forest for his daring and bravery in the British cause, while many were attracted by his fine form and nobleness of person. Perhaps a better specimen of the Indian race has not been found. After remaining long enough to satisfy his own curiosity and that of the multitudes who everywhere crowded to look upon him, he returned in a British vessel, loaded with presents, once more to his fatherland. As it might be expected that his identification with the English, and the kind treatment he had received at their hands, would secure his friendship, so it was also probable that he would retain his hostility to the Americans, from whom he and his fellow red men had received repeated and irreparable injuries. He had taken the oath of the Indian of eternal hostility to the enemies of his race, and, as he asked no quarter, he determined to give none while life should last. These sentiments he had strongly instilled into the minds of his fellow-war-



riors; and at every council fire his eloquence rose to thunder tones, invoking vengeance on the foe that had invaded their territory, and robbed them of their property and the lives of their friends.

At that time there were many military stations and forts established throughout the South, for the defense of the inhabitants against the attacks of the Indians, who still remained, contending for every inch of the land they justly called their own, and of which no government authority or diplomacy had a right to deprive them.

It happened on a certain day, that while the chief and his men were out on a hunting or scouting expedition, they made a prisoner of a soldier who belonged to Fort Gadsden, in Georgia. He had gone out on a fishing excursion, and, on his return, had lost himself in the forest. He was taken into camp, and being a soldier, a council of war was held, to decide his fate. It was unanimously resolved that he must die. Blood for blood; for had an Indian been thus seen in the woods, he would not have been allowed that respite; no, not even the form of a trial, but would have been shot down in his tracks, as a wild beast. Many had thus been cruelly murdered; and had mercy been exercised by the whites, the Indians might have been taught to resort to other modes of warfare in treating with them. But the die was cast, the doom of the poor soldier was sealed.

After the solemn ceremonies had passed—for the Prophet Francis would allow no victim to be tormented before his time, nor yet to be ushered into the presence of the Great Spirit without due time for preparation—the soldier was taken out and bound to a tree, around which were placed dry fagots, which were to be kindled by the torch of execution. At length the fatal moment came. The Indians were ranged around the victim. The torch has been lighted at the council fire, and its bearer is seen approaching, brandishing it over his head. He is a young and noble-looking Indian, the same age as the victim whose death he is about to seal. With rapid steps he advances, and the ranks open to let him pass. He stands in front of the victim ready to apply the torch. But the voice of the chief has not uttered the command, the death warrant has not been given. All eyes are turned in that direction. But what do they see? A young and beautiful maiden at her father's feet, pleading for mercy in behalf of the soldier. She was no stranger to battle, for in the thickest of the fight, habited as a young warrior, she dealt many a fatal blow. Nor was she a stranger to the scene which was about to be enacted. She had often heard the fatal word given by her chieftain father, and had seen the smoke and flames bear away the spirit of the victim to a world unknown.

“He must die,” sternly said the chief.

“Nay, my father; spare the young man. Though his race may have wronged and injured us, it may be he is not like them guilty.”

“The council have adjudged him to death, and he must die.”

“Then will I die with him.” So saying, she sprang to her feet, and before the word was given, flew to the stake, and throwing her arms around the neck of the victim, awaited the result.

The entreaties and perseverance of the daughter proved successful, and the life of the young man was spared. All were astonished at the act of the girl. Not a word had she spoken before in his behalf, nor had she betrayed the least signs of commiseration, or manifested the slightest interest in the prisoner. Whether the act of the heroic girl was prompted by the emotions of her humane and benevolent heart, or whether she had conceived an affection for the young American soldier, was a secret which died with her; for to all entreaties that she would reveal the motives which prompted her interference in behalf of the victim, she was silent.

Though ransomed from death by the intercession of the Indian maiden, the soldier was not released from captivity. He was, however, allowed the largest liberty, and treated, for the sake of the chief's daughter, with the greatest kindness, and

from her he received many proofs of the noble generosity which first manifested itself in offering herself as a sacrifice to save his life. Such were the liberties allowed him, that he could almost at any time have made his escape; but, for the sake of her who had rescued him from a cruel death, he chose to remain in bondage until his release should be effected by other hands than his own. Nor was it a great while until the period arrived when he was set at liberty. A party of Spaniards finding him one day, as he was hunting in the woods, recaptured him, and he was by them restored to the American army, in which he resumed his duties as a soldier.

Not long after this the Americans were reinforced, and efficient measures were taken to destroy the Indian and Spanish forts and towns along the frontier; and among the most important which they wished to demolish, was the garrison of St. Mark's, which contained the Prophet Francis and his men. The forces were all gathered together, and stealthily, under the cover of the night, they made a descent upon the unsuspecting warriors. Under such circumstances, with such a force, the fortress was stormed, and fell a prey to the assailants. The chief and his family, with his brave warriors, fell into the hands of the enemy. As captives they were bound, and led away to execution. One, and



one only, had made an escape. The eldest daughter, vigilant and fleet of foot, escaped from the garrison, and, though pursued, she distanced all who gave chase, until, in the darkness and solitude, she was safe from the avenger.

The chief and wife, with his younger daughter, were taken on board an American schooner. With them, also, was a confederate chief. The daughter who was at liberty, knowing that her father and sister would inevitably be put to death, resolved on making an effort, at least, to effect their deliverance. She was led to indulge in the hope of success, by being informed that they had been taken on board a British vessel. She accordingly procured a light canoe, and with the soft but rapid dip of her oar, sped like an arrow over the waters, and was soon in speaking distance of the vessel. What was her dismay to hear from the hoarse, gruff voice that accosted her, and to see from the stripes and stars at the mast-head, that she was mistaken! Slowly and sadly she turned her prow from the floating prison which contained all that was dear to her on earth. Her wail, as she gave up all for lost, was only heard by the waves and borne by the winds which rocked the little bark that carried her to the now desolate shore. Invoking the Great Spirit, she fled into the wilderness to seek help from some of her race. But, alas!

that help never came; and without even a form of trial, without ceremony, or the slightest show of sympathy, the Prophet Francis and his fellow-chief were hung. It may be that he deserved death, but not the death of a felon or a traitor. He had, in the defense of his own soil and race, spread death through many ranks, and many were made widows and orphans by his hand; but it was in what is denominated honorable war, and the justice of his cause; in comparison with that of his enemies, the white men, will appear when all nations shall be assembled at the last tribunal. Well has one, who is identified with the history of this country, and who gallantly fought many of her battles, said, "From the landing at Jamestown, down to the last war with the Indians, the white man has invariably been the aggressor." Is it a wonder that the red man, who has witnessed such aggressions and received such inhuman treatment from the white man, should look with suspicion and distrust upon his religion? It is said of Ninigret, the proud and noble chief of the Narragansets, that he opposed the introduction of the white man's religion among his tribe, and that he was deaf to all the entreaties of the missionaries, who plead that their religion would infuse a greater benevolence, kindness of heart, and humanity, as well as raise his people in the scale of civilization and refinement.

“Nay,” said he, “when the Gospel makes good white men, then come to Ninigret and his red brethren, and we will receive you.”

Among that band of American soldiers who stood around the place of execution, was one who had been snatched from a death of cruelty, but one of far less ignominy than the chief was now suffering. And while his angel deliverer stood weeping as if her heart would break, at the foot of that scaffold, he was silent and unmoved. Need we tell the reader who he was? Need we say that, after the dreadful scene had passed, when that craven-hearted soldier offered his hand to the beautiful, sorrow-stricken maiden, she recoiled from him as from the touch of an adder, and indignantly exclaimed, “Become the wife of a man who could stand unmoved and silent at the death of a chief whose child had saved him from the stake? Become the daughter of a people who have murdered my father in cold blood? Never! My own heart would despise me; my nation would abhor me; and an ignominy, worse than death upon the scaffold, would cover my name and memory forever.”

Thus saying, the heroic girl took her mother by the arm, and they turned mournfully away, seeking the deep solitude of the wilderness. From that day and that hour, they were never seen or heard of afterward. They fled from a society where justice and

mercy had no abode, and sought, in the depths of the forest, communion with that Great Spirit who will, in the council of angels, justify and reward the innocent, and condemn and punish the guilty. The blood of the red man, which has been poured out like water over the length and breadth of this land, crieth aloud to heaven; and a sin-avenging God will hear that cry. The day of recompense will come; and as nations must be judged in time, after place for repentance and restitution has been given, the Judge of all the earth, if that restitution is not made, will strike this nation from the roll of existence, and commission his curse to dig its grave.



## CHAPTER IX.

## LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

“Where is my home, my forest home, the proud land of my sires?  
Where stands the wigwam of my pride, where gleam the council fires?  
Where are my kindred’s hallowed graves, my friends so light and free?  
Gone, gone forever from my view! Great Spirit, can it be?”

No name connected with Indian story has spread further, or exerted a greater influence in the early history of the West, than that of Logan. From what we can gather in regard to his early life, we learn that he was the second son of a distinguished chief of the Cayuga nation. His father, on account of his attachment to the English nation, was of great service to the country, having the confidence of all the Six Nations, as well as that of the English; and served frequently as mediator during the early Indian wars which prevailed. He was highly esteemed by the officer of the Indian Department, under the government, with whom he acted conjointly, serving the country with great fidelity until his death. His residence was at Shamokin, and his house was the home of hospitality. No one was ever turned away

from the door of the kind and generous Shikkellemus, for that was the name of the venerable chief. He was always the friend of the whites, and never for a moment faltered in his attachment and friendship. It remained with him during his long and useful life; and when death closed his career, the white man felt that he had lost a friend, whose place it would be difficult to fill by any of the red race. His name and fame had spread far and wide, and when Count Zinzendorf, who introduced Moravianism into England, visited this country to look after his scattered flock in the wilderness, in the year 1742, he visited him at his house in Shamokin. Heckewelder, the associate of Post and Zeisberger, who were the earliest Protestant missionaries among the Indians in the West, and who had established missions among the Delawares, and were acquainted with numerous Western tribes, became acquainted with Logan in 1772, who was introduced to him as the son of the distinguished and friendly chief Shikkellemus. He found, in the person of the son, a fit representative of the father, a true and faithful friend of the white man. The missionary says he not only spoke with fluency the English language, but that he had adopted, to a great degree, the habits of the whites, and was then living in his cabin, and cultivating a piece of ground at the mouth of Big Beaver Creek, on the same stream on which the Moravian town was situ-

ated, not far from the neighborhood of Cuskagee. While on his passage down the Ohio River the following year, Heckewelder stopped at the residence of Logan, and was received in the most hospitable and cordial manner by his family.

Here this humane and generous Indian lived in peace and happiness, surrounded by his family, refusing all efforts and inducements on the part of his fellow-Indians to engage with the French in their wars with the English. So far from yielding to these solicitations, he sought, by every means in his power, to stop the deadly strife, and bring about peace between the belligerent forces. Alas! that his fidelity and kindness should be rewarded with the most barbarous act of cruelty perpetrated by those whom he befriended.

The Western country having been thrown open to land speculators, whose only God is self, and whose only ambition is gain, at an early day they were found scouring the country and selecting the best lands. These land-sharks, happening to be robbed on a certain occasion—in all probability by some of their own people—charged, as they did every mishap or misfortune that befell them, the robbery upon the Indians. The robbery occurred on the Ohio River, not many miles from the residence of Logan. A man by the name of Cressap, and another by the name of Great-house, petty officers in the militia, officiously took it

into their hands to avenge this wrong upon the Indians, and, collecting a party, they started out to scour the country. Their first attack was on two defenseless Indians, encamped a few miles above Wheeling Creek, on the Ohio River. These they surprised and killed. Having learned that there were some more further down the river, and flushed with their valorous achievement, they started in hot pursuit. When the company, headed by Cressap, arrived at the encampment, they did not make an immediate attack; they were too cowardly and craven-hearted for that; but, assuming the garb of friendship and professing the utmost kindness, the Indians were, in an unsuspecting hour, fallen upon and murdered in cold blood. Among the number of the slain were some of the family of Logan. This dastardly act was followed by another, in which Greathouse figured conspicuously. Opposite to him, on the Ohio side of the river, was an encampment of friendly Indians, from whom he had received many kindnesses. But his soul was beyond the reach of generous emotions, and the friendships and sympathies of life were ignored in his inhuman nature. Collecting together about thirty men, he secreted them in the vicinity, and went into the camp, under the guise of friendship, for the purpose of ascertaining their condition and numbers. They had been apprised of the murder of their brethren, and were



meditating revenge. Though he was in danger, they were too magnanimous to take the life of one unarmed man. Some there were, however, that became much excited at his appearance, believing that he was not a stranger to the deeds of violence which had been committed. An Indian woman, fearing he might be roughly dealt with, came to him and secretly warned him of his danger, advising him to leave. But he was bent on their destruction, and he could not let so favorable an opportunity pass without improvement. Knowing the love of many of them for strong drink, he invited as many as would to cross over the river with him, as he had good rum and plenty of it for all who would come. Quite a number accepted the invitation, crossed the river, and went with Greathouse into a tavern in the white settlements, and after drinking until they were intoxicated, the brave and heroic party of Greathouse, fully armed, fell upon them and murdered every one, except a little girl. Among the number thus brutally butchered were the only brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate condition gave to the horrid crime a greater aggravation. But that was not all. She was the one who had given the friendly warning to Greathouse.

The remaining Indians on the other side, on hearing the reports of the guns, immediately filled two canoes with armed warriors, who started for the

scene of conflict. But, alas! it was to meet the same sad fate which had befallen their brethren. No sooner did they approach within gun-shot, than they were fired upon by the whites, who lay concealed among the bushes on the shore. Many were killed and wounded, and those that escaped returned to the other shore.

This conduct on the part of the whites stung Logan to the heart: the very iron entered his soul. They, from whom he had reason to expect kindness and protection, had, without provocation, murdered his family and his friends. It was more than mortal could bear, and, filled with despair and madness, he resolved to be avenged. Sounding the war cry, he summoned the Indians to arms. The first blow he struck was upon a white settlement on the Monongahela. One man who was taken prisoner by the Indians in this attack, was treated by Logan with the greatest kindness. When they arrived at the Indian town a council of war was held, and he was condemned to be burned at the stake. The fearful hour had come, and all the preparations had been made for the execution of the victim; but the eloquence of Logan prevailed in his behalf, and he was saved.

In the fall of 1774, a fierce and deadly battle was fought at Point Pleasant, Virginia, between the combined forces of the Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes,

and Cayugas, and the soldiers under the command of General Lewis. The scene of action lay on the southern shore of the Ohio River. The troops, collected together from different parts of the country, amounting in all to about eleven hundred, were expecting the arrival of Governor Dunmore, whose men would augment their numbers to twenty-three hundred. They were divided into three regiments, one of which was commanded by Charles Lewis, another by Doctor Fleming, while the third was under the command of John Field; and all under the general command of Andrew Lewis. About half an hour before sunrise on the morning of Monday, the tenth day of October, some of the soldiers discovered the Indians about a mile from the camp. Others soon after came and communicated the same intelligence. The brave commander, who had served under Generals Washington and Braddock in the old French war, was not at all terrified at the approach of the hostile foe. He immediately ordered his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, and Colonel Fleming, to take out their companies and reconnoiter the ground. No sooner did they come in sight of the Indians than an engagement commenced, and it was not long until the war cry resounded throughout the American forces, and the battle became general. It was a hot and deadly conflict. The Indians, goaded to madness by the cruelties inflicted upon them and their fellow red men,

fought with a desperation and courage truly remarkable. No less remarkable was the discipline they sustained throughout the contest. But Logan was there, and his master spirit like a magnet held them together, and the tones of his eloquence, rising above the din of battle, inspired them with courage, and nerved them for the deadly strife. Soon both colonels fell in the battle, one dead, and the other wounded, having received three balls from the death-dealing rifle of the enemy. The fight became more and more terrific, and more and more terrible was the slaughter, the Indians evidently having the advantage, and gaining rapidly upon the forces of the whites.

For six long hours the battle had been raging without any cessation, and as the sun rose to high noon, and commenced his descent down the Western sky, it seemed to forebode the fate of the army. For one hour more the Americans fought breast to breast with the foe, but they were growing fewer and fewer in numbers, and weaker in power. The crisis was rapidly approaching, and soon the fate of the army would be decided; but just as they were about to abandon the field, or resign themselves into the hands of their enemies, the gallant Colonel Field, with his regiment, rushed to the scene of action. Alas! that it was to meet his death, for, like the ill-fated colonels who preceded him, a ball from some



unerring rifle pierced his heart, and the intrepid soldier fell dead on the spot where he was nobly fighting.

Still the battle raged. The fatigued troops, having been reinforced by the gallant conduct of Field's regiment, rallied their exhausted energies and fought on. The last rays of the sun were tinging the forest and flashing on the river, and still the fight lasted, but not with the same vigor and fury as before. As night approached a stratagem was resorted to. A company of the bravest men were ordered to ascend Crooked Creek, a small tributary of the Kanawha which emptied into that river a short distance from its mouth, for the purpose of gaining the rear of the enemy. But there was an eagle-eye upon their movements, and, fearing the result, night having arrived and spread its dark mantle over the forest, the Indians retreated; and thus terminated one of the most desperate and long-continued battles ever fought in the West. It was emphatically a Western battle, fought by Western pioneers, as there was not a man in that army who fought and fell, or survived the conflict, that did not hail from some region west of the Alleghanies.

Left dead upon that triangular spot of ground formed by the junction of the Ohio and Kanawha, were one half of the commissioned officers of that gallant army. Many were slain on both sides.

Cornstalk, for that was the name of the chief who had the general command of the Indians, retreated with his forces to Old Chillicothe, on the west bank of the Scioto, where the town of Westfall now stands, that being head-quarters, and the place from whence they had started out to intercept Lewis and his men, who were on their route to join Dunmore.

The Americans were well satisfied with the terrible conflicts of that eventful day, fatal as it was to many of their gallant officers and soldiers. After committing to the sepulcher in the midst of that forest the brave who fell in action, on the next day the army commenced their march through an unbroken wilderness to join the other wing, under Lord Dunmore, encamped on the Pickaway plains, on the Scioto, near a hundred miles distant. They did not leave, however, before establishing a small garrison at the Point, if for nothing else, to guard the sacred ashes of their dead.

After a fatiguing march, Colonel Lewis and his men arrived, and found Dunmore encamped in the neighborhood of the Indian town. Not far north were the ancient works of a forgotten race, who had constructed an immense circle of earth with gateways and a ditch surrounding the whole, like that which was made by Cyrus around the walls of Babylon, to divert the course of its river. Here in

the neighborhood stood Logan's cabin ; for since his mother, sister, and brother had fallen by the hands of a race he had more befriended than his own, he had turned away with despair and madness from the calm and quiet scenes of his rural life on the Ohio, to pitch his tent among his savage brethren, and with them unite his destiny forever. It was a hard struggle for a humane, generous son of a noble and generous father, the invariable friend of the whites, to break over the ties and associations that linked him to the friends of other days ; but there is a point of endurance beyond which the most magnanimous and generous spirit cannot go, and as the sweetest wines are said to make the strongest vinegar, so love and friendship sometimes turn to wormwood and gall. So it was with Logan ; the genial sunshine and the bright flowers of his life were changed by the cold, desolate winter of an adversity which left no ray to shine upon his heart and no bloom to shed happiness upon his life.

Can it be thought strange that he who, on returning home from a hunting excursion, should find his house desolate, his aged mother slain, his only brother and sister murdered in cold blood, suddenly, without warning or provocation—can it be thought strange that he should become an enemy of the race who could be guilty of such cruelty ? No. We only wonder at his forbearance.

The two branches of the army having united, and their force being such that it would be impossible for all the Indian tribes that could then be rallied to overcome the army of Dunmore, and seeing that they would soon be driven from the plains, a treaty of peace was concluded upon; and soon a white man, by the name of Elliot, is seen approaching the lines of the encampment of Dunmore's army with a flag of truce. Accordingly, though much to the dissatisfaction of the Virginians, who wished to avenge their loss at Point Pleasant, a council was held in the presence of the troops, consisting of upward of two thousand. Many Shawnee chiefs were there in council, but Cornstalk was the principal speaker. He boldly charged upon the whites the cause and consequences of the last war, and referred to the inhuman treatment of Logan and his family.

The Mingo chief was not there to speak for himself. It was not, however, because he was unavoidably detained, or that it was impossible for him to be present at the council. No; he was in his cabin, not many miles distant from the treaty ground; but his proud soul disdained to meet or treat with a race from whom he had received such inhuman treatment, and from whom he had a right to expect nothing but acts of kindness. Dunmore dispatched a messenger to bring him to the council, but he was deaf to all his entreaties. Taking the



messenger out a short distance from the cabin into the forest, they sat down on a log together, and there, while scalding tears chased each other down his manly cheeks, he recited the sad story of his wrongs.

The interview ended, and the messenger was about to depart, but, before leaving, he asked Logan what answer he should return to Governor Dunmore.

Rising from his seat, and straightening up his tall, graceful form, which had been bent with sadness as he spoke of the desolations wrought in his quiet, peaceful home by the hand of the white man, he said, in firm and commanding tones :

“Tell Lord Dunmore and his officers in council, that I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white man. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap, the last spring, in cold blood murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins

of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought, I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice in the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The following paraphrase of Logan's speech was written by J. D. Canning, Esq., of Massachusetts:

#### THE SHADE OF LOGAN.

Through the wilds of the West, in the fall of the year,  
A wanderer stray'd in pursuit of the deer;  
And clad in the garb of the hunter was he—  
The moccasin'd foot, and the bead-garter'd knee.

Though far toward sunrise the wanderer's home,  
He loved in the gardens of nature to roam;  
By her melodies charm'd, by her varying tale,  
He follow'd through forest and prairie her trail.

By the shore of a river at sunset he stray'd,  
And linger'd to rest 'neath a sycamore shade;  
For soft was the breath of the summer-like air,  
And the sweetest of scenes for a painter was there.

He mused: and in slumber the past was restored,  
When thy waters, Scioto, a wilderness shored!  
And the Shade of a Mingo before him uprose—  
The friend of the white man, the fear of his foes.

Erect and majestic his form as of yore ;  
The mists of the stream as a mantle he wore ;  
And o'er his dark bosom the bright wampum show'd,  
Like the hues of the bow on the folds of a cloud.

The tones of his voice were the accents of grief,  
For gloomy and sad was the Shade of the Chief ;  
And low as the strain of the whispering shell,  
His words on the ear of the slumberer fell :

“ I appeal to the white man ungrateful, to say  
If he e'er from my cabin went hungry away ?  
If naked and cold unto Logan he came,  
And he gave him no blanket, and kindled no flame ?

“ When war, long and bloody, last deluged the land,  
Not Logan was seen at the head of his band ;  
From his cabin he look'd for the fighting to cease,  
And, scorn'd by his brethren, wrought the wampum of peace.

“ My love to the white man was steadfast and true,  
Unlike the deep hatred my red brothers knew ;  
With him I had thought to have builded my home,  
No more o'er the forest and prairie to roam.

“ When the leaf which pale Autumn is withering now  
Was fresh from its budding, and green on the bough,  
Unprovoked, by the white man my kindred were slain,  
And Logan became the wild Indian again !

“ There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins  
Of any who lives—not a mortal remains !  
Not even my wife or my children were spared—  
All alike at the hand of the murderer shared !

“This call'd for revenge, and to seek it I rose;  
My hatchet is red with the blood of my foes,  
The ghosts of the dead are appeased by their sire—  
I have glutted my vengeance, and scorn to retire!

“I joy for my country that peace should appear,  
But think not that mine is the gladness of fear.  
Logan never felt fear. In the deadliest strife  
He'll not turn on his heel for the saving of life.

“Who is there to sorrow for Logan? Not one!”  
Thus spoke, and the Shade of the Mingo was gone!  
But, LOGAN, thy words in his mem'ry are borne,  
Who waking did mourn thee, and ever will mourn.

When Logan finished his message, Gibson departed for the camp of Lord Dunmore, and delivered it to him and his officers. The treaty progressed, and was finally concluded. A messenger was dispatched to Old Chillicothe, where Logan resided, who communicated the result to the Indians and whites who were there; that hostilities had ceased, peace was declared, the tomahawk was buried, and the white and red man were to live as friends. The intelligence received was a cause of general rejoicing. The soldiers, who had been dispatched by Dunmore to watch the movements of Logan after his message had been sent to the council, united with the Indians, and a general scene of backwoods festivity ensued, in which there was dancing



and frolicking, and firing of guns, and the air rung with the glad shouts of peace.

But Logan was not there. He had refused to enter into the treaty, and he could take no part in the celebration of a peace with those who had forfeited all right to his friendship. Had his friends and kindred been slain in honorable warfare, none would have been more ready than he to hail the approach of peace, or to unite with them in celebrating that event. But such was not the case; and feeling in his heart that he had no true friendship for such enemies, he could not and would not feign an amity that did not exist. Leaving his cabin, he started out on a hunting excursion, and pitched his camp near what was called the Big Spring, one of the most noted springs of clear living water to be found in the West, and now known as "Logan's Spring." The camp of Logan was on the hill, not far distant from the spring, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. Here, after the toils and fatigues of the chase, he would sit for hours in melancholy musing over the fate of those of his race who had passed away, and meditating upon the destiny which must sooner or later overtake the remainder, as the white man encroached upon their hunting grounds.

Early one morning, just as the sun tinged the tops of the trees of the forest, he rose as he was accus-

tomed, and left his camp to go down to the spring. It was a lovely morning. All nature lay in calm repose beneath the first blush of the morn, genial as the smile of a mother over the sleeping loved ones of her household. The birds, those early harbingers of day, were up, and caroling their matin songs among the trees and wild flowers which bloomed in fragrance around.

As Logan cast his eyes in the direction of the spring, he saw, stretched at full length upon its grassy border, a hunter, asleep, with his faithful dog beside him. The sight of the white man was the occasion, at once, of raising a tumult in that dark, deep sea of passion, which only slumbered when his thoughts were diverted to other objects than those which never failed to plow up the deepest furrows of his soul. Instinctively he raised his rifle to his eye, but at that moment the growl of the hunter's dog awoke his sleeping master.

The hunter had been out surveying the lands in the neighborhood of the spring, with a view of entering them as his own. In the evening, on arriving at the spring, at whose pure bright waters he quenched his thirst, fatigued and weary with the toils of the day, he partook of his venison and other articles of food which he had with him, and concluded to rest there for the night. He was a fine specimen of a backwoodsman, tall, well proportioned, and athletic. He seemed

formed for endurance as well as fleetness; and a backwoods training had qualified him for all the incidents and emergencies of a border life.

The growl of his dog, who lay close by his side, roused him from his slumbers. As he opened his eyes, the first object that met their gaze was the figure of an Indian warrior, reflected from the surface of the bright water, standing on the opposite hill, in the clear light of the morning, with his rifle at his shoulder, pointing toward him. Was it a dream? Was the image on the mirror-like surface of that transparent pool a mere shadow, without a substantial basis? Such might have been his impressions, but for the growl of his quick-scented, keen-eyed, ever-watchful dog, whose eyes were fastened upon a distant object. Without waiting a moment to confirm his suspicion, he seized his rifle and sprang to his feet. About fifty yards from him, as we have already described, on a hill overlooking the spring, stood an Indian, whose figure stood out boldly against the clear morning sky. There he stood, fixed as a statue, just as he had seen his form and attitude represented in the water. It is usual for Indians, as well as white men, when they meet a foe in the woods, armed, to fly to the covert of the nearest tree. But the Indian stirred not, neither did he fire. Just as the hunter was about to pull his trigger, the Indian lowered his rifle, and, throwing the barrel

upon his left arm, opened the pan and threw out the powder. Instantly the hunter did the same; and, throwing down his rifle, he bounded up the hill, and with outstretched hand, in token of peace and friendship, received the wonderful stranger.

Who but Logan, the Mingo chief and white man's friend, could have acted thus magnanimously, and, in danger of losing his life, thus set an example which every true and generous heart must regard with enthusiasm, as a species of moral sublimity rarely, if ever, equaled? Well did he say to Dunmore, "Logan knows no fear, and would not turn on his heel to save his life." How strongly does this contrast with the conduct of those who, on seeing an Indian canoe, filled by the wife and children of an Indian chief, floating on the placid waters of the Kanawha, sought the cover of the bushes which lined its margin, and from their ambuscade fired and killed the helpless and unprotected mother and her little ones!

But when that winding stream shall cease to flow, and mingle its waters with the "beautiful river," and the surrounding hills shall exist no more, the innocent and the guilty, the slain and the slayer, shall meet a judgment, from the decision of which neither power, nor wealth, nor influence can escape; whose Judge no arts can bribe, and whose decisions will be eternal.



Logan—the kind, generous-hearted, and magnanimous Mingo chief—has passed away. His ashes rest, if not in the same locality with his kindred, at least in the same common grave. To a world of spirits, beyond the dark and shoreless river,

“Whose waveless tide  
The known and unknown worlds divide,  
Where all must go,”

he has gone to mingle with the departed. On a grassy knoll in that rich and beautiful valley, watered by the Scioto, and not far from the very spot where he delivered his speech to General Gibson, among the wild flowers which nature has strewn over his grave, repose in silence all that remains of the once noble and manly form of Logan.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE MOUNTAIN HUNTER.

IN that wild, romantic region, in which the north branch of the Potomac takes its rise, there lived, in an early day, a family consisting of a man, his wife, and a son; the first and the last bearing the sobriquet of "Old Joe," and "Young Joe." Their cabin stood in a notch of the Alleghany Mountains, where nature appeared in her gloomiest, and grandest, and yet most romantic moods. Not a solitary human being had pitched his tent, or camp, or erected his cabin within thirty miles. Well could Old Joe exclaim, when from some craggy peak he looked down upon the interminable forest, with Alexander Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

None knew, who knew anything of the locality, which was obtained from Indians and hunters who sometimes penetrated the wilds, how or when he came there. Some even conjectured that he always lived there, and was a product of the mountain on

whose craggy sides he had his home. He was as much a child of nature as the Indian himself, and was perfectly familiar with all her moods. He took delight in baring his brow to the wild winds which, in winter's storm, swept in howling gusts over the mountain; or, away up amid the nursing-place of tempests, where, in summer storm, the lightnings seemed, as of old on cloud-covered Sinai, to issue like fiery darts from a magazine on its summit, has he gone up, like Moses, undaunted, and held communion with the God of the storm. There is a rapture enkindled in the heart of a child of nature, in witnessing her various phases and representations, more sublime and transporting than ever can be inspired by art. To him, when bleak and dreary winter comes, and the trees, stripped of their foliage, stretch out their skeleton arms, like giant sentinels on the mountain, and the earth is covered with a winding-sheet of snow, there are charms that the denizen of a city, wrapped up and shivering in his mantles of fur, never can discover. Or when summer comes, and spreads its smiles over mountain and valley, only such as breathe the air of the woods and mountains know the heaven of enjoyment imparted by her exhilarating breath.

Old Joe loved the solitudes of the wilderness as well as Cooper's wild "Nattie," when only an occasional band of Indian warriors crossed his immense hunting

grounds. After clearings had been made, and the eye, instead of resting upon thick forests, beheld fields of waving corn, one said to Nattie, who referred to the pleasure of the past, "It must have been a melancholy pleasure." "Nay," replied the hunter; "have I not told you it was cheerful; and that when the trees began to be covered with leaves, and the ice had melted away from the lake, it was a perfect paradise. But," said the hunter, "there was a more magnificent place away up in the Catskill Mountains, where I went often in search of wolves, bears, and panthers. Up there," pointing in the direction, "where the summit looks as blue as a piece of clear sky holding the clouds as a drapery, like the smoke which curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council fire. Just there, where one of the crags juts out and overhangs the river, and where the rocks thunder down, almost perpendicularly, a thousand feet, there," said the hunter, his eyes flashing with excitement, "there I see all creation. I was on that hill when Vaughn burned 'Sopus in the last war, and I saw the vessels come out of the Highlands. The river was in sight for seventy miles, under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles from where I stood to its banks. I could see the place where Albany stands, and the Hampshire Mountains, looking like haystacks of green grass under my feet; and the day the royal troops burned



the town, the smoke seemed so near that I thought I could almost hear the screams of the women. All that God has done, or man can do, is to be seen there.”

To the child of nature there is no solitude in the desert or on the mountain. The city, full of its teeming thousands, would be to him a desolate place. So felt Leather Stocking, so felt Boone, and so felt Old Joe. In his mountain home he was happy, and that happiness continued until the days of his earthly pilgrimage ended, and he breathed out his spirit into the hands of that God who gave it.

Young Joe had grown up to manhood, and such a manhood as would take the materials composing half a dozen young men of the present day to manufacture. His father was a large, athletic man, of fine form and Herculean strength, and his mother had the strength and endurance of a dozen modern ladies. From such a parentage everything might be expected in the way of strength, activity, and courage. Indeed, in physical strength, as well as size, he exceeded his father, and when at full maturity he was known by the name of Big Joe, in contradistinction from his father, Old Joe. As he would sometimes descend the mountain heights into the valleys, and penetrate the settlements which were here and there to be found, widely separated in the wilderness, for the purpose of exchanging the skins of the wild

beasts which he had slain, for powder, lead, and other articles for the use of the family, he became an object of attention far and near, not only on account of his enormous size, but for his strength and activity; and whenever a young man rose above his fellows in size, it would be said of him, "You will soon become as large as Big Joe." His strength as a wrestler and fighter, his activity as a racer, and his skill as a marksman, on these occasions had been repeatedly put to the test; but in all trials he came off the victor, and remained the lion of the mountain and the valley. Like all large, strong men, he was good natured, kind and gentle, always giving rather than taking the advantage of any of his competitors for the prize in the ring, the race-course, or target shooting. Everything was game to him, as he would throw down in rapid succession, one after another, of the pick and choice of the country. So in the race. Giving all the start, he would bound forth and distance all upon the course, sometimes, in his playful glee, seizing and carrying a competitor with him, and awarding him the prize, by casting him in advance at the goal. No one could beat him with the rifle, an instrument with which he was more familiar than the ax. He could load as he run, with the greatest ease, and his aim was unerring. His nerves of brass never allowed his gun to waver a hair's breadth from the sight of his eagle-eye, and if he

ever failed to make a center shot, it was the fault of the gun, and not the marksman. No Indian could match him in the use of the tomahawk, because none could throw it as far as he. In fine, all loved him, and none sought a quarrel with him; even those famed for their strength and pugilistic power, and whose envy was excited by the rivalry his presence among the settlers occasioned, though they would have given the world if they could have conquered him, never sought an opportunity for a fight, considering, as they did, prudence in such a case the better part of valor; for even a Tom Hyer or a Yankee Sullivan would have soon lost his wind in a contest with Big Joe. Though the latter class of which we have been speaking, formed an exception to our general remark about the esteem for the mountain hunter, yet they had too much respect for his power, and too great a fear of his arm, even

“To hint a fault,  
Or hesitate dislike.”

As it was, he commanded the homage and respect, if not the love, of all. Envy he had none, because there was nothing out of which to manufacture so base and ignoble a feeling. He was not, however, without ambition; nor was there ever a truly great and noble spirit in the world without such a God-given impulse to action. But his ambition was to

outrun, not by throwing impediments in the way of his competitor, or by crossing his track, but, giving all a start, and an open field, and fair play, to distance them in the race. Like the proud eagle of his native mountain, which in mighty circles sweeps away into mid-heaven, with its undazzled eye on the sun, leaving all the birds of the mountain below him, so he, above a mean act, and untempted by any lure to take advantage by any attempt to disparage or weaken the fame of his fellows, either in regard to skill, strength, or valor, sought only to soar above them by his own inherent power.

To all entreaties to leave his mountain home, and take up his abode in the settlements, he turned a deaf ear. He loved the creations of God as seen in their native, unadorned wildness and beauty, more than all the creations of man; and after the sports were ended, in all of which he entered with spirit and glee, and he had supplied himself with powder and lead, he would return to his home, as the eagle to his eyrie, on the mountain. The only living beings he would see for months were deer, bears, wolves, and panthers, and the various tribes of animals inhabiting a primeval forest.

His solitude, however, in process of time, was broken in upon, and his sacred retreat in danger of being too closely invaded. One man erected his camp six miles east of him, and he could sometimes



hear the report of his rifle in the woods. Another erected a cabin about the same distance in a westerly direction; and, finally, a hunter, with a numerous family, came and pitched his cabin within the short distance of three miles. We have said he was not envious; and to show that no such feeling existed in his mind, or that the slightest degree of selfishness had disturbed the deep, calm quiet of his transparent soul, what he might, by the laws of squatter government, have claimed as his own, he cheerfully relinquished to the new comers, and, bidding adieu to the cabin where he was born, and dropping a tear upon the mountain burial-place of his father and mother, he started for more distant Western wilds, and pitched his camp where he could not hear the crack of another's rifle. The time of his departure was in the spring of 1787. He bent his course toward the setting sun, and, after traveling upward of a thousand miles, he at length called a halt a little south of Green River, in Kentucky. Those who are acquainted with that section of the country, know that many portions now, after the lapse of more than half a century since Big Joe took up his abode there, is still unbroken by the hand of civilization. Here Joe found plenty of game, and, as he knew of no settlers within many miles of him, he concluded, for the time being at least, to take up his abode in that region, and accordingly pitched his camp and lighted his fire.

After remaining in his new location for some time unmolested, his retreat was found by a Kentucky hunter. The Southern Indians had invaded the country. A desperate battle had been fought, several years before, on the southern side of the Ohio River, where the gallant Lewis fell. Boone and Kenton had established forts in Kentucky, and every effort was made to defend the settlements. The object of the hunter was to apprise Joe of the anticipated approach of the Indians, and, it being necessary to unite all the forces of the whites, to invite him to join them in defending their homes. To this reasonable request he of course could make no objection; so once more leaving his habitation, he started out with the hunter for the settlements. He had not been long with his new-made friends until an attack was made. The Indians came in great numbers. A rude fort had been erected, and the women and children were placed within it for security. Having been informed by spies, sent out for the purpose of reconnoitering, of their approach, and the direction in which they were coming, the little band went out to meet them. Joe was comparatively a stranger to all of them, and, as true courage never sounds its own trumpet, none knew the full character of their friend and ally until it was tested. That opportunity soon presented itself, and when foe met foe in deadly strife, foremost and in the thickest of the fight, which, after the first shots

were exchanged, was hand to hand, was to be seen the mountain hunter, spreading death and destruction at every blow, until he had fairly made a path through the entire ranks of the enemy, leaving the slain in his wake. He swept through them with the power and impetuosity of a hurricane, which levels the forest in its course. It was the first time he had been roused to fight, the first battle in which he had ever been. He knew nothing of military tactics or of Indian warfare ; and, following his own impetuous nature, he seemed like a giant, crushing all before him. Though he made such fearful slaughter, yet his comrades were overpowered by numbers, and ere he had slain the last man in his track of death, they had retreated to the fort, leaving him alone with the enemy. He could run as well as fight, and, knowing that his services might be needed for another occasion, he fled, taking a circuit for the fort. Tomahawks flew by him and fleet-footed Indians pursued him, but he distanced all and gained the fort, to the joy of his comrades. Several brave hunters fell on that well-fought field, but a tenfold greater number of Indian warriors.

They were in constant expectation of another attack, but they were too weak in numbers to leave the fort and meet the enemy again in the woods. Accordingly, they made every preparation, and resolved to defend themselves, their wives and

children, to the last. Such confinement did not suit our hero. To be shut up in a fort was as galling to his feelings, as the cage would be to the lion or the eagle; and he became restless and uneasy. One day he proposed to some of them to go out into the woods with him, for the purpose of hunting the cows; but knowing the danger better, or fearing it more, than he did, to all his entreaties they were silent. Finding, at length; that he could get no one to accompany him, he started out alone, on horseback, taking with him his true and trusty rifle. The whole forenoon was spent in scouring the woods for many miles around the fort. In all his travels he found no cattle. They had either been killed, or driven off by the Indians. The descending sun indicated the approach of evening, and he turned his horse in the direction of the fort. As he was pursuing the path, he came to a luxuriant vine, from whose pendent branches hung large clusters of grapes. As he had taken no food during the day, he concluded to stay his appetite with the fruit which hung so invitingly in his path. Laying his gun across the pommel of his saddle, and taking off his cap, he commenced filling it with grapes.

He had been watched. Evil eyes, intent on his destruction, and burning with revenge for the losses they had sustained by his dreadful arm, are fastened on him; and from both sides of the path the crack of deadly rifles is heard. The ball of one struck him



in the breast, inflicting a severe but not dangerous flesh-wound; the ball of the other pierced the noble animal on which he was seated, and he fell dead under him. Springing to his feet in an instant, with his rifle in his hand, he might have fled, and no foot could have overtaken him, though wounded, and bleeding profusely. But the lion was roused, and he would rather die than run from foes so base. The moment the guns were fired, one of the Indians, a giant in size, like himself, seeing the blood streaming from the bare breast of the hunter, gave a yell of savage delight, and sprang toward him with tomahawk in hand. The eye of Joe was upon him, and his gun to his eye, ready, as soon as he approached near enough, to make a sure shot. As soon as the Indian saw the hunter's gun leveled, he darted, quick as thought, behind a tree, not quite large enough, however, to cover his person. Finding that he was not safe from the aim of a backwoods rifleman, he sprang to another; but that was also not quite large enough to protect him from the fire. As a last resort, he kept bounding from one to the other, with his eye intently fixed on the hunter.

But the other Indian, where was he? Just there, in another direction, behind a tree, in the act of ramming down his bullet preparatory to firing again. Only a very small part of his person was exposed, and that was produced by the slight curvature of his back

made by the action necessary for forcing down the ball. The keen eye of the hunter was upon him, and instantly turning, he leveled his rifle and fired. The Indian's back was broken by the unerring ball. Another yell, more terrific than the scream of a panther, waked the echoes of the forest, and the big Indian was now bounding toward his victim. When he had approached within tomahawk distance, for he feared a personal encounter, he halted, and threw it with all his force; but the eagle eye saw the deadly weapon: it was dodged, and flew far out of the reach of either of the combatants. The Indian then, as he saw Joe coming, jumped into the brush. Joe had clubbed his gun, and making a blow which the Indian dodged, the stock was shivered to atoms against a tree standing close by. He made another blow, and such was its force, that, meeting with no resistance, the Indian again having dodged it, the naked barrel flew out of his hands, beyond the reach of both. At this the Indian gave another yell. They were now equal, unarmed; two of nature's children, in giant strength and manhood. One, however, was wounded and bleeding, the other unharmed. They grappled. The struggle was short. Almost in an instant, the Indian was thrown full length upon the ground. But he could not be held there, even by the strong grip of the lion hunter. He was naked, except about the waist, and his skin had been saturated with bear's

oil. Six times did he gain his feet, and six times were they knocked from under him, with all the ease that a nine-pin could be tripped by the ball, but with greater certainty.

But Joe was growing faint from loss of blood, and it became obvious that something more decisive must be done to terminate the contest. Besides, he knew not to what extent the other Indian had been wounded, and it became him to change his mode of warfare. This last consideration decided the fate of the poor Indian. Joe might have played with him as a cat with a mouse, and saved his life, but that there was greater danger of losing his own. The last time he threw the Indian, he did not attempt to hold him, but springing from him, he aimed a blow with his fist at his head, just as the Indian was in the act of rising. It came with crushing power, and the Indian fell as if he had been smitten with a thunder bolt. Again he tried to rise, and again the terrible blow sent him back again to the earth. At the third blow the Indian fell heavily, as if dead. To make sure work, he grasped him by the throat with his left hand, leaving the other free for any contingencies that might occur. Just as he was about to give him the death grip, the Indian slipped his knife from its sheath by his side; but it was too late, the agony was over, and the spirit of the Indian had gone where earthly conflicts are unknown. We know

not which to pity the most, the fate of the Indian, or the sad necessity which impelled the generous-hearted hunter to take his life.

When Joe rose from that fearful contest, and looked in the direction of the other Indian, he had crawled some distance toward them, and had propped his broken back against a log, endeavoring to raise his rifle to fire. Seeing his helpless condition, and being unwilling even to run the risk of being shot by a crippled Indian, he walked off leisurely toward the fort. It was night when he arrived, and, covered as he was, from head to foot, with blood and earth, hatless and gunless, he presented a singular spectacle to his comrades. When he related his adventure, they could scarcely believe him. He, however, quieted all their suspicions by telling them the work would show for itself; and promising them in the morning to take them to the scene of conflict, he had his wounds dressed and retired for the night.

When the morning came, a company was raised, and they started. On arriving at the spot, they found the dead horse, and the ground torn up considerably for some distance around, but they found no dead Indian, or any appearance of one. This was a mystery to Joe, and his companions thought they were hoaxed. At length, one of them found a trail in the leaves, which looked as if it had been made



by dragging some heavy body along the ground. This trail was followed, and about one hundred yards from the path they saw the big Indian lying beside a log, covered up with leaves. As the wounded Indian was obliged to crawl, in consequence of his back being broken, he would also leave a track in the leaves, which was soon found, though not so plain as the other. After following it about two hundred yards further, they found him lying on his back, dead. He had taken his own knife, and with it stabbed himself to the heart, preferring thus to die, than to fall by the hand of the pale face. On returning to the spot where the conflict occurred, search was made for the knife of the big Indian, and it was at length found, driven down into the earth, even with the surface.

In all his after life the name of the mountain hunter was as full of terror to the Indians as it was of delight to the frontier settlers. If he was about in camp, or fort, or field, mothers with their little ones went to rest with a greater sense of security. The very fear and dread of the man by the Indians, we have no doubt, saved hundreds of lives where his right arm destroyed one. We say that Washington was raised by an overruling Providence for the times in which he lived, and so of other heroes and benefactors. May we not say the same of Big Joe?

Some years after peace was restored and Indian

depredations ceased, the frontiers were infested with a gang of outlaws, who engaged in the nefarious business of horse-stealing and counterfeiting, and who secreted themselves in the depths of the wilderness and in the caves of the mountains. It required a man of the nerve of Israel Putnam, the wolf-killer, to beard these desperadoes in their den. In the person of Big Joe a man was found every way adequate to the task, and, accordingly, he formed a company denominated "Regulators," which started out on an expedition against the lawless banditti. While engaged in this enterprise, in a desperate contest which ensued at one of their strongholds, that brave, valorous, and self-sacrificing man lost his life.

May we not say of him what Washington is represented as saying of Harvey Birch, in the *Spy*, a tale of the neutral ground, "He was a faithful and unrequited servant of his country; though man did not, may God reward him for his conduct." He was, as we have said, a child of nature. He grew up in the forest, among wild beasts and savage men, and to him little was given beyond natural endowments; at least, he did not receive any of the advantages connected with moral and intellectual culture; of him we know but little will be required by the Creator and Judge of all, in that day when every man shall receive in accordance with his works.

## CHAPTER XI.

## INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

IN the year 1791 there lived, on the east side of the Alleghany River, about two miles above Pittsburgh, two brothers, the elder of whom was married, who had settled on a small piece of ground and had opened a farm. One day, while the younger was engaged at work in the field about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, an Indian approached him, and, deliberately taking his ax out of his hand, and placing it alongside of his rifle on his shoulder, he took him by the hand, and, pointing out the direction he wished him to go, began to urge him forward. The youth, taking him for a peaceful Indian, and supposing he wished him to do some chopping for him, yielded to his directions, and started. They had not entered the woods a great distance until they arrived at the Indian's camp. Suspecting that all was not right, the young man made an effort to escape, and started to run, but he was soon overtaken by the Indian, who threw him violently upon his face, and, taking a rope which he had about his person, he tied

his hands behind his back, and, raising him from the ground, commanded him, by signs, to follow. They had not proceeded far until they fell in with another Indian, who spoke English, and who assured him that it would be useless for him to try to make his escape, and if he did so again, he would be tomahawked and his scalp taken to the Indian town.

Pursuing their journey through the wilderness, they at length arrived at the crossings of Big Beaver, about twenty miles from the mouth of that stream, and nearly on a direct line between Pittsburgh and New-Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas River. Crossing the river on a raft, which the Indians constructed of some branches of trees, they crept into a cave in the rock, where, without fire or food, they remained till morning. They were afraid to make a fire, lest they might be discovered by the hunters; and as they had already run a risk of being detected by the sound of the ax, in chopping branches for the raft, they were the more cautious. When morning came the Indian who had captured the boy delivered him over to the safe-keeping of the other, charging him strictly not to let him escape. On they traveled, weary and hungry, until toward the close of another day, when the Indian, feeling the pressing wants of his appetite, said to his captive, after having kindled a fire, "If I thought you would not run away, I would leave you here, and go and kill some game."



The youth, being quite as anxious as he to have something to eat, assured him that he would not leave the spot until he returned. Fearing, however, to trust his word, he tied him to a sapling a short distance from the fire, and departed. The position was itself not only uncomfortable, but the young man was weary with travel, and faint for the want of food. He accordingly made an effort to disengage himself, and by patient perseverance, finally succeeded in untying the rope. He did not attempt to run away. That would have been useless, as he knew not which course to take, and might perish in the woods; besides, he would be as likely to run into the track of the Indian as to escape it. He, therefore, went to the fire, and laid down by it to rest. In about an hour the Indian returned, but without any game, and, being surprised at finding his prisoner released, asked him why he untied himself. The captive told him he was cold, and wanted to warm himself. "You no run away, then?" "O no," said the young man; "I don't wish to run away." He then gave as a reason for his returning so soon and without game, that there were Indians close by, and he was afraid they would discover him and take him away, finding him alone. They then went to the camp of the Indians. What was the joy of the captive to find among the party some Indians who were acquainted with him intimately,

and who had often been at his home! They expressed surprise, as well as joy, at seeing him, and gave him plenty of food to eat. Here they tarried all night, and next morning they all started together for the Tuscarawas. After traveling two days, they at length arrived late in the evening, where they met the main body of the hunters and warriors from the Alleghany, having made that point their place of rendezvous. Among the Indians assembled, composed of different tribes, were two captives, a man and his wife, by the name of Dick. These, to the astonishment of the young man, were persons with whom he was acquainted, having been his nearest neighbors.

As soon as he had an opportunity, and was allowed the privilege, he went to that part of the encampment where they were confined, and making himself known, they were allowed to have an hour's conversation together. From them the young man received intelligence that two of their neighbors, with whom he was well acquainted, had been killed by the Indians, one in his own house, and the other near his dwelling.

After remaining a few days, ten of the Indians were sent to Pittsburgh, with instructions from the chiefs to feign themselves friendly, for the purpose of trading with the inhabitants. Among the number was the one who had taken the young captive.

When they returned, which they did in about two weeks, well supplied with store goods, ammunition, and whisky, the company divided, part going in one direction, and part in another. The Indian who had taken the young man into captivity, united with the party they met on their way to Tuscarawas, and they started for Sandusky. When within about a day's journey of an Indian town, where Fort Seneca was afterward built, they met two warriors on the war path to the frontiers. With the whisky which had been supplied them, the warriors soon became intoxicated, and one of them, out of mere recklessness or malice to the whites, fell on the youth, and beat him most unmercifully. The probability is, that he would have killed him if he had not taken advantage of the darkness of the night, and made his escape to a log in the woods, where he secreted himself till morning. Being missed, search was made for him with lights in the woods, in every direction; but he was so securely concealed his hiding-place was not found. From his position he could see what was going on in the camp; and when morning came, and the drunken warriors started on their journey, he came from his place of concealment, and was gladly received by the company, who expressed sympathy for him on account of the bruises he had received from the savage warrior.

When they got in sight of the Indian town they halted, as is the Indian custom, to make preparation for a grand *entrée*. When all things were in readiness they commenced their march, yelling and whooping most frightfully. The Indians, hearing the sound, came out and received them with corresponding yells. Seeing they had a captive in the person of a stout young pale face, they commenced arranging the gauntlet lines. In this ceremony all take a part. The young man, wounded and bruised as he was, could not escape the ordeal. He was informed that he must pass through the lines, and take whatever came. As he passed, every one gave him a stroke, until finally he was felled to the earth; and, pouncing upon him, like bloodhounds on a prey, they would have dispatched him, had it not been for the timely interference of the athletic and powerful Captain Pipe, who subsequently burned Colonel Crawford at the stake on the Pickaway Plains. Pipe, throwing aside the young man's enemies, seized him by the arm, and, bearing him almost like a child through the air, reached the end of the lines, when the ceremony ceased. Many a pale face has had his back scored with the blows of the gauntlet. When it was over, those who had been the most savage in inflicting stripes were the most ready in offering commiseration; he was stripped, taken to the river near at hand, and his stripes washed and



bound up. It was not until after two months that he recovered from the beating of the drunken warrior and the stripes of the gauntlet. After remaining some time at the Seneca towns, his captor having taken a wife, concluded on another tour; and, taking him along with them, they journeyed through the Black Swamp, toward the Maumee towns. The journey was painful and difficult; but, notwithstanding his disabled condition, he kept up with the Indian and his wife until they arrived at the Auglaize River. Here his captor met an Indian whom he called his brother; and the captive being presented to him, he was, after due ceremony, adopted into his family, and received the name of the son of Big Cat. In this family every kindness was shown him that savages are capable of manifesting. They taught him their religion and ceremonies. They instructed him in the use of the bow, and how to throw a tomahawk, as well as how to hunt.

During the summer they remained mostly in their encampment, on the bank of the Auglaize, cultivating a field of corn consisting of seven acres; and in the winter they started out on their hunting excursions. The finest hunting grounds, in that day, lay along the Licking River and Jonathan's Creek, in what is now Licking, Muskingum, Perry, and other counties; and in the valleys of the Scioto and Hockhocking; the former now including Franklin, Ross, Pike, and

Scioto, and the latter Fairfield, Pickaway, Hocking, and Athens counties, all now densely populated, and from which the wild game is mostly scared away.

During his continuance with this Indian family, every attention was paid to his wants, and he was with the utmost care instructed in everthing pertaining to their religion. The time passed so pleasantly that he almost forgot that he was a captive, and though he occasionally sighed for home, his despondency on that account would soon be dispelled by the ever-varying excitements by which he was surrounded. Having returned with his adopted father and brothers, one day, from the hunt, they were surprised at finding the Indian town in an uproar of excitement and confusion. Rumors had reached them, that an army of white men had entered the country, and they expected every moment to be attacked. Soon as things could be got in readiness, the squaws and boys were removed, with the goods, to an encampment further down the Maumee, where they were to remain until after the war.

The chief and his braves started for the scene of conflict, and were engaged in the battles fought with the army of St. Clair, whose defeat we have narrated in a preceding chapter. Having returned with the spoils of war, the families were removed back to the town. Among that portion which fell to Big

Cat were two fine horses and four tents, one of which, was the splendid marquee of the general. This was pitched, and became the residence of the family. With him, also, he brought axes, guns, soldiers' uniforms, &c., and one belonging to an officer who had fallen, which would fit the captive youth, was given to him. Many prisoners had been taken, and when, some time afterward, the young man visited the Chippewas, at their town, he saw and conversed with the young men Patton, Choate, and Stacy, who had been taken captive at the massacre at Big Bottom. He also saw young Spencer, who was taken captive at Cincinnati. The latter he found at the rapids on the Maumee. Choate obtained a liberation before any of his companions, and the story, as communicated by an Indian, is one of affecting interest. He was observed by one of his captors sitting on a log, with a downcast and melancholy look. As he approached him he said,

“What makes you look so sorry?”

“I cannot help it,” he replied. “I am thinking about my wife and children, and no one to provide for them.”

“I,” said the Indian, with a tear glistening in his eye, as he turned away his head to conceal his emotion, “I, too, have a squaw and children, and I would feel sorry if I was taken away from them.”

Saying this, he advanced, and putting his hand on

the prisoner's head, remarked: "You shall not stay away from your wife and children. I will let you go home; but I will not turn you out alone in the woods: I will go with you."

The next morning, before the sun's rays lighted up the forest, having got all things in readiness, they started. They struck for the Muskingum, on the banks of which his family resided, and after having arrived on its banks, the Indian, taking Choate by the hand, bade him, in the name of the Great Spirit, good speed to his wife and children.

Dick and his wife subsequently made their escape, and going to Chillicothe, they there took up their abode. Mrs. Dick's escape was effected in a singular manner. She was sent for by a black man, a servant of McKee and Elliott, who, finding her in the woods, took her to a boat, and she was headed up in an empty hogshead. The Indians scoured the woods for her; came and examined every part of the boat, and turned over the cargo, but she was nowhere to be found. The black man was also sent to effect the liberation of the young captive; but he was too closely watched to allow any opportunity of escape.

In the summer of 1794 he started out with a party on a candle-light hunt, in the forks of the Auglaize. The expedition was a successful one, and after remaining two months, well laden with game and



skins, they moved for home. What was their astonishment, on returning to the town, to find it deserted. Supposing the inhabitants had gone to the rapids, as is customary every year, to receive presents, they encamped on the lower island, in the middle of a corn field. In the morning they were aroused from their slumbers by the loud yell of a savage, whose war-whoop conveyed to every Indian's ear the intelligence that the enemy was upon them. Instantly the hunting party scattered, and they had scarcely left their camp when the Kentucky riflemen, seeing their smoke, entered it. Not being able to take anything with them but their guns, the Kentuckians took all their game and skins. Wayne was only four miles from the Indian town, and this was the van-guard of the army. The hunters finally met at the rapids, but they had not been there more than two or three days, until Wayne's spies came into the camp, and fired upon the Indians. Several were killed, and many wounded. The Indians returned the fire, and the spies fleeing, were pursued. One of them, by the name of May, was chased to a smooth rock in the bed of the Maumee, where his horse fell, and he was captured, while the remainder made their escape. When he was brought into the camp, he was recognized as having been a prisoner in one of the tribes before, but had made his escape. The chiefs said to him, that they

knew him, and that it would be impossible for him to escape the second time.

Near the British fort, at the edge of the clearing, was a large oak tree. Taking the prisoner, they bound him to this tree. He was adjudged to be shot, and, a company of Indians being called out as his executioners, a volley was fired, and his body was pierced by every shot from the deadly rifle.

The battle which ensued at this time, between the Indians and Wayne's army, resulted in a treaty of peace, and a consequent cessation of hostilities. Big Cat took his family to Fort Defiance, and, halting a short distance this side, he took his captive over with him, and, placing him in the midst of the officers, he said :

“My son, there are men of the same color as yourself. There may be some of your kin there, or your kin may be a great way off from you. You have lived a long time with us. I call on you to say, if I have not been a father to you; if I have not used you as a father would his son?”

The young man, who had been five years in the family, and who was much attached to the chief and his children, all of whom wept at his leaving, could but reply, “Yes, you have been as kind to me as a father could be.”

“I am glad,” said Big Cat, “to hear you say so. You have lived long with me; you have hunted for

me; but our treaty says you must be free. If you choose to go with the people of your own color, I have no right to say a word; but if you choose to stay with me, your people have no right to speak. Now reflect on it, and take your choice, and, when you have made up your mind, tell me."

The young man was now grown. Thoughts of home and friends came rushing upon him, mingling with the affection he had for his Indian father, and the children he left crying after him at the camp. Much, however, as he had become attached to the Indians and a hunter's life, in the then wilds of Ohio, and its ever-varying and exciting scenes, the ties of kindred and the influence of early associations prevailed, and he replied at length, with tremulous emotion, "I will go with my kin."

The chief replied, "I have raised you; I have taught you to hunt—you are a good hunter—you have been better to me than my own sons; I am now getting old, and soon will not be able to hunt any more. I thought you would be a support to my age—a staff on which I might lean; but now that staff is broken. You are going to leave me, and I have no right to say one word; but I am ruined," and, sinking into his seat, he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears. The young man, too, was overcome with emotion, and bent over his Indian father with grief. But he had fully resolved

to return to the abodes of the white man; and, taking the old chief's hand, he bade him farewell, and left the fort, never to look upon that kind-hearted, honest face again. Having been furnished with a horse, he started for Fort Greenville, in company with Lieutenant Blue, who treated him kindly, and had a suit of clothes made for him to exchange for his Indian dress. Except in his color, and that was dark, his face and hands being much bronzed by exposure to the wind and sun, he was in every other respect an Indian, being now able to speak the Delaware language as well as his mother tongue.

After remaining at the fort about one week, a company of men arrived from Cincinnati, among whom was a brother-in-law of his brother, with whom he lived, and from whose field he was taken. From him he learned about home, and was also informed that he had a sister who had married since his captivity, and was then living about nine miles from Cincinnati, on the banks of the Licking, in Kentucky. This to him was joyful intelligence, and he soon started for her residence, where he was received as one raised from the dead. Being fond of hunting, he went out to hunt for the neighbors, receiving, for every deer he killed, a dollar, and for each turkey twelve and a half pence. In this he was quite successful, and made a considerable



sum. Having made enough to purchase a horse and an outfit for travel, he started to his brother's in Pennsylvania. So great had been the change wrought in his appearance during his absence, that he was not known; but when the brother and his wife became satisfied that he was their lost brother, they were overjoyed. After remaining some time with his brother, he returned to Ohio, and settled on the Scioto, within the hunting grounds he traversed when in captivity, on a spot where the city of Columbus, the capital of the State of Ohio, now stands, and where he lives to this day.

In this connection we will relate another remarkable captivity, which occurred at about the same time. A young man, residing in New-Jersey, who had reached his majority, started out to the Western wilds to seek his fortune. Having crossed that great barrier in those days, the Alleghany Mountains, he reached the banks of the Ohio, in Western Virginia, where he engaged in farming in the summer time, and teaching school in the winter. In many sections of the West, even to this day, all the schooling the children get, is what can be obtained during three months in the winter season, from an itinerant schoolmaster, whose highest attainments are comprised in a knowledge of reading, writing, and ciphering to the single rule of three; and should any boy or girl be fortunate enough to fathom

the mysteries of the latter branch to that extent, they are looked upon as prodigies in "larnin'." Times, however, have wonderfully changed in this respect.

Our young aspirant for wealth and literary distinction was not a whit, however, behind his illustrious compeers in "teaching the young idea how to shoot." We have said part of his time was engaged in farming, and three months in school-teaching; but this did not consume the whole time, nor did it exhaust the capabilities of the young man. He spent about four months of the year as a ranger, at the Mingo town, about twenty miles above Wheeling. After being engaged in farming, school-teaching, and ranging among the Indians in the wilds, he concluded to penetrate further into the West. Accordingly, embarking on a flat-boat, he started down the Ohio, in company with a fleet of others, numbering, in all, nineteen. It was necessary then, as a protection from the Indians, that boats should go in company. It was in the spring of the year; and, as the river was high, the passage was quickly made from Wheeling to Limestone, now Maysville, where they landed. Having reached his journey's end, our schoolmaster again opened a school, and commenced teaching the children of the pioneer settlers in the rudiments of an English education. While here, he became acquainted with Nathaniel Massie, the pioneer surveyor, and founder of the town of Manches-

ter, on the Ohio River. Massie was desirous of having him go over to his fort, in the then Northwestern Territory; and being pleased with the man, as well as desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with the art of surveying, he complied with his request. Accordingly, the following spring, he took up his residence in Massie's fort. A gentleman having arrived from Kentucky, who was desirous of entering some land, Mr. Massie requested the schoolmaster to accompany him, and assist in laying it out. In the fort was a young man by the name of William Lytle, who had some knowledge of surveying, and they all started together. They took passage up the river in a canoe, for about four miles, when they entered the mouth of a creek now bearing the name of the Schoolmaster. Here they landed; and, making a point, Lytle and the schoolmaster carrying the chain, Massie proceeded to survey and lay off the grounds. After proceeding about one hundred and fifty poles, they came to a large mound, which attracted their attention. While pointing out to the purchaser the eligibility of the site for a dwelling, they were startled by the approach of a party of Indians. Instantly dropping the compass and chain, they started at full speed, the Indians after them in hot pursuit. Arriving at a deep ravine, all cleared it but the schoolmaster, whose foot becoming entangled in a vine, as he was about making the spring, he fell near

the opposite bank. Three warriors were immediately by his side, and, before he had risen, presented their guns to his breast, as though they would shoot him on the spot; but, before they fired, their attention was diverted by Lytle's hat, which came whizzing back, he being but a short distance in advance, and having thrown it to prevent their fire. Seeing the prisoner made no resistance, they brought down their guns, and one of them offered him his hand, to assist him in rising. The Indians then took their captive to the bank of the river, and gathering up their plunder, and bidding him follow, they departed. After traveling the remainder of the day, they encamped at night on the waters of Eagle Creek. The next morning they took an early start in the rain. As they journeyed on, they had several runs and branches to cross, some of which were quite high and dangerous. A tall, athletic Indian, seeing the prisoner was fearful about crossing, would put his arm in his, and assist him in getting over. On Sunday morning, the Indians, having killed two bears, and jerked the meat, put it up in a rude box which they constructed, and placed it on the prisoner's back. It weighed about fifty pounds; and, after carrying it for some time, until he was exhausted and his back galled, he threw it down. At this they raised a great laugh among themselves. After their merriment subsided they examined his back, and finding it chafed and



sore, they applied some bear's oil, and, replacing the burden, journeyed on. He did not travel far until he threw it down a second time ; and the strong, friendly Indian, throwing it upon his own back, they pursued their way. Thus they continued in Indian file, the prisoner in the center, until they arrived at the Shawnee camp, where they halted. Here they made an Indian of their prisoner, by pulling out all his hair except a tuft on the top, which was inclosed in a band, and decorated with turkey feathers. Next they bored a hole through his nose, and inserted a ring. The camp was large, and quite a number of warriors had collected there.

One day an Indian spy came, and informed them of the destruction of a large party of Indians on the Ohio. The intelligence alarmed them, and the horses were caught up, amounting to a hundred, and packed ready for a departure. Early next morning they were on their march ; and before Kenton arrived, with his ninety men, who were in pursuit, they were far on their journey. In the evening they encamped on the edge of a prairie. After taking supper on roasted undressed raccoon, they retired to rest. The prisoner was tied, and placed between two warriors, each one lying on the ends of the rope which secured him. When all was still, and sleep had closed the senses of the warriors, the prisoner commenced trying to effect his escape. The rope was made of bark, and

he began to gnaw it with his teeth. Thus he continued until near daybreak, when at length he succeeded in accomplishing his object. Crawling off on his hands and feet, he succeeded in getting to a log near the prairie, where he sat down for the purpose of putting on his moccasins. One was on; but while in the act of putting on the other, he was missed, and the alarm raised. Instead of entering the prairie, they took the back track through the woods, supposing, of course, he had gone in that direction. Soon as he heard the yell, he started, and crossing a portion of the prairie, he entered the woods, taking the poorest ridges, and, when coming to logs, running along them, and crossing from one to another, to blind his track. Thus he continued until ten o'clock, when, ascending a ridge, weary and faint, he crept in between two logs, and soon fell asleep. His slumber was so profound that he did not wake until the sun was going down. Where he was, he knew not; nor how far from or near to his savage foes. Springing to his feet, he traveled on until he found a hollow tree, into which he crept, and slept until morning. Much refreshed, though with blistered feet, and hungry, he continued his journey, until, after several days' travel, during which time all he had to eat was a couple of turkey's eggs, he reached the Miami River. He followed this stream down until he struck Harmar's trace, made the previous fall. Seeing a

horse, he caught him, and putting on him a bark bridle, he mounted him, but it was only to be thrown by the wild animal. Not disheartened, he caught him, and sprang upon his back again, but again he was thrown, more violently than before, and lay for some time insensible. After recovering, he resumed his journey. His feet had become entirely bare, and being exposed to briars and thorns, were much swollen, and so sore that he could scarcely walk. He felt that it would be impossible for him to proceed much further, and he began to resign himself to his fate. He knew not how far he was from the Ohio River, and there were no settlements between him and that point. The horrible idea of starvation at last came upon him, and in gloomy despair he laid himself down at the root of a tree to die.

Scarcely had his head touched the mossy root, ere he fell into a slumber. It was not, however, a profound sleep, for he dreamed; and as dreams usually indicate the mind's anxieties, so he imagined himself, like the pilgrim in Bunyan's "Progress," asleep on enchanted ground. In his dream he was admonished by some kind one to wake and pursue his journey; for he was not far from the city of deliverance, and by perseverance he would reach it before night. He awoke, and feeling that new life was infused into him by the hope the dream inspired, he hastened on. But his physical energies could not keep pace with his

excited imagination, and, after traveling a short distance, he sank to the earth, exhausted. A darkness came over him, and he felt that his hour was come. He dreamed again, and again he was urged to proceed, being assured that before the setting sun he would see the river and find deliverance. Rousing from his lethargy, he summoned all his remaining energy, and moved onward. He had not proceeded far until he ascended an elevated but broken plain; and he thought he could discover, in the distance, an opening in the forest. This inspired him with fresh courage, and he hastened his steps. He was now descending the side of the river hill, and ere he had got half way down, he heard the sound of an ax, the well-known harbinger of civilization. The sound was sweet to his ears, as the harps of the blessed to the pilgrim when he crossed the river. He had reached the suburbs of Fort Washington, and proceeding cautiously, for fear of alarming the chopper, looking, as he did, like an Indian, he succeeded in getting within speaking distance, and hailed him. The backwoodsman, Mr. William Woodward, subsequently founder of the Woodward High School, on seeing a savage-looking person before him, exclaimed,

“In the name of God, who are you?”

The schoolmaster replied, “I have been a prisoner, and have escaped from the Indians.”

At this Woodward invited him to approach, and,



seeing his helpless condition, caught a horse, and helping him on its back, he led it, with its rider, to his house which was some distance from the lot in which he was clearing. The settlers, surprised at the singular appearance of the white Indian on horseback, began to gather, and before Woodward reached his dwelling quite a number had collected. It was difficult to convince many of them that he was not a spy. Every attention and kindness was shown him by his host. Clothes were procured for him, and, as far as possible, he was restored to the appearance of a white man. General Harmar, having heard of his arrival, sent a messenger after him to bring him to the fort. When he arrived, a large number of people were collected to look upon the stranger. The general, not being without suspicions that he was a spy, was on the point of placing him in custody; but he was at length permitted to leave without imprisonment. Having recovered his strength, he entered, as a clerk, the store of Strong & Bartle, gentlemen for whom he had previously transacted some business. The store stood near the river, a little above the intersection of Main and Front streets. While here he met an acquaintance from North Bend, and he was prevailed upon to go home with him, which he did. Having been a captive among the Indians, he was an object of much curiosity among the people. Finding, however, that he was regarded by some as a

spy, notwithstanding his own declarations to the contrary, as well as those who were personally acquainted with him, he thought it best, for the peace of the community, at least, if not his own safety, to leave. A contractor's boat coming up the river about this time, he secured a passage, and arrived, in due course of time, at Maysville, where he was received with every demonstration of joy, particularly by the young people who had been members of his school. After remaining here some time he went to Manchester, where, if living, the pioneer schoolmaster may be found at this day.

We must not omit, in this chapter, the adventures of the pioneer Kenton, whose name we have introduced elsewhere. A young farmer, at the age of sixteen he pushed out from home, and braved the wilderness of the mountains and the deep forests of the West. From a trader he heard of the famous Kain-tuck-ee, and he resolved to seek his fortune on its verdant plains. We propose not to sketch his life of romance in this chapter, but shall give the reader an account of his captivity.

On a certain occasion he was called upon to take with him two young men, and go on an expedition to Chillicothe, an Indian town on the Miami. The design of the expedition was to ascertain the condition of the Indians, in view of an attack which was contemplated by Colonel Bowman. Having reached

the town, they marched around the houses and camps during the night unperceived. After ascertaining the condition of the warriors and their preparation for war, they started on their homeward journey. Finding, however, in their path, near the town, a number of fine horses, belonging to the Indians, they concluded on effecting a stampede. Each mounting a horse, they tried to get the rest to follow. Being intractable and having some difficulty, they were discovered, and a wild yell ran through the town that the "Long Knives" were stealing their horses. They had haltered all the horses, and started with all their speed through the woods. They had not proceeded far until they came to a large swamp, which it was impossible to pass without being mired. Finding that there was no way of crossing, they changed their course, as nearly as they could calculate, for the Ohio River. They rode all night without stopping, and only halted a few minutes at daylight. Through all the day they pursued their journey and through the succeeding night. Such was the rapidity with which they traveled, that when morning came they found themselves on the banks of the Ohio. Were they only on the southern shore they would be out of reach, or, at least, safe from their pursuers; but there was no ferry, and the river was extremely rough from the high winds which were prevailing at that time.

    Holding a council in regard to what should be

done, it was finally resolved that Kenton should cross with the horses, while the remaining two should construct a raft for taking over the guns and baggage. Kenton accordingly, after forcing the horses into the stream, plunged in and swam by their side; but the waves rolled so high, and the current was so rapid, he was soon carried down below the horses, who were much more able to breast the tide. Being thus left to themselves, they turned and swam back to the Ohio side. Kenton also returned, and after resting a little, he drove them in again, and plunged after them, but the same result followed. What was to be done? It was perfectly certain that the horses would not cross the river, at least while it was so boisterous. The question was, whether they should cross without them, or wait until the wind should fall and calm the river. The latter they adopted. The day passed; but the wind, instead of lulling, seemed to have increased in violence, and so continued until morning. The river having become somewhat calm, they endeavored again to force the horses into it, but they obstinately refused to try the waves again, and every effort to get them into the stream proved unavailing.

Knowing that the Indians would soon be upon them, no further time could be lost in such fruitless efforts, and, each one mounting his horse, they started down the river in the direction of Louisville.



Unwilling, however, to leave the horses, which had started back on the trail toward home, they started after them, Kenton in the center, and the young men on each side. They had not progressed far when they heard, about two hundred yards behind them, the yell of the savage. Instead of instantly putting his horse to his speed, and fleeing away through the woods, Kenton deliberately dismounted, and, leading his horse, he went back to meet the Indians. Soon three of them made their appearance, in company with a white man. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he took deliberate aim at the foremost Indian, but the powder flashed in the pan. At this the enemy rushed upon him, and he took to the woods on foot, pursued by the Indians on fleet horses. He was a fleet runner, and, as the forest was dense, and much fallen timber obstructed the way of the horsemen, he was soon out of reach of his pursuers. But just as he was coming out into an open space, he was met by an Indian on horseback, who had taken a circuit for the purpose of heading him. The Indian rode up to him at full gallop, extending his hand, and in affectionate tones of broken English, said, "Brother! brother!" Kenton shouted that he would surrender, if they would give him quarter and good treatment. This the Indian promised, and seizing him violently by the hand, Kenton raised his gun to strike him, when

an Indian from the wood sprang upon him. By this time all had arrived, and, after tying the arms of their prisoner, the one who first advanced with the words of kindness, seized him by the hair, and shook him till his teeth rattled. The rest fell on him with ramrods, and beat him most unmercifully. At every stroke on his back and over his head they would exclaim, "Steal Indian hoss! hey?" One of Kenton's companions came to his assistance, but the other made his escape. As soon as the Indians perceived him they gave chase. Montgomery wheeled and fired, but the Indian's aim was more certain, and he fell dead in the woods. The only thing that ever Kenton saw of him afterward was his bloody scalp, which they exhibited to him on their return.

They then prepared to torture their prisoner. Causing him to lie down on his back, they stretched out his arms at full length. Taking a strong stick, they laid it across his breast, and tied his wrists to each extremity with thongs made of buffalo hides. Stakes were then driven into the earth near his feet, and they were both tied in a similar manner. A halter was then tied around his neck, and the opposite end fastened to a sapling near by. Then they drew a strong rope under him, and encircling his body, fastened it to the stick across his breast and winding the ends around his arms, tied

them at the wrists. By this means his arms were tightly pinioned, and thus he was literally bound hand and foot. During the operation, they exhausted the vocabulary of English oaths, which they had learned from hunters and traders.

In this position he remained all night, his limbs paining him very much. In the morning he was mounted upon one of the wildest colts he had stolen, and his feet fastened by cords under the horse. When all was in readiness, the restive animal never having been backed before, started off with his Mazzeppa at a furious bound. Kenton managed to keep upon his back, and after several ineffectual rears and pitches to throw his rider, the horse became quiet, and followed on in company. When night came he was taken from the horse, and pinioned to the earth as before. On the third day the party arrived in the vicinity of Chillicothe, where they halted, and dispatched a messenger to inform the town of their arrival, that they might be prepared for the reception of the captive. In a short time the chief Black Fish came out, and, addressing Kenton, said, in good English,

“You have been stealing our horses, have you?”

“Yes, sir,” responded Kenton.

“Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?”

“No, sir; I did it of my own free will and accord.”

The frank confession had too much of a tantalizing tone in it, and the chief, approaching him, dealt several violent blows with a hickory, across his bare back, which caused the blood to flow freely. When they approached the town, every man, woman, and child, came out to see the prisoner. All seemed to be enraged, and with simultaneous cries, they shouted, "To the stake! to the stake!" He was soon taken from the horse, a stake was procured, and driven into the ground. His remaining apparel was torn from him, his hands were tied above his head to the stake, and his body lashed securely by ropes to the fatal wood. After this, the whole company danced around him until midnight, making the gloom more hideous by their savage yells. Dry fagots were placed around him, and all that was necessary to complete the execution was, the command of the chief to apply the torch. Thus he remained in dreadful suspense and suffering all night. In the morning he was untied, and taken to the town. No sooner, however, did he arrive, than he was ordered to prepare to run the gauntlet. It consisted of two rows of men, women, and boys, reaching a quarter of a mile in length. At the starting place stood two grim, stalwart warriors with butcher knives in their hands. At the extremity of the line, an Indian was stationed to beat the drum, a few paces beyond which was the council-house. Along the whole lines, clubs,



switches, hoe-handles, tomahawks, and butcher-knives, were brandished in frightful array.

At length the roll of the drum announced the period of starting; and the daring hunter sprang into the lines, and breaking through ere he had received many blows, he started on a turn, and darting again in the midst of them, he distanced his pursuers in the direction of the council-house, which he reached without having received any injury. Immediately after the race a council was held, as to whether he should be burned at the stake, or carried round as a captive among the tribes. The council sat on the ground floor of the council-house, and the war-club was passed, those in favor of burning striking it violently upon the earth, and those in favor of retaining him as a captive passing it in silence to the next; the latter vote prevailed, and it was resolved that he should be taken to an Indian town on the Wabash. They accordingly started; and Kenton, being suffered to walk untied, passed along in sullen silence, meditating an escape, should opportunity offer. As they journeyed on, he was startled by a loud yell, and the distant roll of a drum. They were nearing the town, and before his excited imagination rose the gauntlet and the stake. Instantly he darted into the thick undergrowth, and distanced the swiftest pursuers; but it was only to fall into the hands of a party of Indian horsemen, who intercepted his

path. He was caught and tied, and led into the town of Pickaway. For this second offense all hope of escaping with his life was gone. A council was held; the war-club passed, and his fate was sealed. While sitting in the council-house hearing his doom, Girty, a white man who had forsworn his race, and was bloodthirsty as the Indians, came in, and recognizing him as a companion spy in Dunmore's war, interceded in his behalf with so much perseverance and eloquence that he was saved. Girty treated him with the utmost kindness, and took him out with him in his hunts. But the chiefs were not satisfied; and another council was held, from whose decision it was impossible for Girty, with all his influence and skill, to effect the escape of his friend. A halter was placed around his neck, and he was marched off to the place selected for his execution.

On the way the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, came up to him, and, taking him aside, said,

“Well, young man; these young men seem very angry at you.”

“Yes,” said Kenton, “they are.”

“Well, don't be disheartened; I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky; they talk of burning you there; but I will send two runners to speak good for you there.”

According to promise, Logan sent his men, but all the influence he could bring to bear proved of no

avail; and Logan, the kind-hearted, had to yield him up to his fate. When they reached Sandusky, and all things had been got in readiness for the execution, a Frenchman, an officer, stepped forward, and asked for the release of the prisoner, as he wished to take him to Detroit, to serve in an important expedition among the enemy. After much entreaty he was given up, and they finally arrived at Detroit, where much kindness was shown him. While here, Kenton found two young men who had been taken prisoners with Boone at the Blue Licks; and, being anxious to return to his much-loved Kentucky, he opened up his mind to them about attempting his escape. To be sure, the distance was nearly three hundred miles, through a wilderness infested by Indians, and the chances were all against them.

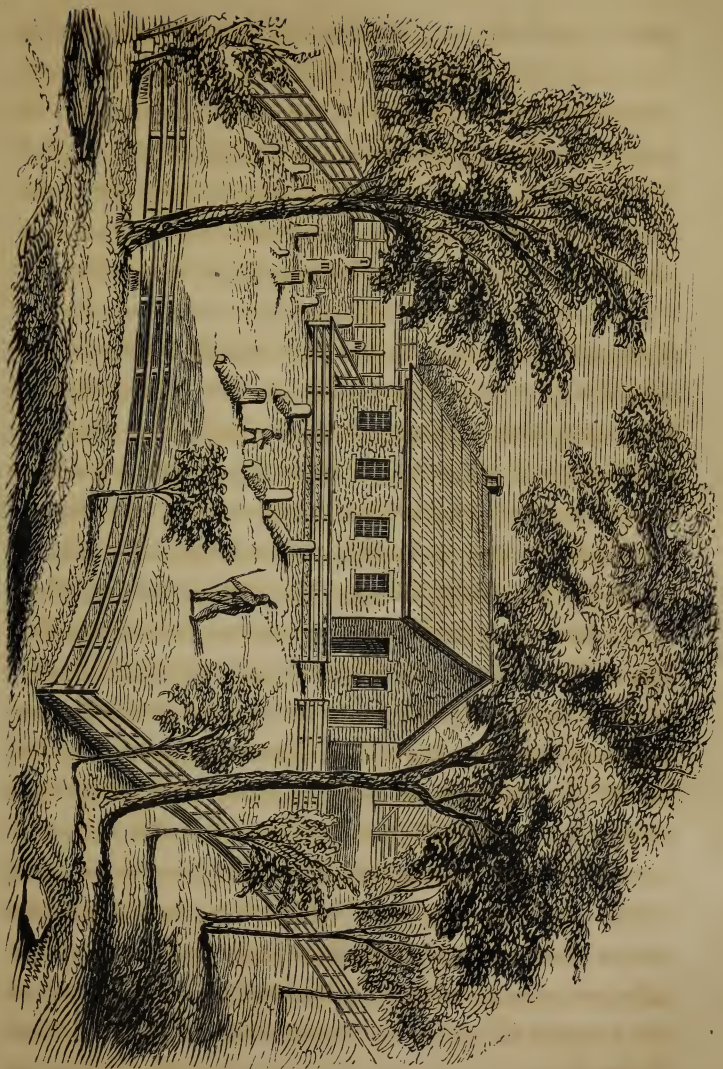
At length they succeeded in procuring guns and ammunition, which they secreted in the woods; and off they started. They only traveled during the night season; and, after a weary journey of thirty nights, they arrived at Louisville, on the Ohio, about forty miles below the spot from whence Kenton was taken by the Indians. He subsequently served in Wayne's army, and shared in the decisive victory achieved; and spent the remnant of his days on Mad River, near the scene of his former adventures.

## CHAPTER XII.

“THE OLD CHIEF;” OR, THE INDIAN MISSIONARY.

HALF a century ago, in the then far-off wilds of Ohio embraced within the limits of the Northwestern Territory, which extended from the hither shore of the Northern lakes to the Ohio River on the south, and from the Alleghanies on the east to the distant Father of Waters on the west, there dwelt, in his log-cabin in the woods, a man who had grown up from childhood amid the stirring scenes of backwoods life. His father was of the old Puritan stock, and, reared in New-England, had been early sent to Princeton, with a view of training him for a minister. Having passed through his curriculum, and received clerical orders, he entered upon the work of the ministry. Prompted by zeal, as well as that adventurous spirit which ever characterizes the Yankee, and urges him out to new, distant, and often hazardous enterprises, whether as a merchant, or tradesman, or minister of the Gospel, to settle in Hong-Kong, Calcutta, Cape Town, Buenos Ayres, or Australia, for the purpose of driving his business; or, as in the persons of Marsh-







man or Judson, Mills or Bingham, to plant the standard of the cross and call the dying heathen to repentance ; so our preacher was fired with a zeal to strike his tent and pitch it in the Western wilderness among the wandering savages and the widely-scattered destitute population which had been the first to cut a path through the unbroken wilds, and, leveling the forest, let in, for the first time, the genial sun to kiss the virgin earth. His passage across the mountains and his descent of the Ohio, attended, as they were, with many thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes from the ever-vigilant savage, who resisted every encroachment of the white man upon his territory, and contended for every inch of the ground, we shall pass over, and follow him as he makes a landing, and penetrates the cane-brakes of Kentucky. Here he gathered around him a little flock, organized a Church, and administered the word of life and the ordinances of religion. Again and again was the peaceful quiet of the scattered settlement where he resided disturbed by the depredations of the Indians. But he could fight as well as watch and pray, and often, with his trusty rifle, has he sallied forth in company with his parishioners to avenge the wrongs inflicted by the red man.

The first academy of learning ever established in the West was opened by this stern and sturdy pioneer, and there, on its puncheon floor, and beside its wooden

chimney and paper windows, and under its clap board roof, many a young man was trained in the Georgics and Bucolics of Virgil, the Odes of Anacreon, and the Iliad of Homer. In those vast canebrakes, where, but a few years before, roamed, unmolested and free, the elk, the buffalo, and the Indian, and naught was heard but the cry of wild beasts and the yell of the savage, now was to be heard the voice of praise in the temple of God, and the voice of classic song in the academic grove. Young men were there trained who, in after life, figured largely and usefully in Church and state, and contributed much to build up the institutions of the mighty West.

But few, at this day, know how far the present condition and prosperity of the West, with its liberal and enlightened government, wholesome laws, political, literary, and religious institutions, are directly traceable to the indomitable energy, zeal, and perseverance of that class of pioneers about whom we are writing. As our country owes its birth and greatness, and rapidly-increasing and augmenting prosperity, to the Puritans, whose iron will and unfailing courage prompted them to brave the dangers of a wintry ocean, in a frail and feeble bark, and seek a home in this new world, so are the Western States, which now spread over the Mississippi valley, indebted, for their existence and prosperity, to the



descendants of that noble band. But they have passed away; only here and there can one be found; yet they remain as the solitary oak of the clearing, to proclaim the ancient glory of the forest which once stood in grandeur, unscathed by the hand of time. It is well to reflect upon the past, and gather up its reminiscences ere they pass away from the memory of man. Be it ours briefly to sketch the life of one of these; and if our readers shall not find it a story of more romantic interest than ever occupied a page of fiction, it will not be for want of startling, veritable facts, but for want of power in the writer so to classify and present them that they shall be exhibited in such a light as to awaken the interest of which they are in the largest sense susceptible.

We have already informed the reader that the subject of our sketch was a son of the preacher and schoolmaster of the frontier. The son, partaking of the nature and disposition of the sire, was unwilling to be hemmed in by the settlements; and like Daniel Boone, who, when he heard a man had built a cabin within fifty miles of his own rude hut, would instantly remove to a less crowded locality, so he resolved to travel further into the wilderness. He had taken for himself a wife, a hardy backwoods girl, who was ready for any adventure and peril her young and daring husband might see proper to undertake or brave. So, without even a horse, or farming utensils,

save an ax and a hoe, and for domestic purposes a camp kettle and a rifle, they started out on foot from Chillicothe, to seek a home in the highlands of central Ohio. Arriving at the place selected, the first thing was to cut down timber and erect a camp, a dwelling smaller and less imposing than a log-cabin. Within this, stakes were driven into the ground at proper distances, and a small platform erected and covered with leaves for a bed. The only dependence for food was upon the rifle; and as the woods abounded in game, they did not suffer, as bear-meat, venison, and turkey graced their humble board. True, they had neither salt nor bread; but these were mere luxuries, with which they could dispense, as they ate to live, and did not, like most of the present day, live only for the purpose of eating. Indeed, it would be well for the health and happiness, long life and usefulness, of many, if they were shut up by necessity to this primitive mode of life.

Fond as he was of backwoods life, with him it was one continued scene of the most exhilarating enjoyment. When the morning sun tinged the tree-tops, and illumined the foliage with its golden blaze, he was out with his gun in quest of game for breakfast; or, if supplied, he was busily engaged with his hoe, which answered the place of a horse and plow in preparing a small piece of land, which he had cleared, for a crop of corn. Though he had received a relig-

ious training, and had been educated in his father's academy, and could scan Virgil and Homer, and had been for years engaged in studying medicine, yet he was wild as the woods in which he lived, and reckless as the Indian, who dared not meet him in mortal combat. To a Herculean frame was united a fleetness of foot that made him at home the greatest fighter, wrestler, and runner, that could be found at a "raising," "log-rolling," "corn-husking," or "quilting." Many a white man and Indian have felt the power of his arm, and few were willing to enter the lists with him in any of the backwoods games we have enumerated, which, although not so classical, in their "knock-down and drag-out" character, as the Olympic or Isthmian, nevertheless required equally great skill, strength, and courage. What pigmies are the present race, compared with that which leveled the forests of the West! We fear that gymnastics and calisthenics will not save us from a physical deterioration, at least, unless we shall change our habits and modes of life. We talk much of the Anglo-Saxon, and are wont to boast of the mental energy and physical courage which characterize him, as well as the Anglo-American; and we speak of his conquests as if the subjugation of the world was the "manifest destiny" he had to work out; but we must remember that the iron constitution of the proud Roman was eventually undermined and finally gave way to the enervating

influences of habits which induced effeminacy. Rome conquered the world, carrying her victorious arms to every land, and planting her eagle standard on every shore; but uncultivated Scandinavian hordes came upon her in an evil hour, and, like Samson, shorn of her strength by the soft, bewitching arts of the beautiful Delilah, she fell a victim to her softness of manners.

While our pioneer fathers could travel barefooted in the snow all day, or, at most, with bark sandals to protect them, and camp out all night without food, and often without fire, subsisting for days upon coons and wild cats, without salt or bread, and peeling bark with their teeth, it was not likely they would produce children of dyspeptic habits and stunted growth. It is not probable that their sons would go shivering from block to block through our crowded thoroughfares, with pale faces, under a load of over-garments, and wrapped up in shawls and furs; or that their daughters would need *rouge* to bring the color to their cheeks, and a little *eau de vie* to give elasticity to the step and brightness to the eye. Nay, the sons could chop throughout a winter's day without the smell of fire, and the daughters could pile brush and roll logs, and at night, with pine knot torches, they could travel miles to a husking, or quilting, or dancing frolic. Such were the exercises and sports of our young backwoodsman.



But scarcely had the second winter passed in which he had exchanged his Indian camp for a log-cabin, and stored its loft with the yellow corn which he had reared with his hoe in the plum bottom, than an incident occurred, which at once swept from him all his earthly hopes. He had, unwittingly, gone security for one of his neighbors, and judgment being rendered against him, in default of the principal to pay, his cabin and land were sold by the sheriff to satisfy said judgment, and he and his wife turned out homeless. "*Nil desperandum*," which having cut with his hunting-knife deep in the bark of a beech-tree, he took his wife to a friend's, and shouldered his rifle, determined to take a winter's hunt, and see if he could not retrieve his fallen fortunes. With a firm resolution to do his utmost, he penetrated deep into the wilderness, hunting all day, and camping by night at the root of some tree, whose branches made the only covering that protected him. Fear, he had none, for he had grappled with bears and wolves, as well as with savage white and red men. So perfectly daring, if not reckless, had he become, that his feats at elections and shooting-matches secured for him the *sobriquet* of the "*New Market Devil*." His winter's hunt was crowned with success, and his venison and skins of different kinds brought him as much in market as he had lost by becoming surety for

another, and again he returned to the cultivation of the soil.

Many were the deep, tumultuous upheavings of his soul, while free from the excitement of the chase, when solitude and darkness were around him. He feared not man, nor the wild beasts that prowled around him; but, wicked as he was, he feared God. Well could he say he had wronged no man, he had robbed no man; but his catechism had taught him, that it was not all of man's duty to do justly, that the "chief end of every being was to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Often would he gaze up into the heavens when the midnight storm was careering in majesty, and the forest roared like the surges of the sea in its rocky caves; and the reflection that he had not devoted himself to the service of his God would come with power to his enlightened conscience, and make him tremble.

"As coward guilt and pallid fear  
To sheltering caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders 'long the sky,"

so would he fain have hidden himself from the Almighty; but his awful presence was felt in the deep solitude of the desert as none can feel it, hemmed in by the works of man. We need not say that he was educated in the faith which, accord-

ing to the venerable Saybrook platform, makes God a Sovereign, and refers to his will solely the destiny of man, electing some to everlasting life, and passing by others to be left to the doom that awaits their guilty state. On one occasion his thoughts became so intense upon this subject, that, comparing his ungracious state with the doctrine of election, he came to the conclusion that he was a reprobate, and a dark and fearful doom awaited him. Nothing preys upon the mind of man more intensely than his relations to God and eternity. Only let the subject once fairly pervade it, and there is no power so potent to control and guide it as the possession of such a faith. Let the conviction seize the soul of a man that he is doomed, and that no provision in the scheme of mercy can reach his case, and all the arguments of men and angels cannot chase from his mind the sullen despair which settles down, shade after shade, in blackness upon his forlorn spirit. How many have been driven to madness and death, or to the lunatic asylum, by the deep, insupportable agony which has been induced by allowing their minds to take a wrong turn in this matter, or whose religious instructions have been such as to produce a result of this description. Of all the forms of mania, this is the worst, and the most to be dreaded, because its tendency is almost invariably to suicide. Whatever may be the pur-

poses of God in the ultimate destiny of any man, these purposes cannot be known to mortals; and those who have the care of souls should be careful to reveal the Almighty in those forms in which he has the most clearly manifested himself. The clergy will forgive me for these suggestions, as a vast amount of mental misery, without working any ultimate evil, may be avoided by attention thereto.

Added to the instructions the backwoods hunter had received was a volume of sermons, which dwelt altogether upon the somber side of religion, and were as full of wrath as Milton's lake of fire was full of fiends. A gloomy dyspeptic, or one who has the moral *delirium tremens*, should neither be allowed to write songs nor sermons for the public mind. They may engage in such exercise for their own amusement and profit, as in that case they will hurt none but themselves; but to strike the public mind with the horrid forms in which their distempered imaginations see God, and his plans of grace and providence, is what, if tolerated, should not, to say the least, be encouraged. Filled with such terrific images of wrath, it was no wonder that even the strong, educated mind of the subject of our sketch should sink into despair.

That dreadful crisis he reached, and away in the deep, awful silence of the forest, with his rifle loaded, and his foot raised to bring down the ham-



mer, he meditated the frightful deed. Like many others, who have "fled to ills they know not of," rather than bear their present agony, he would have "passed the bourn from whence no traveler returns," but for some mysterious, unaccountable change of mind, which, like a flash from out a deep-pervading gloom, startled his soul, and he instantly fired off his rifle and returned to his camp. He was saved—saved from a melancholy death—saved to a long life of usefulness, for it was not many days until the peace and joy of heaven broke into his soul, like the light of morning, carrying the most clear and convincing demonstration, that *God was love*.

It was a wonderful conversion, and most wonderful were its results. Without waiting for Presbytery or Conference to give him a commission to preach the Gospel, he started out under an impulse he had never felt before, and from cabin to cabin, far and near, he told the wondering neighbors what God had done for his soul.

It was only occasionally that some wandering preacher would visit the neighborhood, and hold forth the word of life in the cabins of the settler. He, as if providentially raised up for that very purpose, from among his backwoods brethren, called together the neighborhood, and with a heaven-born zeal, and native eloquence, such as no arts of oratory can give, poured out his soul in exhortation. In a

short time, many were converted through his instrumentality, and a Church was organized upon the apostolic plan. Had those backwoodsmen waited until a congregation had assembled of their own accord, and in deliberate session called a pastor to feed them with the bread of life, that large and destitute neighborhood would have remained to this day unsupplied. God called the preacher, and the preacher called the people, not they him, and through his labors, "the wilderness and solitary places were made to blossom like the rose."

Though we speak thus, we do not object to Church order in regard to the call and qualifications of the ministry by any means; but here were extraordinary circumstances, and extraordinary means were necessary to meet them, and the will of the Great Father can as readily be indicated by them, as the putting forth of the leaves of the forest indicate the approach of summer. As, in the order of God, his labors were recognized by the Church, he was soon invested with her authority to do the work of an evangelist. No longer as a hunter, with knife, and tomahawk, and rifle, chasing the deer or treeing the bear, but as a backwoods preacher, he might be seen blazing a path to distant settlements to preach the everlasting Gospel, and gather the wanderers into the fold. Though his fare was even harder, and his labors more toilsome and abundant than they had been, yet,

without fee or reward from man, he urged his way through dense forests, tangled thickets, over hill and dale, and rapid river, taking circuits of a thousand miles to preach to his fellow-men.

On one of his excursions, he came to a point on the Tuscarawas River, where the Christian Indians had formerly established a settlement. Among these Indians, years before, the Moravians had organized a mission Church. They had become Christianized, and thus were civilized, as Christianity can only become the civilizer of barbarous nations. Every other policy has failed, and, indeed, must fail. Savages must be made new creatures, by the transforming influence of the Gospel; grace only can successfully control and guide them in the path of civilized life. A military government may hold them in check, but that very restraint will only serve to exasperate them, as the chain chafes the spirit of the untamed tiger, and only whets his appetite for blood. Schools may be organized among them, but only so far as they partake of the Christian element, will they be promotive of good. These Indians had laid down the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and only at particular seasons of the year did they resort to hunting, and then not to depend on it for a livelihood. They had turned their attention to the cultivation of the soil, and had built them towns, in which the Church and mission school stood side by side.

Early one morning, in the spring of 1782, a company of militia, under the command of Colonel Williamson, encamped on the river, opposite to Gnadenhutzen, one of the Indian towns. The inhabitants were at work in the corn-fields adjacent thereto, with the exception of an old Indian and a squaw. Sixteen of this company crossed the river, and, entering the town, basely murdered these two unprotected Indians. They then went into the corn-fields, and, through protestations of friendship, and promises of protection, and holding out the most flattering inducements, prevailed upon them to consent to go with them to Fort Pitt. They also prevailed upon them to send a deputation to Salem, another Indian town, for the purpose of persuading their brethren to go with them to a place where they would be safe from the attacks of hostile Indians, and have everything they could desire to make them happy. The demon arts of the white man succeeded, and it was not long until a deputation was sent, and they succeeded in inducing their brethren to join them; and soon, all things having been got in readiness, they started to join their brethren, and the kind, white friends who had promised to do so much for them. Poor, unsuspecting red man; little did you think that your wives and your little ones, in leaving your peaceful village, were going into the very jaws of death! They had not been gone



long before Williamson and his gang of desperadoes—for they had now all crossed the river—gave the unsuspecting Indians an evidence of their friendship, by binding them all hand and foot, and confining them in two houses, the males in one and the females in the other. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem, for they were alike deceived by the villainous arts of the white men, they also were seized, and bound, and thrust into prison with their companions. And now comes a scene of horror and cold-blooded cruelty which is enough to make one loathe his race. A council was held, and, with but few exceptions, these inhuman soldiers deliberately resolved on tomahawking every man, woman, and child of the one hundred prisoners that had been decoyed into their power. We talk of savage barbarity, and teach our children to look upon the painted savage as bloodthirsty and cruel; but the scene we are about to describe, for base, craven-hearted enormity and inhumanity, is almost without a parallel in all the annals of crime.

No sooner had they arrived, than their sworn protectors rushed upon them, and, seizing them with the rest, with savage cruelty, converted their homes and altars into dungeons and stakes. The fearful apprehension of their fate came upon them; and, like Christians, they submitted with resignation. That gloomy night was spent in prayer and praise to

God; and when the morning sun flashed its first beams on wood and river they were led out, one by one, to execution. Every one of that helpless and innocent band, some of whom had been members of the pious Brainard's flock, and had listened to the eloquence of the meek and devoted Zinzendorff—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and prattling, unconscious children—were led out separately to the block; and the tomahawk of the white man did its work of death. God truly is merciful, or the red bolts of his avenging wrath would have descended upon that murderous and cowardly band. But the work of death was done; nor prayers nor tears could move the savage hearts of Williamson and his men. The lifeless bodies were thrown into the houses, the torch applied, and soon the homes of the Indians became their graves.

Talk about merciless savages and their revengeful disposition! When we consider the depredations and cruelties of the Christian white man, we wonder that there is a peaceful or a Christian Indian in all the vast territory, where they are permitted, by the merest sufferance, to find a home. What would we think if a nation mightier than we, intellectually as well as physically, should invade our country, and kill our fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and drive us from our homes, our altars, and the graves of our kindred? Whatever we might

think, it would take centuries of better dealing to make us believe that their religion was anything else than that which we could receive. Is it not a thousand wonders that any Indian has been converted to Christianity?

Alas! we spend our sympathies on the poor heathen, in their wild and desert homes, and pray that their "wilderness and solitary places may be made glad" by our religion, when a wilder desert and a deeper gloom are around us. There is a frightful moral wilderness in our midst,

"More dreary than the deepest shade  
Of India's tiger-haunted wood,  
Or Western forests unsurvey'd,  
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood."

The blood of those one hundred Indians, which was shed in that peaceful village, on the banks of the Tuscarawas, has left a stain of itself, without adding the innumerable catalogue of butcheries which have disgraced the annals of our nation, that neither summer's rains nor winter's snows can ever wash out of the earth. It cries to God for vengeance, and, as nations are judged in time, the day of recompense will come. It may be postponed; the fearful retribution may not come in this generation or a succeeding one, for the cup of national iniquity may not yet be sufficiently full; but nothing can avert it. God is just,

and come it must. On the side of the oppressor there may be a power which may shield him for a time, and he may revel in conscious security; but a righteous destiny will follow him through all the hidings of that power, and track him to his fate. In an hour when he least looks for and least dreads the approach of danger, when, perhaps, like the guilty monarch of Babylon, a thousand incense-burners are gleaming on the faces of the joyous throng, a light above their brightness, and in whose glare every earthly fire shall pale, will flash out his doom. Providence may give this nation space for repentance and restitution; but if the harvest of its merciful visitation and the summer of its grace shall pass away without the one and the other, then, though territory after territory be annexed, island after island, and continent after continent, and it can boast of more magnificent cities and a wider and wealthier domain than ever belonged to Assyria, or Egypt, or Babylonia, or Greece, or Rome, in their palmiest days, God will blot it from the record of nations.

But we must return to the dark and bloody scene we have been describing. Nothing was to be seen when our young missionary visited the spot but the charred and blackened ruins, standing as a grim and ghastly monument of the inhuman act. Once he felt a hatred for the Indian race, and thought nothing of the sacrifice of their lives; but now that grace had



changed his heart, and he was under the influence of that religion which teaches that "he who hateth his brother is a murderer" in his heart, he felt his whole nature drawn out in sympathy for the poor Indian. As he dropped the tear of affection upon the ashes of the slain where he stood, his manly heart formed a deliberate and firm resolve that he would, should Providence open his way, consecrate his life to the present and eternal interests of that outcast, persecuted race of his fellow-men. He saw that they were rapidly melting away before the approach of a civilization, which lacked the element of a humanizing, peace-breathing Christianity, as snow at the approach of the sun, and what was done must be done quickly. He had read the wail of the mountain chief, which, like the dying notes of the swan, had a melancholy sweetness, and he resolved to keep an eye upon the openings of Providence, and enter any door that might be opened for the relief of the poor Indian.

It was not long until an opportunity was afforded him of benefiting one of that race for which his spirit longed. There came, on one occasion, to a meeting where he preached, an Indian woman, leading a bright and beautiful little boy. She was habited in Indian costume, but the simplicity of her dress only revealed more clearly the beauty of her person. Her flowing tresses fell in massy ringlets over her finely-molded

neck and shoulders. After the exercises of preaching were over, the missionary approached her, and addressed her on the subject of religion, for she could speak English. She was interested in that subject, for it was to hear something about the white man's God that she had come. This child of the forest was not long in finding the way of salvation, and when the rich tidings of a Saviour's love touched her heart, her dark, lustrous eye was kindled with an unearthly radiance, and beamed with the light of heaven. Soon after her husband, who had been a prisoner in her tribe, was converted, and was made a partaker of the same joy. The success which attended his labors in this particular direction were, to him, doubly encouraging, as they not only inspired him with strong hopes of success in his contemplated mission, but strengthened his purpose to devote himself entirely to the promotion of the salvation of the Indian race. It served as a kind of first-fruits, which betokened not only the nature, but the extent of the harvest.

The pioneer preacher continued in his itinerant labors, pitching his cabin on the different fields assigned him by the Church, and with his buckskin pants, and a blanket for an overcoat, often going for a whole day without food, he threaded his way through the wilderness, hunting up the cabins of the scattered settlers, and preaching to them the

Word of life. His circuits, which he traveled successively, extended from the Ohio River to the lakes, and from the Pennsylvania line to the distant plains of Indiana.

At length the period arrived, when the way was opened for entering upon a mission among the Indians. Years before, the Gospel had been received among the Wyandots, a brave, and once powerful nation, occupying a reservation bordering upon Lake Erie, where were located the Indian towns of Upper Sandusky, Big Spring, and Tawawa. He had the Wyandot mission embraced in his field of labor, which extended from Southern Ohio to the shores of Lake St. Clair.

It was late in the fall of the year, when he left the white settlements to attend a meeting which had been appointed at the Maumee Rapids. A deep, dense wilderness stretched away before him, and between him and his destination lay the Black Swamp, which, on account of the autumnal rains that had set in, would be rendered more difficult to cross. A journey was before him more difficult and hazardous by far than a trip, at the present day, across the ocean in winter storms. He had no companion, and left to his thoughts and feelings, he picked out his way as best he could through the wilderness. Two nights he camped out, or, in other words, made a pillow of his saddle at the root of

some tree, with the branches for a covering. He at length reached the rapids, and there, in the midst of a dense wilderness, stretching all around him, from lake to river, and from river to mountain, he preached the Gospel, and administered the first holy sacrament ever celebrated by a Protestant in those wilds. From thence he went to the Wyandot reservation, and at Big Spring he opened up his mission to the red men of the forest, multitudes of whom had come together to listen to the white man's preacher, and hear about the white man's God. After making arrangements for future operations among them, he returned through the wilderness home again.

When the time arrived for him to start out for his final residence among the Indians, he collected together the necessary materials for housekeeping and farming. The mission company consisted of himself and wife, two young women, and two young men, whom he had hired to assist him in farming. One of these young ladies started out as a teacher for the mission. She had been tenderly raised, and was well educated, having enjoyed advantages, in both these respects, above backwoods girls in general. Yet she had conceived an ardent desire to engage in the missionary work, and bear to the young, benighted children of the forest, the blessings of that education and religion with which she had been so highly favored.



Eight days of weary travel passed away before they reached the Indian nation, and the only preparation made for their reception was a newly raised cabin, without chinking or daubing, with neither floor, chimney, window, nor door. To any other but a pioneer preacher, this would have been discouraging indeed; and we imagine it would take a louder call than the inducements offered to the hardy pioneer, to move upon the most zealous, even of those who offer themselves as missionaries of the present day, to urge them out into the field. Then, there were no missionary societies, with thousands in their coffers, to back the missionaries in their work and labor of love for the perishing. Literally without scrip, without purse, with nothing but the prospect of hard service and poor fare, but in the end a victor's wreath, or, perhaps, a martyr's crown, they started out; sometimes, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, but always with the definite object of bearing the glad tidings to the poor and destitute wanderers. But our missionary was not to be discouraged by such unpromising appearances. He had, as we have already seen, a brawny arm and a Herculean frame. Soon the cabin was made ten-antable, and employing a white man, with his own forces he went into the woods for the purpose of felling timber, for the erection of a mission-house.

He did not go among the Indians to receive of

their labor and temporal things, but to labor for them, and make them the sole beneficiaries of his toils. He had no idea of making them "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to be borne on their shoulders in palankeens, and receive of their choicest furs and products of the chase. Not he. He went there for the high and glorious purpose of teaching them the doctrine of a pure benevolence, in imitation of the sacrifices which the Divine Lord himself had made; and to set them an example of industry and thrift, which they needed, if not equally, yet as certainly as they required the Gospel. Such examples will do more toward Christianizing and civilizing the heathen, than all the prayers, and psalms, and sermons, of all the troops of divinity-trained preachers that ever started from Oxford, Princeton, New Haven, or Newberry. While we would not decry education, believing that a minister of the Gospel should have, as far as possible, a thorough literary and theological training to fit him for his high and holy vocation, we are well assured that a knowledge of the society among whom he labors, and their habits and arts, with an adaptation thereto, will give him a greater access to the people, by identifying him with their every-day life, than all the performances of the closet, the study, or the pulpit. What are our missionaries doing in China? While they are poring over the grammars and lexicons of the court

language of the Celestial Empire, and quarreling over the translation of the Scriptures, instead of learning the popular language by mixing with the masses, and becoming identified with their interests, the millions are perishing. But our thoughts have led our pen astray, and we shall come back from our wandering; remarking, as we return, that it would be well, perhaps, for the Church to look a little into this matter; and by "the Church" we mean, of course, the entire Church of Christ, but more especially those portions engaged in the work of missions.

The Indian missionary and his own hired hands went vigorously to work, felling the timber, and cutting it into saw-logs. At night they would haul them to a saw-mill some distance off, and sit up all night to saw them into such kinds of lumber as they wanted. When the Indians saw their missionary at work, and the blood running from his blistered hands, occasioned by the rough treatment to which they were exposed in the woods, no wonder they exclaimed, "*Great man, he!*" in their astonishment. They had never seen it before on this wise. Hunters, and trappers, and traders, and government officers, had never set them such an example. His strength in shouldering a log, his skill in shooting with the rifle, and his fleetness in the chase, were equally remarkable, and kept up, in the minds of these children of the forest, a continuous excitement.

At length the house was reared and finished, and the mission family, before winter, were comfortably housed in their new home. From daylight on Monday morning until late Saturday night, the missionary wrought with his hands, but when the Sabbath came, that sweet day of rest, which God has provided for man and beast, he would assemble his brethren of the forest to hear him discourse the words of life. We have already remarked that these Indians had received the Gospel. But few of them, however, had renounced their heathen rites and ceremonies; and about all that had been gained, with few exceptions, was their consent to place themselves under the care and instructions of a missionary.

The first children received into the mission school were four orphans, presented by a poor Indian mother. To these others were added from time to time, and the family increased. The young lady who had volunteered to teach the Indian children was unremitting in her labors, and proved a sister of mercy to the poor, uncared-for young heathen. They became much attached to her, and through them, an influence was exerted upon the minds of the parents such as could have been accomplished in no other way. We have often thought, that among Christian as well as heathen nations, a mightier influence was exerted through the instrumentality of schools, than even the preaching of the Gospel, not only as it regards its effects



upon the minds of the youth directly, in molding their character and securing their destiny, but in its reflex action upon the minds of the parents. The self-sacrificing devotion of this young female missionary, connected with the zeal and unflagging devotion of the missionary himself, won upon the hearts of the savages, and many were induced to renounce their heathenism for the white man's religion. Such were the inroads that were continually being made upon the rites and practices of the Indian religion and worship by the well-directed efforts of the missionary.

As might be expected, opposition arose, and the enemies of Christianity, because its profession required all to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and the sinful customs in which they formerly indulged, would sneeringly point at a Christian Indian, and say, "He sign away his liberty; he slave to white man." So far did the opposition extend, that the head chief and his secretary of war would hold meetings at the same hour on the Sabbath, to prevent the Indians from attending worship at the mission.

Still he labored on, teaching the Indians, both by precept and example, the arts of civilization and the faith and duties of Christianity, without fee or reward, until heathenism began to yield, and the leaven of Christianity began to work and spread. It was not long until one of the chiefs embraced religion, thus

exerting a wonderful influence upon his tribe; and then another renounced his rites, and still another, until, from a mere handful of converts, the number increased to hundreds. These, spreading out in their hunts and councils with other nations, carried with them a knowledge of the white man's religion, until the influence was felt far and wide. The Wyandots, with their allies, the Shawnees, Delawares, and others, had been bitter enemies of the white race, and many a village and cabin on the frontiers, as we have seen, had felt the force of their arms. Less enmity could not have been expected from those who understood not the mild and peaceful principles of religion, especially when their hunting ground had been invaded and many of their bravest slain. But now that they had received a kind and benignant Gospel, breathing peace and good-will to all mankind, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were more deeply and effectually buried than ever before.

The name and person of the missionary became beloved and revered throughout the nation, and it would not have been difficult for him, such was the regard for him, to have taken advantage of their simplicity and attachment, and the reverence they paid him, to secure even their homage. As it was, they were anxious that he should have a part in the government of the nation. He did not leave the abodes of civilized and Christian life for a heathen

land with any view whatever of deriving temporal advantage. He sought not theirs, but them. While he was preaching and praying, his heart was not upon their furs and rich lands; but his whole soul was burdened, and went out in strong supplications to the Great Father for their salvation.

He continued in the mission for a period of five years. In the mean time a Church was built, inclosed in a neat fence, around which was a rural cemetery, also inclosed, an engraving of which the reader will find at the beginning of this chapter. There was also a large mission school-house erected, where children of both sexes, from different tribes, were educated. In this Church Indian voices joined, in tuneful melody, to sing the praises of God, in their own language. What Eliot and Brainard did for the Indians in the East, our missionary and his associates were accomplishing for the Indians in the West.

As we have before intimated, the Wyandots were anxious to have the missionary, their father, as they called him, adopted into the nation and made a chief. To their many and urgent solicitations he at length consented. A chief had died, and they wished him to take the place of the departed. Having become Christian, and renounced, to a very great extent, their Indian customs, the ceremony of adoption and promotion was done by a simple vote. The name given to him was *Re-wa-wa-way*, which signifies, in the

Indian tongue, *strong in his own way*. This was an apt and appropriate name, and shows how well the Indians studied and understood human character. Since then he has gone by the name of the "*Old Chief*;" and those who know him, for he yet lives, and preaches almost with the sprightliness and power of other days, will not fail to assent to the appropriateness of the Indian name. Though full of benevolence and kindness, with a heart overflowing with sympathy for others, he is sternly firm in his adherence to what, in his conscience and judgment, he believes to be right. At the same time, to supply the place of the sister of another chief who had died, his wife was adopted and made a queen in the nation, with the name of *Ya-ra-quas*, which signifies, *mother of a large family*, as, at that time, she had under her care, in the mission-school, between sixty and seventy Indian children.

The "Old Chief" has lived to see the West grow up from infancy to giant manhood; and where, when as a hunter he lighted his camp-fire, or as a pioneer preacher he pitched his cabin, there was naught but a wilderness, now he beholds thriving towns and smiling farms.







## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE HERMIT.

TOWARD the close of the last century there lived, not far from the mouth of Elk River, in the then unbroken wilds of Western Virginia, an old hunter, who, at an early day, with his companion, a man of similar habits, had started out in advance of either exploration or settlement, for the purpose of having an unlimited hunting range in the mountains, with which that section of country abounds. This region was inhabited by nothing but wild animals, which existed in the greatest variety and plenty, such as wolves, bears, panthers, deer, elk, and every kind of wild beast peculiar to the West. Indeed, the country was so savagely wild, that its dark mountains, deep solitudes, gloomy dells, and wild, dashing rivers, roaming and foaming through the gorges, were looked upon with dread, even by the Indians. All the enemies our adventurous hunters had to contend with were the beasts of the wilderness, with whom they shared undisputed possession for many years. In proof of the savageness of the country we may

remark, that many parts of it remain uninhabited and unbroken to this day, and the primeval forests stand as first they stood when they came from the all-creating Hand; the flowers bloom in their wild, native beauty, as first they bloomed; and the rivers flow on in their wonted channels, undiverted by the hand of man. A traveler now, after the lapse of three quarters of a century, might travel for a day through continuous forests, and not find a single habitation, nor meet a single human being, unless it should be a roving hunter who might chance to cross his path, in hot pursuit of game.

We heard a lecturer in one of our Western cities, a few years ago, gravely state from the pulpit of an orthodox Church, that human nature was pure and undepraved in proportion as it was found approximating the native state. The idea was the same as that advanced by a certain geologist, that ores were but the rust of metals. The truth of the assertion in regard to native purity needs considerable qualification. If the lecturer meant by it that man in his original state was pure, it will readily be admitted. When God created him he was pure as the morning light, the lily of the mountain, or the spring which gushes out fresh and free at its base, for he pronounced all good; but, since then, "he has sought out many inventions," and the result shows a wonderful deterioration from the native state. Still the



remark of our lecturer is worthy of some consideration; and it is susceptible of proof, that there are more vices and crimes to be found in the midst of civilized, enlightened, and Christianized society, than are to be found, or even known, among the wild, untutored children of nature. Just as it was in ancient times, when pollution and crime reigned in Babylon, Nineveh, and Sodom, purity and strength were alone to be found in the wild mountain districts. The sacred record assures us that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" but how far this "cruelty" which abounds is exotic, or indigenuous in its character, we may not be able fully to determine. One thing we do know, and that is, that the Indians of this country, before they were visited by the Christian white man, were in a state of purity, peace, and happiness, to which they have ever since been strangers; and that the vices, and even customs and habits, introduced among them by the civilized and enlightened, have done more to degrade and ruin them, than any agency growing out of their native condition.

But we intended not to philosophize, and shall return to our subject. No field could be presented where man might enjoy a wilder Eden of delight in communion with nature, than the region we have been describing among the Elk River mountains. Though man, in this region, was not as wild as the

animals which roamed through its forests, he was, nevertheless, so far as human learning is concerned, quite as ignorant. If he knew there was a God, whose providence extends to the minutest affairs of life, he had derived that knowledge from others; for though "the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," though the mountains, and vales, and trees, and flowers, proclaim the hand that made them Divine, and

"Every rill and mighty river  
Flows, mingling with his praise forever,"

still all is mystery without the voice of revelation. Mysterious truths may be written in the stars, and the beautiful allusion of the poet may be true, that "the wild flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields the mystery of heaven," yet all is mystery, deep, unsealed, unfathomable to the child of nature until it is revealed.

We venture to affirm that at this day there are men—white men and women—in the wilds of Western Virginia, and especially in what is called the neutral ground between that state and Kentucky, who not only can neither read nor write, but who have no more knowledge of the nature and character of God and the scheme of Christianity, than an inhabitant of interior Africa or India, or one of the islands unvisited by a missionary. Many incidents illustra-

tive of this truth have come to our knowledge, and we shall relate one.

The incident which we are about to give did not happen in the wildest district of country of which we have been speaking, but further on toward the borders of civilization, and not many miles from a post route. It happened several years ago, and the gentleman who related it, a minister of the Gospel, has finished the errand of his Master and gone to his rest. He was one of those pioneer preachers who, in advance of civilization almost, had gone out into the wilderness to seek for the lost. He was one whom no labor could tire, no danger intimidate, and no scene disgust in the service of his Master, as he sought out, in the abodes of poverty, wretchedness, and vice, his fellow-creatures, and conveyed to them the soul-saving truths of the Gospel.

On one of his missionary tours through the mountains, after traveling a whole day without food, fatigued and hungry, he espied smoke curling from a cabin by the side of his mountain-path, for there were no roads in that region, and it is said of the county-seat of that county, that its streets had never been indented by a wheeled carriage of any description. The day was spent, and further he could not go, without camping out all night in the woods. Riding up, he alighted, and, hitching his horse to a limb of a sapling which stood near the

door, he entered the humble abode. He found within a mother with her children. The husband was a hunter, and was out with his dogs and gun in quest of game. Addressing the lady, who received him with a frank, honest smile, he said, "Good woman, can I get something for myself and horse to eat, and obtain lodging here to-night?"

"Might I ask you, what is your business?" replied the lady, keenly eyeing him from head to foot.

"I am a preacher, madam; a preacher of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died to save lost sinners."

"Goody gracious! is he dead? I've never heard tell of the name, but I'm sorry he is dead. I told John [alluding to her husband] that all our neighbors might die and we would not know it, and I've been trying to git him to take the papers from the post-boy who stops here every four weeks, but he wont, because its too costive. But," she continued, "who's lost? I never hear tell of one lost but I think of my poor father, who was lost in the mountains and was kilt by the wolves." Here she brushed away with her tow apron a tear, and a truer, brighter one never fell from mortal eye. "Dear me," she added, with a face suffused, "how I feel for the lost. Did what d'ye call him git kilt hunting for the childrens?"

The preacher would have been unable to main-



tain his gravity, but for the earnest, childlike simplicity of this woman, and he replied, "It was not children he was seeking, but sinners; lost sinners, such as you and I."

"Well, I never hearn tell of that name afore. How long has Mister Sinners been lost?"

The preacher felt at a loss what to answer, or how to instruct this child of nature, and involuntarily said, "Good woman, you are in great darkness."

"Yes, I've been at John, ever sence our cabin was built, to cut a winder in the eend on it; but he's so taken with his hunt he's no time to do it."

More confused than ever, the teacher of religion again exclaimed, in the form of a prayer, but with subdued tone, for the sympathies of his noble and generous heart were moved, "O Lord, what weakness is here!"

"Weak, did you say, mister? I reckon you'd be weak if you'd been dauncy as long as I've been."

Seeing that he would have to begin to instruct her as a child without any training, he, for the mean time, abandoned further conversation on the subject of religion, and returned to himself and horse.

"Good woman, you have not told me if I could stay here to-night."

"Well, John's not at home, and it's night, and you're a stranger, I s'pose, in these woods; you might git lost like Sinners and my own father, and I'd be sorry

forever. I have no truck for your horse ; John never had one. I'll gin you some johnny cake, and you may sleep on my bed, and the children and me will sleep by the fire."

The simple meal was prepared, and the preacher sat down to the repast with a thankful heart, conversing with the mother and her children as they were able to bear.

Before the hour for rest had come, the faithful preacher had opened up to that poor woman's mind, as well as to her children's, the glad tidings; and, without a single shade of doubt, she heard and believed the whole story of the cross, and was at once converted and made happy in the love of God. Before retiring, John came home, and the joy of his wife at seeing him was greater than she ever before experienced, as the religion of the Saviour had opened up in her hitherto sealed heart fountains of living joy. The simple-hearted hunter also soon believed the same Gospel story, as it came fresh from his converted wife, became a penitent, and was soon a pardoned man. They both joined the Church, and their house was ever after the stopping-place of the itinerant. The seed sown by this pioneer preacher was in good ground. It fell not among briars and thorns, or in stony places, but in the virgin soil of honest hearts. It was not "choked by the cares of the world, nor the deceitfulness of

riches." It sprang up quickly, but it did not as quickly wither away, for it brought forth thirty-six and a hundred-fold.

But again we have wandered, and must return to our two hunters on Elk River. The reader must not imagine that they came from the East away beyond the Blue Ridge alone. They brought their families with them from the land of their nativity. They were but fairly started in life. One of the hunters, whom we shall designate as the elder, had two sons, fine growing boys, inured to hardship from their birth; the other was blessed with but one child, and that was a daughter.

We need not say that these children were the idols of their parents: whose children are not, be the parents ever so humble and poor, and the children ever so homely and ragged? But the latter was not the case. The boys were strong, well-formed, and hearty, with cheeks fat and ruddy as the blush of morning, and the girl goodly-fashioned, fair as the wild rose of the mountain, and pure as the snow that mantles its summit where it kisses the sky. The hunters had selected a spot which nature seemed to have formed for the very purpose whereon to erect their cabins. It was formed by a notch in the mountain, having a southern exposure, and protected from the winds of the north and the west. Here they were constructed, side by side.

They had brought with them guns and plenty of ammunition, and it was not long until the hunters, with their wives and children, were arrayed in well-dressed buckskin and furs. The boys were already able to follow their fathers in their mountain hunts, and, as they each had guns, they soon became skillful hunters and expert marksmen. The daughter, who was about the age of the younger son, between whom and his brother there was a difference of two years, remained at home as company for her mother and their companion. We need not say that these families lived in peace, without envious thoughts or evil surmisings. Carrying out the idea of the Boston lecturer, whom we mentioned, they were too far removed from refined and fashionable society for that; and even had there been any susceptibility in their nature, which might have made them assailable to the tempter, the occasion was wanting to call it out. No new dress or bonnet, or equipage, or splendid party, where one might be taken and the other left, could intrude themselves as occasions of envy and ill-feeling in this Eden of the wilderness. They were constantly in each other's society, and each seemed to strive to the utmost to make the other happy. They lived in cabins exactly alike on the same sunny side of the mountain, wore the same kind and fashion of clothes, and partook of the same fare. They did not grow pale in the gas light, amid the short hours



of the night, with compressed lungs and heated air in suffocating rooms, dancing polkas, or go into ecstasies, for the sake of taste and genteel breeding, over the performance at an opera or theater. Ignorance of all these appendages of "genteel society," to them was bliss, and where it was it were folly and madness for them to be wise. They were happy, and no feigned smile from painted face was necessary to convince any of the fact who could look into their Eden-home. And yet the rich, the gay, and the fashionable, are the ones that people envy. A quaint old book, which is coeval with the pyramids, and has come down to us, preserved intact like those gigantic monuments of the past, somewhere says, and we recollect having often read it, "Ye call the proud happy, and they that tempt God are set up; they have all that heart can wish; but in a moment how are they consumed with terrors! When thou awakest, O Lord, thou wilt despise their image." Vain boast! shallow appearance!

Our hunters enjoyed more happiness, in pursuit of the wild beasts which God had given man as his inheritance, and in the pleasures of the fireside, than all that gold ever purchased. Their evenings were spent at home, not yawning over the last performance of a brain that brought its author a living, at the expense of his over-taxed mind, goaded to excitement as the slave of the thousands who feed

upon his words, but in less doubtful and more healthful amusements, both for body and mind. Books they had none, not even Bibles; and if they had possessed them, they could not have read them; but the exciting chase, the perilous adventure and hair-breadth escape, supplied them with stories of real life and happiness.

Years passed on, during which time they had cleared a small farm in the valley, which spread out to the bank of the river. The boys had both grown up to manhood, and the girl to pure and blushing womanhood. During all this time nothing had occurred to mar the happiness of the families, or cast even a momentary shadow over the bright scene. But even there, in that far-off, secluded Eden, sorrow, whose teary eye, and trembling steps, and faltering voice visit alike the hut and the palace, entered that peaceful vale.

At the close of a bright and balmy day in spring, all nature having awakened from her winter's sleep and put on her most beautiful garments, the perfume of which filled the air with fragrance and the heart with joy, all was gloom and sadness in the hunter's home. James, their youngest son, was missing. For a day and a night, and still another day, he had been lost. He had gone out hunting with the party, but they separated, as it was necessary they should in searching game, and since that separation no tidings

had been heard from him. There were no neighbors upon whom the disconsolate could call for assistance, and they had themselves scoured the mountain and valleys for miles around. The hunter's horn, which rang out clear its reverberations along the valleys and among the hills, might have been heard for many miles. Reader, did you ever hear one of those horns blown by the strong lungs of a mountaineer? If you ever did, you will say, with us, for far-reaching sound and sweetness of tone, they cannot be excelled. It is many a long year since we heard one; but their sweet and plaintive sound still lingers in our memory like a pleasant dream. The soul of the hunter father went out in that sound, in quest of his idol boy; and, as it grew faint and more faint in the far solitude, till it died on the portals of heaven, it was like the voice of mercy, whispering to the sorrowing heart of the mother, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Stay the anguish of thy heart, for though thy son is gone, he is not lost; the separated on earth shall meet again in the communings of that better world,"

"Where no farewell words are spoken,  
And no separation known."

She had had a premonition. She read it in the sad face of her son as he gave the parting word "good-by" on the fatal morning. Now that he was gone, all recollected something peculiar in the

manner and actions of James on that morning, which would have been forgotten but for his mysterious disappearance. There was one in that little group who could solve that dreadful mystery. She had been fortifying herself, and struggling with a breaking heart in hope against hope, that he would repent of his vow and return.

We have already said that two days and a night had passed in fruitless search, and the weeping ones had gathered together in the cabin of the father. The mother, overcome with grief, had fallen upon her couch, and was wringing her hands and weeping most piteously for the lost. "O," said she, "some wolf, or bear, or panther has devoured him. O, if I could only look upon his face again; if I only knew he was alive."

The strong men were bowed in agony, with their faces buried in their rough but honest hands. The wife of the other hunter was, in sobs, striving to assuage the grief of the bereaved mother, and her daughter stood leaning upon the shoulder of her first and only love, for she and the elder brother were betrothed. But she could repress her feelings no longer; what she had resolved should die with her must be revealed. Staggering to the couch, whereon the weeping mother lay, uttering her cries and calling the name of the lost, the maiden fell upon her knees, and, with a heart bursting, she exclaimed, "James is



not dead! He told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I told him I loved but one, and that was his brother, and we would be married. He then said, 'I will never see your face again.' It was early that morning, when we were out in the field together. He said he wanted to talk to me alone. Taking my hand, he said, 'Farewell! we'll meet no more. I will go to the great river, and live by myself forever.'"

This was some relief to the mother, and proved of comfort to all to know that he was, in all probability, living. As hope is ever springing in the human breast, the mother rose, and said, "I know James will return after this boyish freak is ended."

But that group never looked upon his face again. Many a spring came, and

"To wood and waters round,  
Brought bloom and joy again,"

and was succeeded by summer and winter, and returned again; but with it came not the lost, nor any tidings of him. He was never heard of by any of the family afterward. The stroke was too great for the poor girl, and she often bitterly reproved herself for not telling her mother immediately what had happened; but she was young, timid, and inexperienced, and knew not what to do until it was too late. Like the mountain flower, whose fit representative she was, when summer had passed and winter came, she

drooped; a melancholy came over her spirit that the love of father, mother, and affianced one could not dispel, and ere the next summer had come, they laid her in her quiet grave in the valley. As pure and noble a heart as ever beat in an earthly casement ceased its throbbings, and was at rest forever; and she who was loved by both the brothers became the wife of neither.

James, as soon as he got out of sight of the party, struck directly for the Ohio River. He had been on the banks of the Kanawha, and knew that stream emptied itself into the "Great River," as the hunter named it who told them of it. In the course of several days' travel he reached the mouth of the Kanawha, and for the first time beheld the Ohio. At the mouth, where Point Pleasant now stands, was a fort and several buildings; but he had connected with his vow of leaving home forever, one equally rash—that he would pass the remainder of his days as a hermit, away from the abodes of any human being. He had subsisted thus far on his journey by his gun, and the supply which he took from home on the morning of his departure.

He was now twenty-one years of age; a well-formed, handsome man. His height was about five feet ten inches, with a frame rather slender, but tough and elastic as hickory, able for the endurance of any fatigue or hardship. His dress, as we have

already said, was entirely composed of buckskin. The cuffs, and collar, and fringe of his coat were made of fur, taken from the wild cat. His coat was fastened around him by a belt, in which he carried his knife. His feet were inclosed in nicely wrought moccasins, made by the fair hand of the one on whose account he had abandoned home forever, while his head was surmounted by a coon-skin cap, ornamented with the tail of a black squirrel, which curled gracefully down the side of his face like the plume of a knight.

Finding that he had got into the settlements, he cast his eye over the Ohio side of the river, and saw its unbroken wilderness stretching away as far as his vision could extend. Finding some boys at play on the bank, he prevailed upon them to ferry him across the river in a canoe which was tied to the shore, which they did, receiving a pair of buckskin gloves, the only thing as a compensation he had to give. He was again out of sight of human beings; and, with a bounding step, he plunged into the wilderness, taking a northwesterly direction. On and on he traveled, over hill and dale, craggy precipices, and deep ravines, and tangled thickets, not knowing whither he was going, nor yet caring, so that he could find a home in the wild wood, far from the haunts of man. The iron had entered his soul; and, like the stricken deer, he was seeking the deepest

solitude to die. At night he would kindle a fire, and cook his wild game which he had taken; which would not only answer for his supper, but serve as a supply for the next day's journey. Occasionally he would cross a trail, or path. At other times he would find the trees blazed, all indicating to his experienced eye the presence of man; and no sooner did his eye fall upon them than he started, as if met by an apparition, in a different direction from which they led.

He had now been absent from home a week, having notched the number of days on the stock of his rifle. Though far away, his heart was at home; but a cruel fate impelled him on, and on he wended his solitary way. For the last day he had not discovered any traces whatever of the presence of human beings, or even domestic animals. He had reached a wild, rocky glen, covered by giant trees; so thickly set that their branches interlocked, and shut out the light of the sun. Around it rose up, almost perpendicularly, high hills. The ground, where not occupied by the trees, was covered thickly with plum and hazel bushes. Here was no sign of human life; and neither foot-print of white man nor Indian had ever before been made in that deep, dark, narrow glen. A cave, which might have been the den of a wolf, had been scooped out by nature in the rocky side of the precipitous acclivity, on the



right; and a small rivulet, almost lost in the grass and bushes, which grew in rank luxuriance upon its border, meandered through the ravine. Here our wanderer concluded—after thoroughly reconnoitering the surrounding country for many miles, to be certain of solitude—to take up his abode. After arranging some stones, as a fire-place, in the mouth of his cave, and gathering some wood, he kindled, with his flint and steel, the first fire ever kindled by man in all that region. With smooth bark, and leaves, and mountain moss, he made a bed; and after the toils of the day were ended, and he had partaken of his evening repast, he would quietly slumber in his cave till morning. The woods were full of game; and he had collected a considerable amount of furs and skins, which he must dispose of; besides, his powder and lead were nearly exhausted, and he must obtain a supply. Where to go to find them he knew not. To travel back to Point Pleasant, if he could even find the way, was rather too great an undertaking. Necessity crowded upon him, and wrought a somewhat different state of feeling in his mind. Before, he would have shunned the approach of a white man with infinitely greater readiness than he would that of a panther; but now he would gladly meet one for the purpose of obtaining information with regard to the supply of his pressing wants.

One day, as he sat by his cave, in a more sad and

melancholy mood than formerly—for no smile had lighted up the countenance of that once joyous youth since, with a burdened heart, he left his father's house, nor was he ever known to smile—one day, just as the sun was setting, he heard voices in the distance. From the direction of the sound, the persons from whom it proceeded were evidently coming up the ravine. At first he felt joyful, the first ray of sunshine that had lighted up the dark surface of his heart since he became a wanderer; but it was instantly expelled, leaving it darker than ever, at the thought that his cave would be discovered, and that he would be obliged to move from a place to which he had become attached. Secreting himself in his cave, his fire not yet having been kindled for the night, he waited their approach in breathless suspense.

It happened to be a surveying party, on their route from Portsmouth to Chillicothe. As they came near, one exclaimed:

“We have got to the Stony Battery and Dividing Ridge, just half way from Pee Pee to home.”

“Can we reach there to-night?” said another of the company to the man who had made the first remark heard by the hermit.

“Well, I reckon not, unless we push on faster than we have, and you don't stop so often to hunt for curiosities.”

Just then, attracted by the wildness of the rocky scenery, he was about to step aside, in the direction of the cave, but the last remark called his attention homeward, and he resumed his journey.

Seizing his gun and skins, the hermit started in pursuit; and, keeping a respectful distance behind, with them he scaled the Dividing Ridge, following the pioneers toward Chillicothe. Before they had traveled many miles, night overtook them; but they had resolved on reaching home, and pressed on through the darkness. Hitherto, the hermit was enabled to elude detection by picking his way; but now the darkness forbade it, and he feared that he might accidentally tread on a dry stick, whose crack would betray him to the keen and practiced ear of these frontier men.

Nothing occurred during the journey to expose his proximity to the travelers. The moon had risen, and was casting her silvery light on the fleecy clouds which were drifting

“Onward like beautiful vessels of heaven,  
To their far-away harbor all silently driven,  
Bearing on in their bosom the children of light,  
Who’ve escaped from this dark world of sorrow and night.”

At length the weary travelers descended the hill which rises on the south of the Scioto valley, about half a mile from the river, on the opposite shore of

which is Chillicothe, the name given by the Indians to the town.

But here a difficulty presents itself to the hermit: how shall he cross the river without making himself known to the travelers? Unwilling to do this, he halted, and allowed them to proceed and cross the river, which they did, after some considerable difficulty in getting a craft. Concluding to wait till morning, he laid himself down at the root of a tree, and slept until sunrise. Rising refreshed, he went to the river, and for a coon-skin obtained a passage across.

His next object was to obtain a purchaser for his skins and furs, which he was enabled to do in the first store that he entered. The first stores which were opened in the West depended mostly on their trade in country produce, such as bees-wax, ginseng, feathers, eggs, chickens, turkeys, skins and furs of all kinds, hickory brooms, ax handles, country sugar and molasses, hoop poles and barrel staves, shingles and hominy blocks—in fact, everything that the country produced; and would give in exchange for it groceries, whisky, powder, shot and lead, iron, salt, and dry goods. There was then but little money, and what there was was Owl Creek, Wild Cat, Muskingum, and Belmont, which proved to be of little value. The great amount of business transactions was carried on in trade. Houses and lots in town, and lands in the country, were bought and sold for



horses, cattle, guns, and even dogs have been exchanged for valuable considerations.

The hermit was taken by many for an Indian; so straight and well formed, and dressed so much like one, with a face bronzed by exposure, he only wanted a tomahawk and some Indian ornaments to make the by-standers—and there were always plenty of that description loafing round a village store in those early days—believe he was one. Many were the questions asked him about his home, and the “craps in his neighborhood,” to all of which he was silent. After he had transacted his business, selling his skins and furs at the price put upon them by the store-keeper, receiving in exchange powder and lead, and a small tea-kettle and tin cup, he departed, but left the town in an entirely different direction from that in which he had entered it, intending, after he had got out of sight, to make a circuit and strike the path by which he came, for home.

There followed him from the village a dog, who, whether he had lost his master, or had been attracted by the peculiar appearance of the man of the woods, we know not. Notwithstanding he stopped several times on the way, and attempted to drive him back, the dog would crouch down at his feet, and refuse to move an inch. So obstinately did he persist in following, that he finally gave up his opposition to his company, and, beginning to feel an attach-

ment for the animal, he at length patted him on the head, gave him a piece of jerked venison, and they continued the journey as friends, never to be separated until death. Toward the close of the day he arrived at his cave, and, with his new-found acquaintance, sought rest from his travels.

He remained in his solitary home all winter, when he was not out hunting for game, and saw no one since he left Chillicothe. Early, however, in the spring, a company of surveyors were sent out to locate a road from Chillicothe to Piketon, a distance of about twenty miles. They would labor all day, surveying the most practicable route and driving their stakes, and at night would camp out. On one occasion he was surprised by a party of these surveyors, who had grown scarce of provisions, and had gone out on a hunt. One of the party recognized him as the stranger with the skins at Chillicothe, though months had passed since he saw him. They seemed glad at falling in with him, as they had been unsuccessful in procuring game; and, knowing that he was a practiced hunter, besought him to take them where there was game, promising to reward him by furnishing him with ammunition. To their proposal he assented, and after traveling a few miles they started a deer. Instantly every gun was fired, so anxious was the party, but without effect, as the deer bounded away.

He did not, however, get out of sight before the unerring aim of the elk mountain hunter brought him to the ground.

“There, men,” said he, “is your game;” and with that he bounded away, and they saw him no more.

The road was made; and as the hermit had several times been seen in that locality years afterward by travelers and hunters, it was generally believed that he made his home somewhere near, or on the Dividing Ridge. Having found out the locality of Piketon, a village situated on the Scioto, the location of which, by Simon Kenton and his party in 1795, occasioned the unhappy death of Miller, whose bones are interred beneath the bank which bears his name, he went to that place, instead of Chillicothe, the next time he wished to barter his skins for ammunition. Here he was equally an object of wonder and astonishment, both from the peculiarity of his dress and the wildness of his manners. It was not long until he was pretty generally known, though to all entreaties about his mysterious mode of life he was silent. Many were the surmises as to the cause of his abandoning the society of his species, and living the life of a hermit; but it was not until toward the close of his life that the secret became known. His cave was at last found by a hunter, who left him some corn bread,

and it was afterward frequently visited. He had inhabited it, unmolested, for many years, and none but his own foot had crossed the threshold. Much as he dreaded the invasion of his fellow-man, he had become too much attached to his home to leave it, and, besides, he was growing old, and he concluded to end his days there. In the mean time, wild and broken as the region was, other settlers had come in and erected their cabins, some within a few miles of him.

Years passed, and in the progress of improvement a canal, leading from Chillicothe to Portsmouth, was constructed, which passed to the east of him not many miles. It was finished, and other improvements begun, while farms were opening all around him; still he clung to this wild, sequestered spot.

One day, in a deserted shanty on the bank of the canal, he was found lying sick and unattended, except by his faithful dog. How long he had been there none knew. All who had seen him, or heard of him, felt an interest in him; and when it was known that the hermit was thus exposed, he was visited by friends, who took him to Waverly, and procured for him a physician and nurse. But his sickness was unto death, his wanderings at an end. He breathed his last, and was buried in the village graveyard.



Some years after his death a turnpike road was laid out between Chillicothe and Portsmouth, and it was located so as to run right by the side of the hermit's cave. After the road was finished, the bones of the hermit were removed to the cave, its mouth was filled up with heavy masonry, and on the surface of the rock above a monument was erected. And now, as the traveler crosses the Dividing Ridge, on one of the most smooth, beautiful, and romantically-winding Macadamized roads we ever saw, and comes in sight, as he descends toward Pleasant Valley, a village which has recently sprung up, he will see on his left a plain obelisk of stone, bearing the inscription,

“ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES HEWETT,

THE HERMIT.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## PIONEER PANTHER HUNTING.

OF all the wild beasts that inhabit the Western forests, none are more the hunter's dread than the panther. Their sly, stealthy, cat-like tread, scarcely making a rustle among dry leaves, their frightful spring, and the certainty of securing their victim in their long, knife-like claws, has assigned to them a place in the West, similar to that occupied by the lion in the forests of Africa. They have not, to be sure, the strength of the bear, nor the prowling nature of the wolf, but what they lack in strength, they make up in quickness of motion, and terrific fierceness of attack. While the bear is getting ready for a hug, the panther will tear his victim to pieces. The scream of the panther, like the rattle of the Western serpent, is a sound that never fails to create a tremor in the nerves of the bravest backwoodsman, and when one is heard in a settlement, it creates as great an excitement as the presence of a rabid dog would among the inhabitants of a village. They attack almost all kinds of beasts, but generally

they have a preference for the deer, elk, and buffalo. Large as the latter animal is, it falls a victim to the panther's deadly spring. When, from some overhanging cliff, or the branches of some tree, it springs upon a buffalo, striking its claws deep into the flesh, there is no escape; for its claws are so sharp and strong, that they penetrate the bark of the hardest tree, enabling them to ascend with the fleetness of a cat. The affrighted animal may plunge through the thicket and endeavor to shake off the terrible foe, but all is of no avail; the panther, grappling the neck, soon extracts the life-blood, and the victim falls. In their native wildness they were as fearless as they were ferocious, until the deadly hunter's rifle taught them the power of man. They will, notwithstanding, when they are confident of success, attack a man, though they will run from a dog, not because they fear him—for with one stroke of their paw they could put a stop to his chase and silence his barking forever—but because of the proximity of the hunter with his rifle.

An incident occurred in Western Virginia during the last half century, that will serve to illustrate the nature of the attacks of these animals on defenseless man. A pioneer preacher had left the rude cabin of his host, which had but one apartment, and was well supplied with children, whose noise interrupted his studies, and had sought a retired place in the

woods. The place he selected was beneath the spreading branches of a majestic oak. Here he placed himself in a recumbent posture with his book in hand, and was soon lost in the mazes of thought which the author's ideas opened up to his mind. While indulging in these abstractions, his attention was diverted from his book by the crack of a dry stick, producing a sound like that of one walking in the woods. Turning his head in the direction of the sound, his eyes met those of his host not thirty yards distant. Instantly the hunter gave a low, quick, whist! and raising his rifle in the direction of the branch immediately over the head of the reclining preacher, he fired, and down came, cracking through the lower branches, a huge panther, whom the hunter discovered just making ready to spring upon the unconscious preacher.

We have two veritable panther stories, related by hunters who were themselves the actors in the scenes they represent, and as they will serve to illustrate pioneer life among the wild beasts of the West, as well as what we have given in other chapters is designed to illustrate life among the savages—both of which disputed with the white man for the occupancy of the soil—they will be given to the reader.

The story which follows was taken from the lips of a mountain hunter, and runs thus :

The settlement on the mountain here is very scat-



tered, and there are no inhabitants for a considerable distance back from the road. I heard that a person had been hunting, and said that he had seen three panthers; upon which I called on him, and he told me that, at a certain place on Spring Brook, about ten miles from this, he had come across three panthers, and had tried to fire at them, but could not get his gun to go off. I thought the fellow was a coward, that only part of his story was true, and that he had been afraid to fire at them; but as I knew exactly the place which he described, (for I had been frequently there on hunting excursions,) I thought I would go and see whether there had been any panthers there; so I started off next morning with my dog. You know what a terrible thicket of laurel, and spruce, and hemlock there is about here; well, it is as bad all the way to the place where the fellow said he saw the panthers. At last, however, I got to it, and sure enough the panthers had been there. There was a little snow upon the ground, and I found where they had killed a deer, and eaten part of it; but I knew that after I had been at the place they would not go back to it again; for a panther will never touch his game a second time, if anything else has been at it. I marked which way they went, as it was two days since they had been there; and as I did not know how long I might be in the woods in chase of them, I thought it would be best to go home and

get a supply of provisions for a good long hunt, and then take a fresh start; but as it was almost night, I struck a fire, and laid down till morning.

As soon as it was light, I started off, taking my back track to go home, and got about half way, when, behold, I came right on the panthers' tracks! They had crossed the path I had made in the snow the day before. I knew they had crossed in the daytime, for it had been warm, and the snow had melted a little, and I could easily tell that they had crossed my path before night. I started on the track, and followed till almost evening, when I saw a light place in the woods, and going into it, I found I was on a road about three miles from home. I then concluded it would be the best way for me to go home that night, and get my knapsack of provisions, as I had intended, for I did not know but the varnints might keep me running after them a whole week; and I was determined, if I once started them, to give them no time to rest or kill game, as long as I could see to follow them, let them go where they would; and sometimes they lead one an awful long chase.

So home I went, filled my knapsack with provisions, and started out with my dog. He is a good fellow for a panther, and likes hunting as well as I do. Well, as I said, as soon as it was daylight next morning, out I went, and got on the track again where I had left it the evening before, and followed it all day

long, up one valley and down another, over hills and through laurel swamps, till just before sunset, when I came on a fine buck which the panthers had killed and partly eaten, and which was still warm. They had killed him where he lay: he had never got up. He had been lying behind a large hemlock-tree, which was blown down; and it appeared, by the marks in the snow, as if they had smelt him, crawled up close to him, jumped over the tree, and seized him in his bed. They always take their game by surprise. They never make more than two or three jumps after it: if it then escapes, they turn off another way. They had eaten as much as they wished of the buck, and after getting their fill, they appeared to have been in a very good humor, for their marks showed where they had played about, and had jumped up and down all the small trees around. They did not know who was after them. I had not expected to come on them so soon, and had pushed ahead without any caution, so that they had heard my approach; and I soon found, by the appearance of things, that they must have started away just as I came up, for instead of keeping together as they had done all day before, they had set off in different directions. I thought, as it was sunset, that I had better encamp where I was, for they would hardly come back in the night to claim their buck; but first, I thought I would look around a little more, to see which track it would be

best to follow in the morning, and so just went a little way into the swamp, which was close by me, when, only think! one of the fierce animals had been watching all the time, and I heard him start within ten rods of me; but the laurel was so thick that I could not see him. As soon as he started, away went the dog after him, full yelp. I stood still, and there was a glorious threshing among the laurels, when all at once I heard the panther take up a tree. I heard his nails strike the bark the first dash he made. It was a beautiful still evening, and I said to myself, I have one of you, any way; and I ran as hard as I could through the thicket, tumbling over logs, and scrambling through the laurels, until I came to where Toby was, barking, and jumping, and shaking his tail, and looking mightily tickled at having got one of them up the tree.

I soon saw the panther lying at his full length on a limb: it was on a very large hemlock. I did not know well what to do; for it was now so late that I could scarcely see the foresight of my rifle, and I could not see the notch of the hindsight at all; but, as I knew my gun, I thought I had better venture a shot, rather than keep watch at the tree all night; and so I drew up, and took the best aim I could, and fired away. The tarnal thing never stirred, but I said to myself, I am sure I can't have missed you. In a short time I saw a motion in his



tail, which hung over the limb on which he lay, and directly after, I could hear his nails gritting on the bark; and I saw his body begin to slide round the limb, till at last he slung fairly under it, suspended by his claws, and in a minute after he let go his hold, and down he came, cosouse! so nearly dead, that when I ran to keep Toby from taking hold of him (for they are dreadful to fight, and can tear a dog to pieces in no time) I found him unable to stretch out a claw. I knew that I could find the place again, and so I just let him lay where he fell, and I went back to the buck, and made a good fire, and lay down there till morning. But first I cut some good slices off the buck, and roasted them for supper. He was a fine fat fellow, and killed as nicely as a butcher could have killed him. I don't like to eat part of a deer which has been killed by the wolves, but a panther is a different thing.

The next morning I started bright and early, and I soon came on the tracks of the other two panthers. It appeared as if they had been tracing about separately, and had kept around the swamp nearly all night; but at last they got together and started off. As soon as I got on the track I followed it briskly till about noon, when I started them afresh, and letting out Toby, they, and he, and I, all ran as fast as we could; but they got about a quarter of a mile ahead of me, when dash! one of them took up a tree, which I

soon knew by the manner of the dog's barking. O, said I, I've got another one! When I came up to the dog, there, sure enough, was a panther up a tree, shaking his tail and looking just like a cat when she is about to jump on a mouse; but, says I, my fine fellow, I'll soon put a stop to your jumping. So I ups with my rifle, and down he came, as dead as if he had never been alive. I skinned him, and fastened his skin to my knapsack, and away I started after the other one.

The last fellow did not like to travel without his companions. I suppose he wondered what had become of them. He kept dodging about, first one way, then another, as if he expected them to come up with him; but he had another kind of companion hunting for him. Well, as I said, after I skinned the second one, I started after the third, and in about two hours I roused him from behind a log, and Toby and he had a fine run for about ten minutes. I stood still; for I thought maybe the panther would take a circuit to hunt for the other ones, and so he did; but the dog was so close to him he thought it best to tree, in order, I suppose, to see who, and how many were after him. As soon as I knew, by the barking, he had treed, away I ran, and soon got on the track. I took notice of it on a leaning tree, which I ran past to the dog, who was about ten rods further, looking up at a large hemlock, and making a great racket.

I looked up, but I could see no panther. I went off a little where I could see every limb; but there was no panther there. Why, said I, this can be no ghost, to vanish in this way; he must be on some of these trees; but let us go where I last saw the track. So I went back to the leaning tree, where I had last seen the track. It was a pretty large hemlock, which had fallen against another, and, looking up, there I saw the fellow, sure enough, crouching right in the crotch, where the leaning tree lay across the other, close down, so hidden by the limbs and green leaves of the hemlock that I could see only a small part of his body. In running to the dog I had gone right under him. Although I could see but little of him from the place where I stood, yet, as I was sure that what I saw was his shoulders, I did not wait to see any more of him, but took a fair sight and drew my trigger. Well, he didn't budge! I looked at him for some time, but he didn't stir. I was sure I had shot him through; I thought it a pity to waste any more lead on him. His tail hung over the crotch of the large tree, and there was a smaller tree which grew up close to the crotch, and I thought I could climb up the little tree, so as to catch his tail, and see whether he was dead or no; but just as I was about half up I saw his tail begin to move, and, before I could get to the ground, his head and foreparts slid over the crotch, and down he came, as dead as a door-nail. So I

skinned him, and went back to the one I killed first, and skinned him, and got home that night; and sent word to the fellow who saw them by the Spring Brook, that if he would come to me I would show him the skins of his three panthers.

The next is from a pioneer hunter of Kentucky, who is said to have killed the last buffalo in the cane-brakes of that state, and who for years supplied the Covington and Cincinnati markets with bear meat and venison. His story is told as follows:

I was living on a branch of Bigbone, called Panther Run, from the circumstance to this day. It was the year after I had been out with General Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk, and butcher-knife in my belt, as customary, and, scouring about the woods, I came to a thick piece of brush; in short, a perfect thicket of hoop-poles. I discovered some dreadful growling and scuffling was going on by the sound, apparently within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept on until I found myself within, perhaps, twenty steps of two very large male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting, and yelling like a couple of ram cats, only much louder, as you may guess. At last one of them seemed to have absolutely killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This was what I had been waiting for;



and while the other was swinging backward and forward over him in triumph, I blazed away; but, owing to his singular motion, I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly. They are very hard to kill. But he made one prodigious bound through the brush, and cleared himself out of sight, the ground where we were being quite broken, as well as sideling. I then walked up to the other, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him, when he made one spring to his feet, and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds. I was uncommonly active, as well as stout, in those days, and feared neither man nor mortal in a scuffle; but I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him as fast as possible for dear life. So we tussled away, and the ground being sideling and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling, we gradually worked down hill till I was forced against a large log, and we both came to the ground, I inside and the panther outside of it, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. I kept on knifing away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last, to my great rejoicing. I got to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had

dropped early in the scuffle, got it, and ran home. I gathered the neighbors, with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one I had knifed dying, and the one I had shot making an effort to climb a tree to the height of eight or ten feet, when he fell, and was speedily dispatched. Next day I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a saddler in Lexington for two dollars apiece. You may depend I never got into such a grip again with a panther.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SQUATTER FAMILY.

AMONG the early settlers of the West were many who moved out and selected sites for their homes upon any unoccupied land they might find, and, by clearing a portion of it and building a cabin, they obtained a preëmption right to the soil, or, at least, a certain portion of it, and in possession of which they have been protected by the government, at least so far as that none could dispossess them without paying an equivalent for the improvements; and even then they had a prior claim, or the privilege of purchasing, at government price, over every other purchaser. Such pioneers have been denominated "Squatters."

In an early day a man, who had left the sterile soil of an Eastern state, started with his young and rising family to better his condition in the rich and fertile valley of the West. He was a poor, but honest man; had struggled hard to raise his family, and by patient industry was enabled to obtain an outfit of a horse and cart to journey to the West.

Passing through what was then a wilderness, he at length reached a spot on the Illinois River, about two hundred miles from its mouth, where he pitched his tent, and subsequently erected his cabin. His family consisted of a wife and three children; the eldest, a boy, was in his nineteenth year, the next a girl in her eighteenth year, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. They were all healthy and vigorous, the very material suited for the hard toil and poor fare of pioneer life.

One day there came to the squatter's cabin three Indians, professing to be friendly, who invited him to go out on a hunting excursion with them. As the family subsisted mostly upon game, he finally concluded to accompany them, taking with him his eldest son. They expected to be absent about a week, as they intended to take a somewhat extensive range. After three days had passed away, one of the Indians returned to the squatter's house, and deliberately lighting his pipe and taking his seat by the fire, he commenced smoking in silence. The wife was not startled at his appearance, as it was frequently the case that one, and sometimes more, of a party of Indian hunters, getting discouraged, would leave the rest and return. This was usually the case when they imagined they discovered some bad sign, and it would not only be useless, but disastrous, for them to hunt under such circumstances.



The Indian sat for some time in sullen silence, and at length, removing his pipe from his mouth, he gave a significant grunt to awaken attention, and said, "White man die." The squatter's wife at this replied,

"What is the matter?"

"He sick, tree fall on him, he die. You go see him."

Her suspicions being somewhat aroused at the manner of the savage, she asked him a number of questions. The evasiveness and evident want of consistency in the answers, at length convinced her that something was wrong. She judged it best not to go herself, but sent her youngest son, the eldest, as we have seen, having gone on the hunt with his father. Night came, but it brought not the son or the Indian. All its gloomy hours were spent in that lone cabin by the mother and daughter; but morning came without their return. The whole day passed in the same fruitless look-out for the boy; the mother felt grieved that she had sent her child on the errand, but it was now too late. Her suspicions were now confirmed that the Indians had decoyed away her husband and sons. She felt that they would not stop in their evil designs, and that, if they had slain the father and his boys, they would next attack the mother and her daughter.

No time was to be lost; and she and her daughter,

as night was approaching, went to work to barricade the door and windows of the cabin in the best manner they could. The rifle of the youngest boy was all the weapon in the house, as he did not take it when he went to seek his father. This was taken from its hangings, and carefully examined to see that it was well loaded and primed. To her daughter she gave the ax, and thus armed, they determined to watch all night, and, if attacked by the savages, to fight to the last.

About midnight they made their appearance, expecting to find the mother and daughter asleep, but in this they were disappointed. They approached stealthily, and one of the number knocked loudly at the door, crying, "Mother! mother!"

The mother's ear was too acute to be deceived by the wily savage, and she replied, "Where are the Indians, my son?"

The answer, "Um gone," would have satisfied her, if she had not been before aware of the deceit.

"Come up, my son, and put your ear to the latch-hole. I want to tell you something before I open the door."

The Indian applied his ear to the latch-hole. The crack of the rifle followed, and he fell dead.

As soon as she fired, she stepped on one side of the door, and immediately two rifle balls passed through it, either of which would have killed her.

“Thank God,” said the mother in a whisper to her daughter, “there are but two. They are the three that went to hunt with your father, and one of them is dead. If we can only kill or cripple another, we shall be safe. Take courage, my child; God will not forsake us in this trying hour. We must both be still after they fire again. Supposing they have killed us, they will break down the door. I may be able to shoot another one,” for in the mean time she had re-loaded the rifle; “but if I miss, you must use the ax with all your might.”

The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her that she would do her best.

The conversation had scarcely ceased when two more rifle balls came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for the space of several minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, came through the door, followed by tremendous strokes against it with a heavy stake. At length the door gave way, and an Indian, with a fiendish yell, was in the act of springing into the house; but a ball from the boy’s rifle, in the mother’s hand, pierced his heart, and he fell dead across the threshold. The surviving Indian, daring not to venture—and it was well for his skull that he did not—fired at random, and ran away.

“Now,” said the mother to the daughter, “we must leave;” and taking the rifle and the ax, they

hastened to the river, jumped into the canoe, and without a morsel of provision, except a wild duck, and two blackbirds which the mother shot on the voyage, and which they ate raw, they paddled their canoe down the river until they reached the residence of the French settlers at St. Louis.

Some time after, a party of hunters started over into Illinois, and scoured the country in every direction; but they returned without finding either the squatter or his boys. Nor have they been heard from to this day. Should the traveler pass by the beautiful city of Peoria, in his Westward wanderings, the old settlers in that neighborhood can point out the spot where stood the cabin of the squatter, so heroically defended by his wife and daughter, and who so nobly avenged the death of the father and his sons.

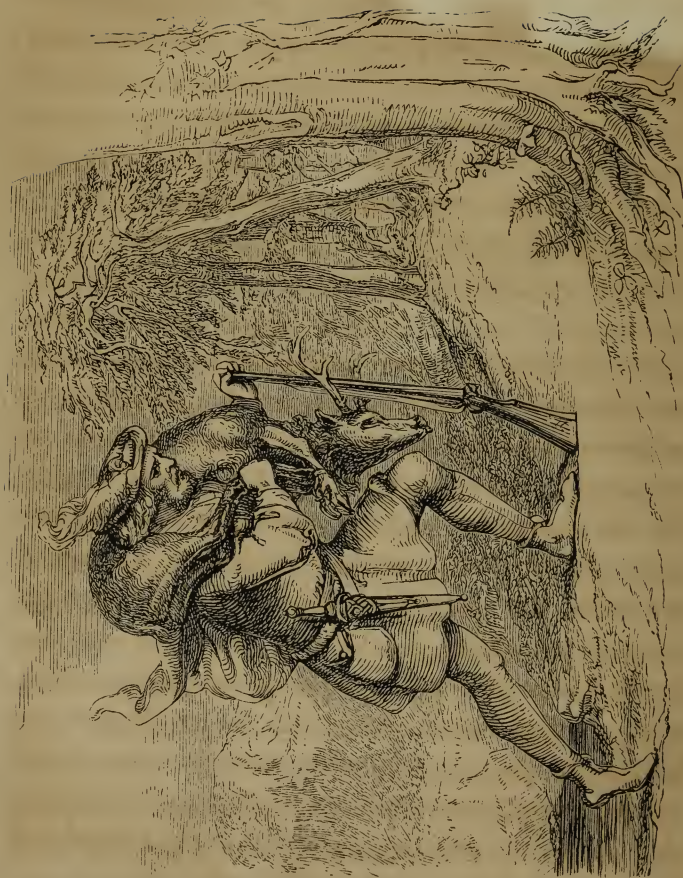
The pioneer women of the West, like the men, were made of sterner stuff than enters into the composition of most of our modern ladies and gentlemen. They were brave in entering the wilderness, and they showed themselves equally so in grappling with its difficulties and encountering its perils. Who has not heard of the heroic Miss Elizabeth Zane, at Fort Henry, in 1777, where the city of Wheeling now stands? When a large army of savages had been collected, under the infamous Girty, and had attacked the fort, having killed in an outside skirmish several officers and men, a fearful crisis had arrived.



The fort was reduced to but eleven men and boys. The houses of the villagers were occupied by the savage foe, who for the moment had ceased hostilities, and had withdrawn to the base of the hill, which rose abruptly and precipitously from the narrow valley. The ammunition of the fort was nearly exhausted; and the stock must be replenished, or all would fall—men, women, and children—a prey to the merciless savages. About sixty yards distant, at the house of Ebenezer Zane, there was a keg of powder. If that could be procured they would be enabled successfully to defend the fort, and keep the Indians at bay. Not a man or boy, for they were almost equally good marksmen, could be spared; and yet some one must hazard his life in the undertaking. It was the forlorn hope of that little band, and on it their fate was to turn. The commander, Colonel Shepherd, called for a volunteer in this perilous undertaking. Several promptly offered their services, both men and boys; but they were the bravest of the band, and could least be spared. The difficulty seemed to be not so much in finding the heart stout enough for the fearful undertaking, but in making the selection. Just then, up stepped a slender, delicate girl. With the spirit of her noble father, she said to the commander, "I will bring the powder. If I die in the attempt, my loss will not be felt." In vain they strove to dissuade her, as she would most certainly be shot;

besides, she could not run with the fleetness of a man. All entreaties were vain, and she heroically exclaimed, "Open the gates, and let me go!" With tearful eyes the gates were opened, and the intrepid girl bounded toward the house. The moment she emerged from the fort she was seen by the Indians, who, instead of firing at her, seemed to be taken by a surprise and astonishment that for a moment suspended their murderous purposes. She reached the house, entered it, secured the desired keg, and started back to the fort. The soul of the heroic girl was in the effort, and bravely it sustained her. As she sped across the space with her burden a dozen rifles were raised, and their sharp, simultaneous crack seemed to announce her doom; but she neither fell nor faltered. On with accelerated speed she urged her way; and, passing the gates, she entered the fort in safety. The deed of that brave girl saved the fort; and an advantage was gained over the savages from which they did not recover so as to renew their depredations in future on that frontier outpost. Pioneer life in the West abounds with incidents of female heroism; and the simple story of their deeds possesses a more thrilling interest than can be infused by the most fervent and fruitful imagination into any scene of fiction.







## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE LOST HUNTER.

“When spring to woods and waters round  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The Western hunter’s bones were found  
Far down a narrow glen.”

IN the Western wilderness, at an early day, a hunter with his family penetrated beyond the settlements in advance of civilization, with a view eventually of effecting a clearing and securing for himself a home. He was young and athletic, and, with his wife, had been reared in the woods. Both were inured to hardships, and they were alike fitted to brave the dangers and endure the ills of a forest life. Having reached their destination, the wife carrying the child, a fine healthy boy of one summer’s growth, and the hunter his gun, ax, and other articles necessary for life in a camp, they halted in the afternoon of a balmy day, in Indian summer, on the bank of a sparkling rivulet, in a dense but beautiful forest. The tent, the cloth of which had been made before they started, was soon pitched, and ere night they were safely housed in their new home. That night they were

lulled to sleep, after their weary journey, by the rippling of the stream over its pebbly bed. Crouched at the door, which was composed of a curtain, as a sentinel, was the hunter's dog, a large, noble animal, which he had raised expressly for hunting, and whose sagacity had proved equal to any emergency to which he had been subjected.

Thus opened to that young and enterprising family, life in the then far-distant West. The young husband with his gun was at no difficulty in securing plenty of game, which roamed unscared in the forest, except by an occasional Indian hunter, who might chance to pass that way in his winter range. He felled the forest around his cabin, cut and split up the timber for fire wood, cleared out the under-brush, and had, by the approach of winter, quite a patch in readiness for planting in the coming spring. Having devoted his attention to clearing while the weather remained good, or at least so that he could work profitably, he had but little time to hunt. But this was not all; he had reared for his little family a cabin composed of such small trees and limbs as he was able of himself, with the assistance of his wife, to put in their places. It was small, but it answered every purpose, and being well chinked and daubed, would keep out the wintery blast.

Having, as before remarked, been unable to devote much attention to hunting, his stock of provisions

had become quite limited, and it became necessary for him to sally out into the surrounding wilderness to replenish his store. Early one morning, in the beginning of winter, he furnished himself with a piece of jerked venison, and bidding his wife and child good-by, with the promise of returning in the afternoon, he started out on a hunt. He traveled several miles without starting any game except a flock of turkeys, which were too quick of wing to allow a shot. The day, which in the morning had been rather bright for a winter's day, began now to assume a somber and portentous aspect. Dark clouds came drifting up from the West, threatening a winter storm. He thought of his wife and child, and it was not strange that we imagine such thoughts to possess his mind, when we consider they were left alone in the woods many miles from human habitation. But they were not entirely alone: the faithful dog had been left to guard them in their solitude.

The snow began to descend, and the day was wearing away, but he was in quest of provision for the loved ones at home, and he pushed on through the forest, heedless of the storm and reckless of danger. At length a large buck sprang from a thicket just in advance of him, and bounded away. The hunter gave chase; and over rock and crag, and deep ravine, and tangled thicket, he pursued it, until, gaining the base of a hill, he directed his course around it, hoping

to get a shot at the affrighted animal. In this he was fortunate. Not hearing the hunter's feet behind, it stopped on the descent, and the well-directed aim brought it to the ground. The hunter, delighted with his success, shouldered his game, and started in the direction of home. The storm, however, began to increase in violence, and the heavens were darkened by the thick flakes of snow which buried the earth and the trees in its mantle. On he traveled, but the forest signs by which he was accustomed to find his way were obliterated, and he knew not whither he was traveling. Night was coming on, and he was many miles from home, but that were nothing, did he only know the way thither. The load was heavy, and the depth of the snow had now become so great that he could make but slow progress.

He was lost—lost in the depths of a dense and dreary forest; still he wandered on. No sound fell upon his ear but the moaning winds, which, like a funeral dirge, added to the gloom. With the storm the cold increased; and the snow-crystals, sharpened by the frost, were like so many stings to the hunter's face. Over rock, and through glen and thicket he urged his way, nerved by thoughts of home. All burdens and hardships are light, and readily endured, for those we love; and the poor hunter, though lost, was still not destitute of hope that he might find his home. The brave, stout heart, however, could not



sustain the weary and benumbed frame. Nature, overtasked, at last must sink beneath her load. A chillness comes over him as the piercing wind scatters its frosts around; and the exhausted traveler, unable to proceed any further, sinks down beneath his burden, at the foot of a tree, in a deep, narrow glen. He was too far gone to recover himself, and he yielded to his fate.

It is said a wild but delicious delirium seizes the mind of those who are on the point of freezing to death; and, if so, it may not be too great a stretch of the imagination to suppose that the lost man dreamed of his quiet cabin, and the joys of his peaceful home, and, in the language of the poet, though

“Reason forsook her shatter’d throne,  
He dream’d that summer hours  
Again around him brightly shone,  
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;  
Again the fresh, green, forest sod,  
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod.  
He heard the deer’s low bleat;  
Or, couch’d within the shadowy nook,  
Was lull’d by music of the brook,  
That murmur’d at his feet.

“It changed; his cabin roof o’erspread,  
Rafter, and wall, and chair,  
Gleam’d in the crack’ling fire that shed  
Its warmth, and he was there;

His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now  
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,  
    His child was prattling by ;  
The dog couch'd dozing near the door,  
And through the pane, frost-pictured o'er,  
    He saw the white drifts fly.

“That pass'd ; before his swimming sight  
    Does not a figure bound ?  
And a soft voice, with wild delight,  
    Proclaim the lost is found ?  
No, hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak  
Of whirling snow—the tempest shriek—  
    No human aid is near !  
Never again that form will meet  
Thy clasp'd embrace ; those accents sweet  
    Speak music to thine ear !”

The hunter and his victim lay side by side in the icy arms of death ; and ere the morning broke over that dreary forest they were inclosed in a winding-sheet of snow. It were vain to search for the lost amid the ruins of such a storm. Nor until spring came and melted away the snow, and brought its leaves and flowers, did a brother hunter find his bones, and bear to the heart-broken widow the sad news of his death, and the only mementoes that were left, his rifle and his knife.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE WISCONSIN SCHOOLMA'AM.

It was a cold, wet day in April. The wind sighed and moaned through the trees, and the driving rain came down, pitilessly drenching the tender buds that but yesterday were swollen, well-nigh to bursting, with a new and buoyant life. Anon the heavy drops were changed to large snow flakes, which alighted in the very bosoms of the bright-eyed hepatica, the star-flowered bloodroot, and bowed still lower the modest heads of the erythronium. An early spring, and a long succession of bright, Wisconsin suns, had called these out somewhat earlier than their wont; but they found that, if winter had not "lingered in the lap of spring," he had come back to bid her a very boisterous adieu, and, in doing so, he forgot not to tread on the little ones.

"See there, ma'am, if there aint a man and woman on horseback, with an umbrell;" and the next moment no less than four little tow-heads were crowded into the six-paned window of the cabin, with the mother's head above them all, gazing at the stran-

gers; and when the latter were out of sight from the window, the "young 'uns" ran out in the rain, and watched them away down the ravine, in spite of repeated injunctions to "come into the *heouse*," and "shut that *air* door."

A few minutes after "dad" came in with a neighbor, saying that he had just met the "elder," as he called the circuit preacher, taking his daughter to be "inspected," in order to teach their school that summer. Then followed some conjecturing as to whether she would get a certificate.

"Git a sirtificate? Of course she will! She is one of the smartest teachers in the country. They are going to give her a dollar and twelve and a half cents a week, and that's more than they have ever gin a schoolma'am afore."

"Yes; but you know Dr. Dean has to do all the examining. He lives down to Woupekon, and they don't want us to have any school here, because they aint going to have any down there; they are too stingy to have a school, and they are afraid that we shall git the start on 'em."

"O, they git eout! It's of no use for them to be so mighty smart; they han't got the nateral advantages that we have, no how they can fix it."

And then followed a long string of reasons, all *pro* and none *con.*, why this particular "settlement" was a "leetle ahead" of any other for some miles around,



to say nothing of the advantages which they enjoyed over those who lived in Illinois or Michigan, or any other state East or South. As for the West, they supposed that there were some nice situations out in Iowa, where nobody had "gone in;" and the owner of the cabin rather thought that he should try his luck out there before long. Neighbors were getting "a 'most too thick here; he'd thought so ever since Jones had come in a mile below him." For his part, he did not like to be crowded. He would not want to live in such a place as it was down at the village, where you could stand in your own door and see half a dozen houses, all in the same "clearin'."

It will be readily perceived that our log-cabin man was a specimen of the genuine Yankee pioneer, a character, it must be confessed, quite rare in Northern Wisconsin. The pioneers of that country were the Canadian French, whose settlements were commenced as early as the first half of the eighteenth century. Their descendants still remain, a mingled race of half-breeds, that, with a few honorable exceptions, do no credit to their illustrious ancestors, either by their enterprise or intelligence.

The tide of immigration here from the Eastern states, unlike that of the states further South, came on, when it did begin, with a rush that mostly swallowed up its own pioneers, instead of ever bearing them forward and casting them upon the further

shore of civilization. That may be partly accounted for in the fact that this northern region was, till within a short time, supposed to be inhospitably cold. Instances are not wanting within the last twenty years where immigrants have found it almost impossible to convince their friends, who yet lingered behind, that Indian corn actually grew rankly and ripened in one season, yielding an ample harvest, in central Wisconsin. And it is credibly stated that, a little longer since, official instructions were given to a government officer, *en route* for Green Bay, to go from Milwaukee thither by sleighing *in the month of May*.

When these illusions were dispelled, and it became known that a fair and fertile country, beautifully variegated with prairie and woodland, and of a warmer climate than the same latitudes East, was all unappropriated, the tide of Eastern emigration set in this direction. At this time the Erie Canal, and soon afterward the Central Railroad, were in full operation, and semi-weekly lake steamers swept the whole Michigan shore of the new Eden, thus affording opportunities for its rapid settlement which few other Western states could boast. Taking these things into account, it is not surprising that its settlers presented traces of unusual refinement at a very early period. Coming by water, they could and did bring their furniture with them; the same facilities brought their weekly newspapers and their letters, and thus they

were never shut out so completely from Eastern civilization, and left to grow barbarous, as they would under more unfavorable circumstances. This may explain the appearance of refinement in the schoolmistress, who was usually, as "down East," the daughter of the farmer, and who there considers it a necessary finish to her education to teach school a year or two before getting married. (Vide Miss Lyon.)

Thus it is evident that the points we are to trace must be the peculiarities that privation would induce, and the energies which the circumstances would naturally develop. Accordingly, we find one Mary Catlin prompt to her engagement, and, determined to avoid giving a pretext for a ruse, starting out on this unpleasant day to meet the town commissioners. It was a long, weary ride on the crupper, ten miles, across bare, fenceless prairies, through cross-cuts and byways, to shorten the route; but the log-cabin of the second commissioner, the appointed place of meeting, was at last in sight. It must be confessed that Mary dreaded a formal examination, and, indeed, it was not usual to have anything critical on such occasions, unless rivalry or some similar cause demanded it.

Take, for example, Mary's first examination, the previous summer, conducted, as usual, by a Dr., (mind, we did not say an *M. D.*,) which character was supposed to embody about as much profound

learning as any other individual corporation in a new country, not even excepting the general run of those land-sharks who pompously placarded themselves as "Attorneys at Law;" for the West, even at an early date, was by no means deficient in this very important element of (trouble in) society.

But in the case referred to, the worthy doctor had evidently grown rusty on the "rudiments," and the examination consisted of a few common-place questions on geography and arithmetic, and an attempt at orthography, which, after proceeding as far as the number of letters in the alphabet and their divisions, was rounded off with a laugh, and the remark that he believed he had "really forgotten the fore-part of the spelling-book!"

Meanwhile, to answer the requirements of the law and append his name to the certificate, there sat by a burly Dutchman, who could hardly comprehend a whole sentence in English; and, the examination finished, they "*sertified* that Miss Mary Catlin was qualified to teach a *comon* school!"

In the present case it would not be so, for Dr. Dean had taught school himself, which was an argument to the point.

Meanwhile, they arrived at the house, after going away up hill, through a pair of bars, and then away down around a swamp. A cordial welcome from the inmates of the cottage, and a smoking din-



ner, awaited them; the latter more remarkable for its savoriness, abundance, and the generous hospitality with which it was offered, than for its variety; though Westerners, after a year or two, generally live one or two thirds better than they did "down East." The conversation at dinner led to mutual congratulations on the excellent promise of educational privileges to be enjoyed in their state that was to be, and ended with the satisfied assurance of every one that they were really among the most fortunate beings in the world, simply because they had become *badgers*.

Dinner being ended, in due time the momentous subject was introduced, and it soon became evident that Dr. Dean intended to discharge his duty conscientiously; for he questioned the young lady up hill and down, on all the ordinary branches of education, and some of the extraordinary. He certainly thought it necessary to impress her duly with the fact that she could not and did not know too much for a school teacher, both of which convictions, he considered, would be best brought about by a due display of his own superior knowledge. Although she could not answer all the questions that he propounded, yet he discovered her to be so much better qualified than many of the dollar and six-shilling girls that he would be obliged to pass, that it would not answer to refuse her a certificate, even if he felt disposed to gratify local prejudices. So, after giving some very

good advice, he ended by gayly saying, "Now, Miss Catlin, I will give you a certificate if you can tell me which side of a shirt wristband to put the button-hole in." A general laugh followed, which was heightened by her quick reply, "O, on the *right* side, of course!" and the certificate was made out forthwith.

In selecting our model, we may not have taken the most common type of the Western schoolmistress. The universal schoolmistress that we used to see in our childish days, was young, somewhere between fifteen and eighteen, romping and wild, though good-hearted enough; by some chance yet unmarried, but by no chance without a beau to take her to parties, hops, and huskings. She had enjoyed all the advantages of a district school in the winter since she was twelve years old; and now—well, she made no secret of it, and I see no reason why I should—the gist of the matter was, she was to be married in the fall; and while her "feller" was "breaking up" a few acres, and chinking his cabin for the winter, she must teach a three-months' school somewhere, as the only chance at her command for getting a little money to buy her a smart wedding gown, and a table, or a high-post bedstead, or a looking glass, or something of the kind, as a sort of an apology for the setting-out that her poor squatter father, with his half a dozen children, could not give her. This was before the days in which Governor Slade commenced sending out teachers

into Wisconsin, or we might have given you a daguerreotype of a schoolmistress by profession, and a matrimonial-alliance hunter by practice, for as such these self-denying women are looked upon all through the West.

But Mary Catlin, as we remember her, had the spirit of the genuine educator, and her character was not without its duplicates even in the new settlements of Wisconsin. She saw the necessity of mental and moral development in herself, and in others, and, as the surest mode of securing both, she turned her attention to teaching. As example is great beyond all other influences, so her earnest thirst for knowledge infused itself even into the young minds that attended the summer school; and long afterward did the mothers tell, to the annoyance of transient teachers, how fast Jim and Mat learned the summer that they went to school to Mary Catlin.

But not the least of Mary's qualifications were her energy and promptitude, for without these she would have effected little. In the commotion incident to making a new home, to selecting and securing a desirable "eighty" or quarter section, to neighborhood rivalries in securing for this or that place the school-house, the post-office, the court-house, or even the direction of the plank-road, to say nothing of locating and laying out city and village

plots; all of these were of such vital importance, as affecting the "future interests of the country," as to keep individuals, and community in general, in a state of perpetual excitement; and no small amount of long-headedness and sharp-sightedness was required to see through and steer through all these conflicting interests. Then woe be to the poor fellow whose wits failed him in the crisis! He was sure to go under, and he might about as well go back East at once. But what has all this to do with the schoolmistress? Much every way, but especially with the ground on which was based the general estimate of any person's abilities, and his consequent social standing and influence. And now for examples of Mary's energy. Does the log school-house want cleaning before Mary can commence the summer school? She boldly heads the little band that have come to help her, and it is done up in a trice. Does the house look dreary, as it stands on a corner where two ways meet, with no tree near it, and no fence, except one to shut it out from the green fields, with its high windows sprinkled with shingle-panes, and its high slab-benches and rickety writing-tables? She makes the best of it; allows that land is too scarce in a new country, or, at least, that it will one day be too valuable to waste much on a school-house site, and that shade-trees might rot the roof, or blow over upon it, and so



she has it kept nicely brushed out with the cedar-broom, and the walls trimmed with fresh branches of oak leaves, until the children really love the once uninviting place. Are the houses in the district scattered, and many of the patrons living at the distance of one and a half or two miles? Mary does not play the lady, but boards out her full quota of time at each place, though she sometimes thinks to herself that she would like to know who first invented "boarding round." She considers that he deserved a premium of some kind. Were some of her homes not quite so neat as they might be? She made no faces, but took her dose quietly, although some of her places for repose might be so uncomfortable as to induce a belief in the story boldly asserted by some Western housekeepers, that bugs grow wild in the woods!

In going across lots, does she rend her dress sadly in scaling a seven-railed fence? or does she slip off the little two-poled bridge into the black, mucky bottom of the creek two feet deep? She takes it coolly turns her course at once toward her temporary home, and is dressed and at school before the time.

This readiness for emergencies gained for her a confidence, and commanded a respect that she could not otherwise have enjoyed; and in no instance was the truth of this more fully verified than with regard to the devotional exercises of Mary's

school. She had previously been in the habit of opening school by reading the Scriptures and prayer. On coming here, she learned that one Mr. Gray, an influential man in school matters, had openly opposed one of the winter teachers in having devotional exercises in school, and obliged him to desist. This man was formerly a Hicksite, now an infidel, and read the Age of Reason instead of the Bible. What was to be done? She concluded that if they put her out of the school for that, she could leave, with the blessing of God, but she could not remain without it. That resolution taken, she entered school the first morning, and, after kindly greetings all around, she talked to them so sensibly and so lovingly about their object in coming there, and the best means of attaining that object, and the necessity of asking the blessing of God on all that was to be done, that there was not a thoughtless face in the room; and when she said, "Let us pray," every little knee was bowed. After this, by her proposal, they gladly came every morning at a quarter before nine, to read their Testaments and listen to Mary's earnest prayer before the regular hour for commencing the duties of the day.

Against this arrangement Mr. Gray could find nothing to say, as the children came of their own accord, and his among the number.

It is by no means our intention to detail the

occurrences of the summer, but one more scene and we have done.

We have not explained why Mary Catlin, at the age of twenty, was yet unmarried, a very uncommon occurrence just at that stage of new country progress. Neither did she often have a beau, and some said that she carried her head too high. Perhaps the young men thought so too; for one bit of Yankee shrewdness and self-importance they must have the credit, they never ventured themselves far without being pretty sure of their footing. Then, too, they wanted house-keepers right away, if at all, and they had not much time to waste in playing the gallant, but drove away at those they thought themselves likeliest to get without much trouble. No doubt many a young farmer would have sought Mary's hand, but she had other thoughts. Getting a "likely young man" was not so much in her mind, as being suitably qualified to discharge any of the great responsibilities of life that might fall to her share, so that she was in no haste; but more than all the rest, no one had looked into her heart or stirred its depth of feeling.

Mary was quite a little botanist in her way; she had picked up an old treatise on Flora somewhere, and this summer especially, in the pursuit of this study, her genuine love of nature rose to a perfect enthusiasm. Fearlessly she roamed the woods, the

prairies, and the openings, all alone, and culled many a beautiful wild flower, and then sat down to find its name and nature. And if by chance she succeeded, how tenderly would she caress the little thing, and call it her new friend. Others, she said, might gather it for a momentary nosegay, or pass it by unheeded; but she would always call its name, and recognize its hidden nature. And this was the deepest sympathy the lone girl knew for any created thing.

One night upon going to one of her many homes, with her old Botany, and her arms full of flowers as usual, she found Mr. Winslow there. She had already formed some slight acquaintance with him; he was the last winter's teacher, a man of such refinement and gentleness of manner, as could but win her esteem.

"You seem quite fond of flowers, Miss Catlin," he said pleasantly.

"Indeed I am," was the reply. "I call them my little friends; all the friends that I have."

"All the friends that you have?" echoed he.

"Yes, heart friends, I mean," she returned apologetically; but she blushed a conscious acknowledgment that she had not mended the matter, and her eye fell beneath his earnest responsive gaze.

"You deserve more sympathizing friends than these," said he, with tenderness; and then, silently



taking a wild rose, he wore it in his button-hole the remainder of the evening.

This was far from being the last evening that they spent together. He, too, turned botanist; and the topics of their conversation were in endless variety. Natural science, poetry, school-teaching, and human nature, they never wearied of, and on all these topics their views and feelings were so much alike, that interchange of thought became only a source of the most refined pleasure to the unsophisticated Mary. But their evident regard for each other soon became a matter of neighborhood gossip, and the coarse jokes that were passed grated harshly on her sensitive ear. In the course of time, however, these jokes had their usual injurious effect. Was he not indeed very attentive to her? she asked herself. Were they not one heart and one soul, and would it not be well to secure such a friend? True, he was not professedly religious. They had never conversed on that subject; she had not the courage to mention it; but she did really think that he must be pious at heart; at all events, he was very moral outwardly. Yet, in spite of her reasoning, there were misgivings within on this important subject.

Thus the summer passed away. Brown autumn came, and spread the prairies over with the golden rod, and dotted the openings with the blue gentian, and filled the wood with innumerable asters. The

summer school had closed. Mary would go home to-morrow, and as yet Henry, for so she loved to call him to herself, had not said one tender word about their parting. Could it be that he did not care for her? What meant all the earnest glances of those deep, serious eyes? Were they truthful? She scarcely harbored a doubt, and yet there had been a touch of coldness in his manner toward her that day. It was in the dusk of evening, and Mary stood thus thoughtfully among the wild shrubbery of the yard. The road was concealed from her sight, but she heard her own name mentioned by some one passing; it was Mr. Winslow's voice, in an undertone. "I like that Mary Catlin," said he to his companion, "and if I had not told any one about here that I was a married man, I'd make her an offer." And the two entered the house, but Mary stood still. An hour passed, and another; she did not come in, and so they departed. Could we scan that little grove near by, in the faint star-light we might discern the bowed form of the smitten one, but we will not trespass on her retirement.

Most fortunate would it be for our Western girls, if the antecedents of their suitors' lives were always found out even so early in the day as in the present case; but the difficulties that often prevent any investigations in the matter, together with their earnestness and love of change, led on by the enterprise

which is a part of their very being, often plunge them into unwritten disasters.

But what became of Mary? Well, she neither drowned herself, took prussic acid, nor ate poisonous berries. No, no; she had too much good sense to do any such thing. Besides, women are not plenty enough out West; they cannot afford to throw themselves away. I am afraid that you will not think it romantic, but I will tell you. She took the Pioneer's Universal Sanative—went further West. She taught school a couple of years upon the Iowa bank of the Mississippi, and then married a widower with children. Well, poor man! he had just come on from the East. His wife had died soon after his arrival here; he had left all his friends behind; strangers were very kind to him, but they all had children enough of their own to care for; was not our Mary a godsend to him? And then he was a worthy, sensible, pious, and reliable man, one whom she certainly could respect. And her cheerful devotedness to him and his, and the happy, contented look which she wears to this day, will tell you, if you are willing to see it, that she does more than respect, she reverences also.

Meantime her foster children, with her own, have arisen up to call her blessed; and the eldest of them now occupies a seat in the legislature of his adopted state.







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